



Dear Otis -

It is Chester's  
loss + Montpelier's  
gain to have you  
and Mrs Heath  
join us. I personally  
look forward to  
knowing you both  
better.

Merry Christmas

Charles Chase

1752

Arthur Farrar (Pres.)

Sara Fowler (Vice Pres.)

Virginia Hunsdon (Sec.)

Ellen Sheppard (Sub. Sec.)

Richard Manley

Holace Hadden

Margaret Anthony

Ronnie Gale

Elizabeth Binson

Beverly Crouch

Faith Hunsdon

Geraldine Franzen

Doris Farrar.

Shirley Martin

Frances Martin

Edith Stoddard

Alice C Day

Marion E. Way

Lois Stoddard

Mary Garrapay

Egle King

Edith Bergfede

Fred Jiddings

Vernon Hunsdon

Franklin Buswell



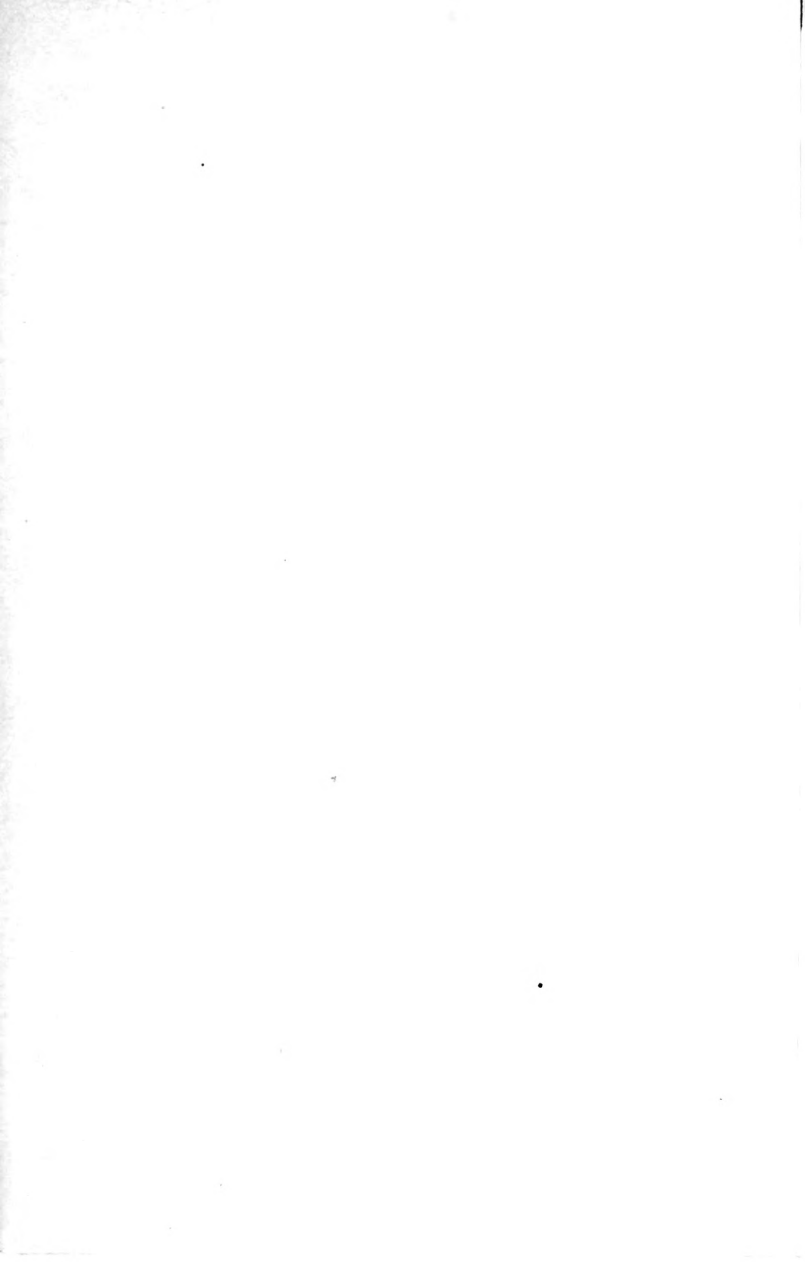


Marguerite Garrahy (Red)  
Aedra Spaulding (Red)  
Aedra Spaulding  
Francis Hunsdon  
Hewitt Hunsdon

Marjorie Manley  
Ma. Geneva Goldthwaite (Sister)  
Julia E. Chase  
Larrie Thomas  
Margaret E. Roberts

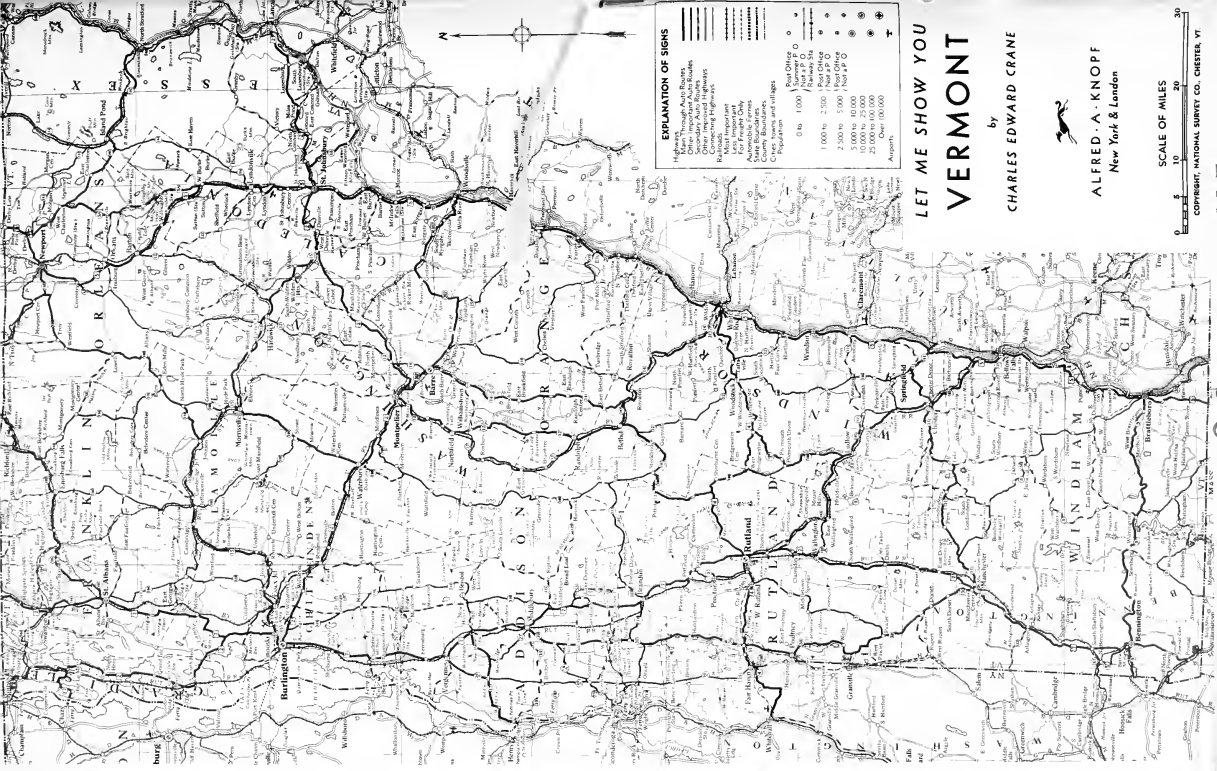
Luke Hald }  
Bill Goldthwaite } Head Uskers





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#### EXPLANATION OF SIGNS

Highways Through Auto Routes  
Other Important Auto Routes  
Other Improved Highways  
Connecting Highways

Most Important  
For Freight Only  
Automobile Ferries  
County Boundaries  
C: Keys, towns and villages

Population

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LET ME SHOW YOU

# VERMONT

by

CHARLES EDWARD CRANE



ALFRED A. KNOPF  
New York & London

SCALE OF MILES



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THE AMERICAN SCENE



A HISTORY OF  
THE PACIFIC NORTHWEST  
*by George W. Fuller*

RIO GRANDE  
*by Harvey Fergusson*

DANCING GODS  
*by Erna Fergusson*

THE FRENCH QUARTER  
*by Herbert Asbury*

*These are Borzoi Books published by*  
ALFRED A. KNOPF



*LET ME SHOW YOU*

VERMONT









W. STORRS LEE

*Approach to Vermont as seen through a covered bridge  
between Leicester and Whiting.*

*LET ME SHOW YOU*  
**VERMONT**

*by*  
CHARLES EDWARD CRANE

*with an introduction by*  
DOROTHY CANFIELD FISHER



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NEW YORK · ALFRED · A · KNOPF · LONDON

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*to*

CARL  
BETTY  
ESTHER  
BESS





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AND SEVERAL OTHERS



## INTRODUCTION



WHATEVER IS TO BE the reception given this book outside the state it describes, there is no doubt about its welcome in Vermont. No, not as you might think (if you come from a booster state) because we can count on its author always to praise Vermont and its ways. We can't. And we wouldn't like it if we could, brought up as we have been on axioms like "praise to the face is open disgrace." Mr. Crane is a Vermonter if there ever was one, loves our small mountain home, and likes Vermonters but he has no illusions about its being more beautiful than Switzerland, nor about any unnatural degree of intelligence or integrity on the part of its inhabitants. In his chapter on "The Animal Kingdom" he slips in with relish the fact that when the Legislature votes too high a bounty on hedgehogs, those animals are sometimes thriftily reared in secret on back-road farms, to get the bounty. And in the same chapter, he notes that the Vermont laws "protecting" animal life are made mostly for the express purpose of giving men the pleasure of cutting that life short; and sardonically quotes the passage about the Walrus who wept so copiously in sympathy with the Oysters.

Since you who read this may not be a Vermonter, you will not get the full flavor of this ironic comment of his, unless I tell you that to jest about anything connected with hunting and fishing is in Vermont as irreverent as in England to speak

facetiously about the Royal Family. Our eighteenth-century forebears came up to the dense Vermont forests from the lean Connecticut fields largely to take advantage of the extraordinarily fine hunting and fishing. And from that day on, who amongst us says "fish and game" expects to have his listeners snap smartly into the salute. Not that they always do, as you can see from Mr. Crane's comment on our game laws. One of the few accurate generalizations to be made about Vermonters—as about the rest of the human race—is that they are unpredictable, not to be lumped together in any kind of lump that may be devised.

So it is not because he butters our prejudices with fair words, and presents our short-comings as good qualities that we welcome Mr. Crane's book. It is because we have long suffered from the absence of such a volume, and because now that we have it, we consider it very good fortune that it not only gives most of the facts we need to know (and don't) but gives them entertainingly, amusingly, with a light personal touch, and Vermontish humor. We have for years felt the lack of any kind of convenient hand-book about Vermont's climate, geology, schools, industries, waterways, forest trails, highways, old houses, animals, back roads and a score of other topics. Because we have not had one on our book shelves we are far too ignorant of our small state. Everyone of us knows (and is secretly rather tired of) the story of Ethan Allen and Ticonderoga. But ask us something about the rise and decline of the woolen-weaving industry in the state and we look blank. Yet that industry has been and might again be of vital importance to us. Another of the many subjects on which we are ignorant is the amount of, or rather the lack of, mineral resources in the state. Mr. Crane's account of early delusions about gold-mines in our mountains is just as surprising to us as to you.

Mr. Crane's amusing enumeration of the products of Vermont industry not only makes us smile over its heroic mock-Whitman look on the page but quite takes us aback by its

length. We know "The Monument" at Bennington, but we learn with surprise from Mr. Crane's book of the existence of a museum in Middlebury with a large, valuable, unusually complete collection of objects from the past—spinning-wheels, hats, clocks, newspapers, Windsor chairs, saddles, century-old sewing-machines, every variety of lighting arrangement from punched lanterns through whale-oil lamps to the first local electric light. And having heard that such a museum exists we are enchanted to be told that its disrespectful local name is "The Glorified Attic." That's Vermont! Not too solemn a hats-off attitude towards the antiquarian instinct if you please. In fact, not such a very solemn hats-off attitude about most human goings-on (except fish and game of course). Yet although we like to poke a little fun at humorless idolators of the past, we can't abide the humorless burners of incense before the future, who think that everything considered a virtue before they became Sophomores in colleges is a middle-class betrayal of the best in human nature. We like the past all right. In fact, we like it a good deal. Sometimes we think we are the past. But if you praise it too extravagantly, we are impelled to differ dryly from you by a quality in our personalities which seems to us the most obvious good sense and sound feeling for relative values, but which—somehow, we can't understand why—non-Vermonters often violently dislike in us under the name of cussed contrariness.

So in Charles Crane's book we like his way of giving us quantities of serious information we never knew about our state without being too solemn about it. We like the way he not only tells us that there is a historical museum in Middlebury that's worth visiting the next time we drive through, but also lets fall the nickname the Middlebury folks have for it, which is an implicit appraisal of the museum-impulse in exactly the style which suits our taste in humor.

It is especially in dealing with summer visitors that Charles Crane's book will be invaluable to us. Guests, tourists, hunters, hikers, campers, autoists from out of the state are always

asking us questions which, for two reasons, bother us to answer:—some of them we are tired of because we know them too well, and the rest expose our ignorance of what lies outside our narrow valley. Let summer people ask what they will now, from climate and soil to the exact status of our “state” university, from the best route to reach St. Albans from Brattleboro to the location of a school for fishermen which teaches the technique of dry-fly fishing. Whoever would have thought of such a thing! The Crane Vermont will be taken from the shelf and put into their hands while we go out peacefully to hoe the corn or sit on the store steps, according to our temperament.

The mention of store steps tempts me to add a Vermont anecdote of my own experience to those which Mr. Crane has scattered through this delightful volume. I contribute it as a sample of one of the many varieties of the “Vermont flavor”—the astringent one. Driving back from over the mountain last summer, I stopped at a filling-station in front of a country store to buy some gasoline. An ancient man, withered, stooped, contemplative, in clean faded blue denim, sat on the corner of the steps gazing silently out at the mountains. To him came an enthusiast from down the street (I remembered then that the village was Plymouth) who said “Well, what d’ye think! Twelve hundred and sixty-seven people have visited the Coolidge home today.” The old man looked at him seriously, spat, wiped his mouth and remarked, “Wouldn’t you think they’d know better!”

We will be all the more ready to have this book go into the hands of everyone interested in the state, and we hope that everyone of them will own it, because we feel that somehow, in what is perhaps the only way it can be done, indirectly, casually, writing between the lines, Charles Crane has “put Vermont into a book,” not merely told a great number of interesting facts about the state. From the whole of this clear, sunny, unpretentious, informal, carefully unemphatic collection of material about the Green Mountains and the

people who live among them, there rises something of the Vermont flavor. We don't know what we mean by "Vermont character" and show our contrariness by quarrelling instantly with anyone who tries to define it. Charles Crane has not defined it. He has not tried to describe what is no more to be put into words than the flavor of a Northern Spy apple. But he is a Vermonter with a very special personal flavor of his own, and when a Vermonter writes about Vermont it is not surprising that we feel the volume to be savory with authentic local color.

The more it is circulated among people with an interest in our state, the better pleased we will be. For, although he nowhere tries to give any advice to strangers about how to come to terms with us, we feel that readers of this book will need no such advice, for they will no longer be "strangers" in our midst.

DOROTHY CANFIELD FISHER





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*LET ME SHOW YOU*

VERMONT







## APPROACH TO VERMONT



THE CIRCUS-BARKING TITLE of this book, *Let Me Show You Vermont*, was born in a moment of bombast. As I settle at the typewriter, I look from my window across Vermont's capital city and see the gold-leaf dome of the State House reflecting a setting sun. "There," I remark, "is the measure of my success. I can only do for Vermont what the golden dome does for the sunset—reflect a little of it." The one encouragement to effort is the possibility that I may reflect Vermont, in some of its phases, differently and more fully than has been done before.

Every state is a state of mind. There are intangibles which make Vermont peculiarly such a state. There are seldom any precipitous changes as the motorist rolls from one state into another, as from western Massachusetts, northern New York, western New Hampshire or the Province of Quebec into Vermont. Often it is the mere crossing of a river or a surveyor's line. But imaginary as those lines may be, they are as a Wall of China when it comes to sentiment.

I have brought my car to a stop sometimes with its front wheels in Canada and its rear ones in Vermont, or vice versa, and have felt a strange sensation in such an international straddle. It is the same upon entering Vermont, when rolling across upper New England from Maine, by way of New Hampshire. Though the northern tier of New England states forms a trin-

ity, there is unity in the general character of its topography and its people. Still, state lines do demark subtly shaded differences which have a strong pull on our heart-strings.

If it is natural for the native Vermonter to experience a certain sentimentality about his state, it remains strange that so many non-Vermonters also seem to experience a similar feeling about Vermont. They approach Vermont not always with the same degree of reverence but usually with some sense of a spiritual change such, perhaps, as they feel upon crossing the threshold of a church. Some tourists pass through merely to view Vermont's altar candles, say, of rural simplicity and thrift—candles which tradition has kept lighted for us, when we have sometimes let them burn out. They pass on to the French and English city of Montreal, to the French citadel at Quebec, or to the somewhat larger resorts of the White Mountains. But many others come as true believers in the religion that is "Vermont," although they would be as hard pressed as I am to define exactly what Vermont means to them.

The slogan which the state has used for years, "unspoiled," may account in part for the reverence of Vermont as a sort of shrine—if I am correct in assuming such a reverence does exist. No other state boasts of being "unspoiled," and Vermont's claim to chastity in some cases may be questionable. Her virtue is not altogether untarnished, but the slogan is still supremely good as a watchword against wantonness. It keeps uppermost in the mind of native and visitor alike the necessity of keeping Vermont as sweet and pure, as unadulterated, as her maple sugar.

Surely, there is no state in which outsiders feel a greater proprietary interest than they do in Vermont. Nobody raises much hue and cry if southern California sets up a Hollywood or goes modern or garish in any monstrous way. Nobody protests seriously if other states slash into their mountains to make boulevards for the motor cavalcades. But let Vermont be tempted, as it was, with an eighteen-million-dollar Federal hand-out for a parkway, the full length of the Green Moun-

tains, and the metropolitan papers set forth, with as much feeling as though they were stockholders or pew-holders, that Vermont is sacred and should not be thus defiled.

It is all very complimentary to find such a strong extramural interest in Vermont. Such concern shows affection. Possibly some of the editorials are written by desk men who seldom get to Vermont, but they are inspired by the idea that at least one of the forty-eight states should stand fast to the simpler way of life. Partly by her own choice, partly because of the exhortation of outsiders, Vermont maintains her chastity as best she can. She is the first-born daughter of the original Union. There are thirty-four younger daughters, but about this eldest one there seems to be a family concern. Sentiment surrounds her with a sort of sweet old-maid sanctity, shall I say?

I think many approach Vermont with something of this feeling, something of the sense that the moment they have crossed an imaginary boundary line and got within breathing-distance of our wooded mountains they have escaped from sophistication, ambition, speed, crowd, and all the complexes of urban civilization; that here they are in the presence of a dear old spinster state. But in spinsters there sometimes lurk surprises.

Whatever it is that Vermont has, more and more people appear to be curious to know. This is proved by the pilgrimages which tourists make to it from almost every state in the Union every summer, and by the fact that over a hundred thousand persons have written to our State House during the past ten years asking for some information or other about Vermont. To some extent this book will satisfy their curiosity; in some respects it will fail, for the reader has been warned at the outset that the best I can do for Vermont is what the golden dome of our State House does for the setting sun—and that is to reflect a little of it.

## UNFOLDING VERMONT



I AM NOT to be accused of poetizing when I speak of Vermont as a "folded" state. It is just that in the geologists' terminology. Their theory is that Vermont was once some sort of soft sedimentary state, like a sea-bottom (before turning rock-ribbed Republican), and that the Green Mountains were made by lateral pressure, which is to say generally folded up and not thrust up.

The squeeze came from the southwest, possibly from Washington. However it was, Vermont became very hard pressed and much wrinkled in its geologic youth. Millions of years before the Himalayas and Rockies matured, the Green Mountains of Vermont had grown up, even to much taller stature than now.

To unfold to the reader a state which Nature thus folded up eons ago is not to be done by the turn of a single page, and not completely in a single book. To the tourist this unfolding is impossible in any week-end tripping through the state. Vermont does not yield up its secrets as readily as the flat states. For that reason it offers more adventures, for on its winding hill and valley roads there is always something different to be anticipated round the bend or over the brow of the next hill.

I have ridden through endless miles of Florida cypress swamp on bee-line gradeless roads and across such flats as

those of southern New Jersey where the eye takes in at a single bound the entire picture. The change which Vermont offers to persons who come from flat states must be complete. Indeed, after knowing broader horizons, an occasional visitor may be obsessed with claustrophobia, feeling the hills to be crowding in upon him. We Vermonters never feel that way. There is hardly any place in Vermont where some mountain is not in sight, and few places where mountains are not numerous and near, their foot-hills forming an integral part of Vermont village and farm.

The unfolding of such a state, which claims a thousand mountains, with streams flowing at all angles, and 248 townships, often with irregular outline, is more complex than the unfolding of a state whose roads and townships are laid out, as they are in some sections of the United States, as square as city blocks, and whose horizon is all plane geometry. It takes trigonometry, solid geometry, and calculus to get at Vermont.

Before going in for that, let us play for a moment with Vermont's physiography. That is a forbidding word, but only another term for the scenery, or origin of scenery. What rocks we have, though great in variety, may be said to be gneiss rocks generally. That is to say that most of our common, universal rock, such as the tourist is sure to see exposed in many roadside ledges, is a leaf-like rock easily split up into slabs, containing quartz, feldspar, and mica. It has close relation to the granite for which the state is famed. The true granite hills, such as center at Barre and which we think of as so old and so enduring—the "Rock of Ages"—are really the youngest of our rocks, being upthrust, while our folded gneissic rock is far older. This rock has changed, as Vermont character has changed, and is changing, and hence is called metamorphic.

We may pass over the Creation quickly as a hurried six-day job. Vermont was part of this creation, and has some few souvenirs to remember some of its latter stages by. We have our fossils in our so-called "State Cabinet," merely the museum cases of the Vermont Historical Society in Montpelier.

It includes trophies of the geologists' chase, even back to the Cambrian age, millions of years ago. It provides us with proof positive that western Vermont was once a seacoast, for here are shells from that very sea. It helps substantiate the story that all of New England was at one time a large island or group of islands, as Great Britain is now. A great arm of the sea came in through the St. Lawrence Valley, down the valley of Lake Champlain, and then on down the Hudson River Valley, cutting New England off completely.

These shells of Vermont's early seacoast have lost their pearly luster, but they are distinct in their spiral and other forms, and are still to be found, if you take our state geologist as your guide, along certain shores of Lake Champlain; but they are also found, in some cases, four hundred feet or more up some of our mountainsides, indicating that some of our mountain slopes were at one time sea-beaches.

To those who know Vermont now for its cold winters (which are still less penetrating than some of those on the seaboard), it is sure to be surprising to learn that right here in Vermont, in lignite deposits near Brandon, there have been found fossils which show Vermont climate to have once been subtropical, at least as warm as that of Florida. Here in the brownish coal-like deposits near Brandon are the fossils of tropical fruit and foliage.

Warm as Vermont now is in summer, there was, of course, a time when the state was packed in ice all the year round. It was a mile deep. As a boy I was brought up to feel a close association with the glacial period, for it was explained to me that the site of the village of Ludlow, in which I lived, was once a glacial lake, as the smooth, well-graded terraces on either side of the Black River go to show so clearly. Many another Vermont village is of the same formation.

The Great Labrador Plow had quite a hand in making Vermont scenery what it is. Though our pastures are boulder-strewn in places, the glacier left Vermont better off than New Hampshire because it carried off less of our dirt and left

less of our rock exposed. That's one reason our mountains are greener. The quantity of dirt the glacier pushed away from Vermont, however, was great. The geologists' guess is that some of Vermont's mountains were once at least eight thousand feet high, but that atmospheric erosion reduced them to nearly half their former height and then the glacier came along to shave them down more. The dumping-place of much of the dirt that was carried away from Vermont as the plow pushed southward was the Atlantic Ocean, and that, exactly, is what made Long Island, so New Yorkers may thank Vermont for some of their terra firma.

Even the top of Vermont's highest mountain, Mansfield, shows traces of glacial scratches. In Wardsboro, in the southern part of the state, there are potholes, many feet in depth, at the bottom of which may still be seen the hard Labrador stone which ground its way, by swirling water action, to the bottom of these wells in softer stone. To the reader who is interested in seeing some of these souvenirs of the glacial period or fossils from earlier ages, I recommend a visit to the Vermont Historical Society in Montpelier or to the Fleming Museum in Burlington.

Especially interesting to me are slabs of blackish marble from Isle La Motte in northern Lake Champlain, which is literally crowded with fossil patterns—specimens of sea-life, as clear as an engraving. For one final fling at fossils, let me remind the reader that the politics of Vermont can also be traced to fossil times. Not only do we have a whale which was dug up near Charlotte, on the Champlain shore, in 1848, but in that same year railroad-builders found the emblem of the G.O.P. in several parts of the state—elephant tusks and some elephant bones found near Richmond, Mt. Holly, and Brattleboro. Two of these tusks are preserved today in the museum at Montpelier. If you are skeptical enough to think them circus elephants, I only have to remind you that no circuses had come to Vermont at that early date, and these elephants differ considerably from any Barnum ever had.

It is through such an ancient country, such a folded country, that the tourist journeys in Vermont, and it seems proper to keep in mind some of this prehistoric background as we proceed to unfold Vermont.



## A SKELETON HISTORY



IT IS NOT the purpose of this book to cover the conventional history of Vermont, available in many other volumes; but in order that the reader may fix in his mind a few dates, places, and events which form the highlights of our past, I offer a few sketchy pages, beginning with the strange case of John Graye.

No formal history of Vermont departs from the claim that Samuel de Champlain, the noble French explorer, was the first white man to look upon Vermont, and that was in 1609, on the morning of July 4, as he came paddling through the lake in company with some sixty Algonquin Indians to show the Iroquois on what is now the New York State shore the superiority of gunpowder over the bow and arrow.

That is the history every boy and girl learns in school, that Champlain was the discoverer of Vermont; but there still remains a mystery which the historians have not cleared up.

There hangs framed today in the East Highgate library, in northwestern Vermont near the Canadian line, a note which reads:

*November 29, 1564.*

*This is the solme day I must die; this is the 90th day since we lef the ship. All have perished and on the banks of this river I die so farewelle may future Posteritye know our end.*

*(Signed)* JOHN GRAYE.

Would that John Graye's strength had held out long enough to have left a more adequate record about himself and companions who apparently perished before Graye succumbed on the banks of the marshy Missisquoi River in northern Vermont forty-five years before Champlain had come our way! Indeed, the year 1564 was only seventy-two years after Columbus had discovered America; and it was forty-three years before the English first landed at Jamestown.

Perhaps this John Graye note is all a fake, a practical joke. The legend, however, is that it was found in a piece of lead tube when men were digging for the foundations of a marble-mill at Swanton Falls on the Missisquoi in 1853, two hundred years after the note was penned. The only copy of the note now known to exist, in the Highgate library, is obviously some sort of lithographic copy, and experts are in disagreement whether the original document could have been genuine. Just as many airplanes which attempted the crossing of the Atlantic were never heard of again, so did many ships essay the crossing in the sixteenth century without reporting home. It is patently possible that sailors straying inland from a wrecked vessel on the north Atlantic coast near the gulf of the St. Lawrence actually did penetrate as far as Vermont and die on the banks of the Missisquoi.

Conceding that John Graye's claim to dying on Vermont soil in 1564 is not sufficiently documented, and that Champlain's claim of discovery stands, that still leaves Vermont discovered a few months before Henry Hudson placed the English flag on the Hudson River, and four years before the Dutch in 1613 bought Manhattan Island from the Indians for approximately twenty-four dollars. It was before John Smith had explored the New England seacoast (1614); before the first slaves were landed in Virginia (1619) and before the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth (1620); and—of all things!—it was twenty-one years before the founding of Boston (1630).

What or where was the first settlement of Vermont by the whites is a matter of three-cornered dispute between the



W. T. WHITE

*Bennington Battle Monument was built by three States—  
Massachusetts, New Hampshire and Vermont.*

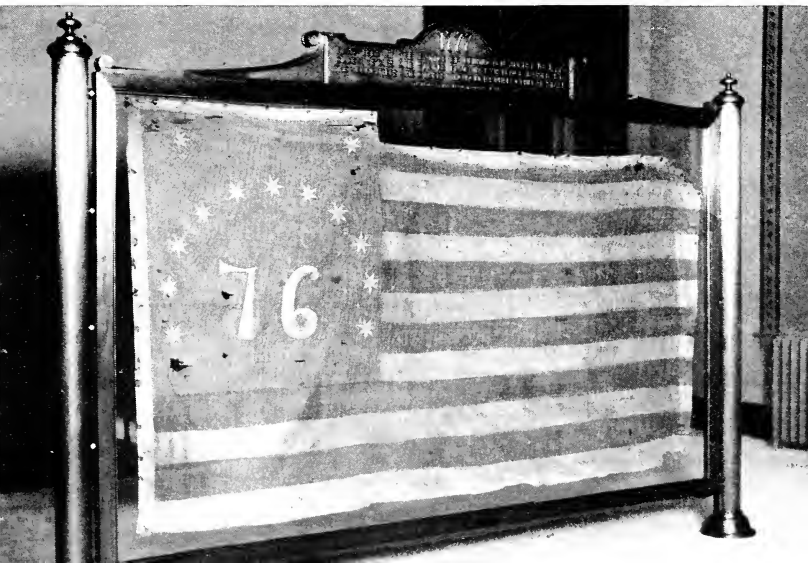


L. F. BREHMER

*The Green Mountain Boys are commemorated  
by this statue in Rutland.*

*The oldest stars and stripes in existence, now in Bennington museum.*

W. T. WHITE



French, the English, and the Dutch. The French came down from Canada to build a fort and shrine on Isle La Motte in Lake Champlain in 1665, but this settlement was later abandoned and hence is not considered a permanent one. The Dutch, in 1720 or thereabouts, crossed over from New York State, it is said, and settled in Pownal. But most histories have agreed to say that the first permanent settlement of Vermont was at Brattleboro, where, just south of the present village, along the banks of the Connecticut, Fort Dummer was established in 1724 to protect the Massachusetts settlements from Indian raids from the north. All of which was a number of years before George Washington was born (1732.)

In 1741 Benning Wentworth was appointed governor of New Hampshire, and with that appointment trouble began. Within four years Governor Wentworth went so far afield in his jurisdiction that he granted a charter for the town of Bennington—'way over near the York State boundary—claiming that New Hampshire province extended as far west as did the state of Massachusetts. Promptly it was the protest of Governor Clinton of New York that the boundary of sprawling New York was the Connecticut River. And the dispute was referred to the King.

It was about this time that the so-called French and Indian War began; that is, France and England were at war (1754-60), and the French in Canada, aided by the Indians, carried on intermittent warfare with the English colonies of New England. Not until Quebec and Montreal had finally fallen to the prowess of English arms did the settlement of Vermont become safe, for in the years of the war the state was the scene of many a burning and scalping on the part of the Indian allies of the French coming down into Canada to annoy the English colonists.

Then settlers began to come in rapidly. They even penetrated at once as far north as Newbury on the Connecticut. But hardly was this hegira well under way when came the order in council which decided that the Connecticut River

was the eastern boundary of New York. New York patents were then issued for Vermont lands, the same lands which Benning Wentworth had already parceled out, and it was the edict of the New York government that if the settlers already on the land would not repurchase their rights from New York, then they must be evicted.

Such was the challenge which soon created the independent republic of Vermont. A in the alphabet of Vermont history is, of course, for Allen—both Ethan and Ira—the brothers from Connecticut who had already taken lands extensively in Vermont and who were prepared, as were many others, to fight for their rights. They organized the Green Mountain Boys. To the would-be evicter they applied the “beech seal,” meaning a hearty “chastisement with the twigs of the wilderness.” Then, while this successful revolt from the authority of New York was raging, there came, luckily, the bigger revolt of the thirteen American colonies from British rule, beginning with the battle of Lexington, on April 19, 1775.

A month before Lexington, however, Vermont claims to have shed the first blood of the Revolution, when, in an effort to prevent the holding of the King’s court at Westminster, William French, a young radical from Brattleboro, was shot and killed by the New York sheriff’s crew.

Historical events then came thick and fast, Vermont declaring her own sovereign independence at Westminster on January 15, 1777, or about six months after the thirteen colonies had declared their independence at Philadelphia, July 4, 1776. Following declarations came battles, Burgoyne’s invasion from Canada impinging on Vermont at Hubbardton (where the Yankees were outnumbered and beaten) and again at Bennington, where the British and their mercenaries (Brunswick German soldiers) were badly routed. Though Bennington was one of the decisive battles of the war, I shall have to leave the reader to follow this and the naval battles of Lake Champlain elsewhere.

In 1778 the state of Vermont was organized, even including

the union with it of western New Hampshire towns; all Tory lands were confiscated by the state, Thomas Chittenden was elected governor, and the legislature met at Windsor. Then came, in 1781, when the American Revolution was still undecided, one of the most mysterious chapters of Vermont history—the reputed intrigue with the British, with the suspicion, not yet altogether dead, that Ethan Allen, Ira Allen, and Governor Chittenden flirted seriously with the idea of handing Vermont over to the British. The Allens' relations with General Frederick Haldimand, the Governor General of Canada, went far, so far that charges of treason were loud against them. Their defense was that they listened to the British proposals only to force Congress to recognize the claims of Vermont to statehood, and to prevent the British from undertaking a military occupation of Vermont, for while the negotiations were pending an army of several thousand men was kept absolutely idle for almost three years along the northern frontier.

The legal mind of the late Henry S. Wardner of Windsor, versed deeply in Vermont history, concluded:

"I think that as the Revolutionary War progressed several of Vermont's leaders, when prospects of recognition of Vermont's statehood were discouraging, had serious intention of the State's becoming a British province. There was, in my opinion, pretty solid ground on which Allen and Chittenden could, in good faith, seek affiliation with Great Britain if they were convinced that Congress intended to victimize Vermont in the interests of New York."

But as things turned out, Vermont was admitted into the Union in 1791 (just ahead of Kentucky), after she had enjoyed fourteen years of independent statehood. She had established her own post-office, and started her own coinage at a little mint in Rupert. (Samples of this early Vermont money may be seen in the Vermont Historical Society rooms at Montpelier.

The War of 1812, with its land battle at Plattsburg and the naval battle of Plattsburg Bay, in Lake Champlain, also im-

pinged to some extent upon Vermont, but it was soon over and Vermont began to see boom days of immigration, up to the time of the firing on Fort Sumter as the first gun of the Civil War. Within two weeks after that signal, Vermont had organized her First Vermont regiment, and with great fervency against slavery and for the preservation of the Union, Vermont poured her men into that war with a zeal and bravery that were second to none.

But with wars, however conspicuous Vermont may have been in them, and with history as such, this book has little to do. The sketchy outline I have presented is only to fix a few early dates and events in the reader's mind.



## CHARACTER AND CHARACTERS



OF THE SIX STATES which make up New England, Vermont (the only one which has neither an English nor an Indian name, but does have a French one) is perhaps the one now most like old England. Vermont's original Anglo-Saxon strain is less alloyed than that of the other New England states, particularly less alloyed than the three most strongly industrial states which make up the southern tier.

The French-Canadians, who first came down to Vermont for seasonal employment in hay time as skillful wielders of the scythe in the days before the mowing machine was common, are now in permanent possession of some of our farms; the Irish, whose immigration began in the railroad-building days back in the 1840's, have become quite thoroughly assimilated; the Scotch, who colonized some of the towns of Caledonia County, have spread over into the granite town of Barre, in particular; and the Italians, trained to quarrying and sculpture, have substantial footholds in both the granite and the marble sections; as the Welsh have colonized the slate section near the New York State border. But immigration has been inconsiderable for the past half-century, so far as Vermont is concerned, and, all in all, Vermont stock is dominantly Anglo-Saxon and it is white. A person of color anywhere in the state is rare and conspicuous.

However, these racial notes do not account for all those

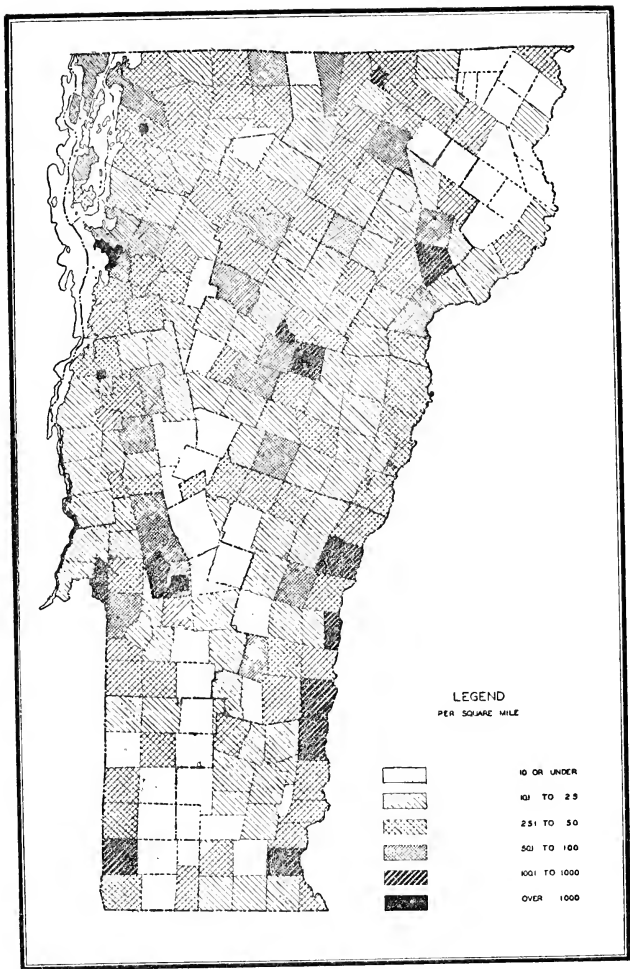
nuances of character distinguishing a Vermonter from any American at large—if he is to be distinguished. Conformity, surely, is a curse that increasingly confounds those who would analyze the character of any one of our forty-eight states, or of the people in them. We are not yet all alike, but each evening that millions of us from coast to coast sit round our radios listening to the same networks of comedy, music, news, politics, or advertising, we become just so much less interesting to one another because, moved by the same stimuli, we are just so much the more alike.

We have the same Associated Press dispatches, we all have the same magazines, we subscribe to the same book-of-the-month clubs, and almost simultaneously from coast to coast we see the same movies. Hearing, reading, seeing the same things, we are prone to think the same things, and, as thoughts govern action, to act the same way. Ready communication may have its blessings, but conformity can hardly be counted one of them.

Luckily, not all the barriers have been broken down. The little wedge-shaped state of Vermont, though subject to the same ether-waves, the same cinema, and the same news dispatches, still preserves some semblance of the provincialism which it has had from the pioneer days when the spirit of the independent state of Vermont was molded.

The automobile, even more than the radio and the movies, is a breaker-down of barriers. One may flit easily today from city to country, or vice versa, but this easy access doesn't make our city visitors Vermonters, nor does it make Vermonters urbanites. As long ago as Aristotle it was an axiom that "our characters are the result of our conduct" (though some may argue it the other way around), and the man who lives the major portion of his life in rural Vermont is forced, willy-nilly, to adopt habits of conduct which differ considerably from those which govern the man who pursues his business and pleasure in the city.

Asked to name the difference, a first answer might be the



RURAL CHARACTER OF VERMONT POPULATION  
IS SEEN BY THIS DENSITY MAP, BASED ON  
CENSUS OF 1930

*Courtesy Vermont State Planning Board*



"tempo." I think this difference is exaggerated. I have worked about an equal number of years in New York and in Vermont, and, for all I can see, my pace is about the same in one place as in the other. The city speed is somewhat of an illusion, due to the great number of persons pursuing their activities simultaneously and in swarms, whereas being busy in the country is less of a stampede, that's all. The lonely farmer going about his chores is really a busy man, often as hard pushed as the city executive surrounded by a corps of clerks and stenographers. But the tempo in the country seems slower because activity is so largely isolated, and the circumstances of such isolation undoubtedly have an influence upon character. Isolation and independence, solitude and self-reliance, are words which seem to have a natural association; and they are associated with Vermont character.

There are a few cities in Vermont, but they are so inconsiderable in size compared with cities in other states that even the largest of them, Burlington, with about 25,000, is barely a good big and beautiful town; and the smallest Vermont city, Vergennes, boasts that it is the smallest city in the United States. The average Vermont village has but a few hundred inhabitants, usually less than a thousand, seldom more than two thousand. With an average of about thirty-six square miles to work and play in, these people hardly know the word *congestion*.

To some city visitors (as they have told me) our life in these Vermont villages seems idyllic. If, in a show of hospitality, we lay aside all work to entertain them, they imagine that we have little or nothing to do but commune with Nature. That is not so, but of course Nature is always with us; overhead, with changing sky effects—sun and cloud and sunset, moon and stars; underfoot—with green sod, gravel road, or snow or slush or ice; and all round us in our wealth of trees and changing air. Nature is close to us, and we partake of its philosophy, differing surely from that which governs the city.

Our comparative isolation, involving more individual and

less mass action, and a proximity to nature, are among our influences, plus the hormones and traditions which we inherit from the pioneers, such as the Green Mountain Boys.

Vermonters are little influenced, I think, in either conduct or opinion by other people. When I was a boy I remember that one of the commonest remarks of my playmates and probably of myself was that he or she needn't think that he or she was going to "run me." The Vermonter shakes off any control except that voluntarily assumed, as in taking a job, and even then he insists upon being the captain of his soul, and will enter upon no bargain for his services which in any wise makes him truly subservient. Even the hired man in Vermont often finds it natural to call his employer by his first name, and natural to talk back to him. He is no "yes man" to anybody, whatever his station, yet he is tolerant. Recognizing his need to preserve his own individuality, he insists upon others having that right—a live-and-let-live policy.

Is the typical Vermonter cold, silent, sour and dour? Reputation may have it that way, especially since the Coolidge administration. There is a rather rough and libelous (and I believe hitherto unpublished) story that is to the point. In the smoking-compartment of a Pullman car, conversation had slumped to such a silence that one of the gentlemen sought to arouse the party with a challenge. "I'll bet a five-dollar bill with any man present that I can tell what state he is from," he said. One after another took up the bet, and one after another lost his five dollars to the uncanny guesser. "You're from Texas," "You are from Michigan," and so on, always sure of himself and always right. He had run through six straight wins and had exhausted all of the possibilities except for a very sour-looking man in the corner, half asleep. "I won't take his money, but I'll tell you what state he's from," he said with certainty. "He's from Vermont." The sour-faced fellow heard and answered: "You're wrong; I've been sick, that's all," and slumped back in his seat.

That Vermonters are dyspeptic, crabbed, narrow, and rather

Scotch-tight is often an assumption; but, just as common as the assumption is, there comes the eventual discovery that good nature, generosity, and hospitality in proportion to their means are not foreign to the underlying reticence of Vermonters. The climate and the soil may make the Vermonter hard-shelled, but only rarely is he a snapping turtle at heart. His character is more like that of the chambered nautilus, with recesses of beauty not always easily seen but nevertheless there.

Yankee shrewdness, of which so much has been said, may be a characteristic of the true Vermonter, but this shrewdness has one great redeeming feature: it abhors taking advantage of a stranger. Many a farmer lets a visitor take advantage of him. I have heard tourists tell of favors done them and of their amazement that the charge was either nil or absurdly negligible. "I shall not soon forget," writes a visitor, for instance, "the courtesy of a young garage-keeper whose shop was a weather-beaten barn at a crossroads hamlet. He temporarily supported a spring with a broken leaf by sawing a block out of a two-by-four joist, boring two holes in it, and wiring it firmly in place, so that I could safely get to a machine shop twenty miles away, where a new leaf could be put in. For this he refused, until I insisted, to take any payment, on the ground that what he performed with a waste piece of lumber and a bit of old wire 'didn't amount to anything.' As he looked at it, he was simply helping a lame dog over a stile." It is distinctly in the code of the shrewd Yankee always to look at such favors in that light; and many attest to similar experiences in Vermont. If it is not always so in a day when such courtesy is taxed by the great numbers on the road, the exception can be taken to prove the rule.

Thrift is one of the Vermont traditions kept alive by force of circumstances, for money doesn't come easy in Vermont except by Federal largess; and such is the spirit of Vermonters (as evinced in turning down millions of Federal money for a Green Mountain parkway) that they prefer to make their own money in their own way, however hard the money comes.

Mr. Bernard De Voto, in an excellent article in *Harper's Magazine*, "How to Live among the Vermonters," wrote that the difference between ten cents and eleven cents is one cent, and in Vermont "you had better not forget it. A southerner might not see the difference; but a Vermonter does; and whether he is weighing six-penny nails or what, the scales must tip exactly, and the charge be accordingly precise." However, though Mr. De Voto points to this penny-counting complex, it is not always penny-pinching, and he found it didn't interfere with a wholesome generosity and hospitality. Thrift is regarded by the Vermonter as a requirement of solvency, and that is the chief reason it has such significance among us. "There are two ways in which he—the newcomer to Vermont—can damn himself," said Mr. De Voto; "if he wastes money too conspicuously or if he condescends to his neighbors, a label will be affixed to him that will not wear off, and though he sojourn among the Vermonters all his life he will never live among them. For where conditions of life are hard, the word fool retains its ancient savor."

That last is particularly well said of a state which holds common sense in such high esteem, but it shouldn't be taken to mean that Vermont doesn't breed its own brand of eccentrics or that Vermonters are an intolerant people. Frederick F. Van de Water, writing "In Coldest New England" in the *Woman's Home Companion*, regrets the "clause in the national credo that New England is blighted by the rough-hewn animate chunks of Plymouth Rock who live there," and he speaks specifically of Vermont as a place in which he found many experiences to offset so-called New England dourness, Yankee coldness. He found nothing smug in our pride. "It only demands equality. It dreads patronage as all good Yanks abhor the devil." He wrote: "I, a stranger among Vermonters, can think of no more warm-hearted, generous and merry folk. A Vermonter's merriment is not uproarious. It is weathered and dry and flavored with salt, yet no people esteem jest more highly or are more adept at its manufacture."



Dorothy Canfield Fisher, writing in the *Nation* some years ago, staked out a claim that the chief difference between Vermonters and the people of other states is that the others are all afraid of something, while a Vermonter does not know the name of fear. "Most Americans," she said, "are afraid of poverty or social inferiority, or change, or politics. It seems incredible, in our modern world, so tormented with fears about its safety, that a whole stateful of people have no ground for apprehension, but it is true." She had in mind Juvenal's poor man whistling gayly as he crossed a plain frequented by robbers, happy in his empty pockets. So does the Vermonter, rich in inner resources which come from plain living, but lacking in many tangible possessions, have little cause for apprehension. This lack of possession is an essential element in independence of character, and is common to all mountaineers—Basque, Scotch, and Norse—none afraid in the worldly sense. Vermont, it has often been said, "having never known a boom, hardly recognized the depression."

All of these and many other efforts to analyze and synthesize Vermont character bring me round to the conclusion which Jael Kent came to about the "typical" Vermonter. Writing in the *Atlantic*, she said:

"Somewhere, on some little back farm far from our little back farm, in some little Vermont village, the typical Vermonter is lurking. There must be such a person, for many speak of him; but though I have looked for him long and patiently, I have never found him. He does not live on our street nor gossip at our post-office. He does not drive in to our grange meetings, nor bring his typically Vermont family to our chicken-pie suppers; he does not bid at our auctions.

"There is only one quality that could be called 'typical' of the Vermonters I know. That is their extraordinarily irritating way of not conforming to any type. Each of them is an original. Born on the same hills, fed on the same beans, educated in the same schools, they have just one common denominator; they are all rare birds."

The nonconformists are getting scarcer, as I said at the outset of this chapter, but we do have a rare collection of rare birds scattered over the state. I would that I could present a Whitmanesque catalogue of Vermont oddities. You will find some of them in our Vermont fiction and in real life. I once dropped into a barber shop in Newfane for a shave and found my barber practicing his "one-man band." He was negotiating half a dozen musical instruments at one time, and at my encouragement he kept it up for my benefit. I recall "Aunt" Jane Davis, Johnson's beloved nonagenarian who learned the Lord's Prayer when she was six and who has repeated it daily for eighty-eight years, and who at ninety-four is still gainfully employed knitting socks and mittens—two hundred and ninety-five pairs she knit in one year. I think of my friend Charles S. Dana, New Haven town clerk and former speaker of the Vermont House of Representatives, known as "Vermont's connoisseur of pies." He has eaten over a hundred kinds of pies—he can show you a long list of pies you never heard of; he has eaten pie at least once a day ever since he was a boy and he has a voluminous correspondence with pie enthusiasts all over the country.

I like also to remember Vermonters whose pride is in "staying put." There are just as many Vermonters who prefer to roam—like Father Dutton of Stowe, who went out to the Hawaiian Islands to spend his life in aid to the lepers, and many other missionaries out of Vermont. But many a man and woman stays put in Vermont, celebrating golden weddings and now and then passing their hundredth birthdays. Staying put, either in matrimony, location, or occupation, is a virtue highly esteemed by many Vermonters. Not far from me dwells Herbert Lincoln Delano (yes, a distant relative of President Franklin Delano Roosevelt, but not a New Dealer), who has lived seventy-one years in the house where he was born at Elmore on a mountain road from which he can see on a fair day a dozen towns in surrounding counties. With conviction he will tell you: "If I had my life to live over



CLARA E. SIPPRELL

*Our way of speech has studied silences and understatement  
among its characteristics.*

CLARA E. SIPPRELL

*Vermont still has left a few mem-  
bers of the old anvil chorus of  
blacksmiths—this one in Thetford.*





H. W. RICHARDSON

*It's not easy to unfold Vermont. Here's looking across  
the ranges from Mansfield.*

*To the traveler by air this is the way the top of Mansfield looks  
in winter.*



again, I would plow the same furrow." Or Sherman Dodds, who at seventy-five is still tending the little drawbridge on North Hero Island in Lake Champlain—a job he began thirty-six years ago and has kept at day and night (mind you) all these years. I like to think of Dorothy Canfield's "Old Man Warner," who lived at the end of a remote back road and defied all the legal machinery of the town and the entreaties of his family to get him to come off his perch, where indeed he spunkily stuck until he died. Or of Pardon Janes of Calais, a state legislator who suddenly suffered such a misanthropic turn that he refused thereafter to touch anything that man or woman had handled, and he used a specially designed pitchfork in lieu of his hands. Or of Mr. Baxter who kept the general store in Marlboro, now a nearly deserted village, and who often refused to sell the last article he had in any line because he then would be out of stock.

The Vermont storekeeper generally still stands in a peculiar relation to his community, a social asset as well as mercantile, for there are few places so large that the storekeeper (and notably the postmaster) does not know about all that is going on and finds time to give a dollar's worth of gossip with every purchase. The radio doesn't begin to have such pungent commentators on life as some of these old, country storekeepers. And then there's the lumberjack, not conspicuous in the big towns, but back in the hills of the timbering sections. His dress, in high felt boots and moccasins, rough flannel shirt and cap, and his seldom shaven face all mark him as a man of the woods, but what you don't know is that many of these lumberjacks sing at their work—not alone the old ballads, but some of the new of their own composing.

Walter Hard, in his well-salted Vermont verse, has drawn, as it were on a wafer or cherry-stone, the portraits of many Vermont characters, especially the eccentric ones, and that we have so many odd ones in our midst is proof enough of our tolerance. They are not all simple-minded or unsuccessful folks, either. Joseph Smith, the Mormon prophet, and John

Dewey, the prominent philosopher, are of the eccentric pattern which flourished so well in Vermont. And from the days of Ann Story we have had strong-armed, strong-minded women who afford a fine contrast with the mild, ladylike type personified in Mrs. Prentiss, the Dorset author of *Stepping Heavenward*.

And who's the outstanding "Red" in Vermont? Stalin would smile, and Vermonters do—but we love her all the same. It is Sarah N. Cleghorn, Socialist, anti-vivisectionist, and pacifist, who has told of her life in a recent book *Three Score*, who lives undisturbed in her Manchester home, adjacent to wealthy estates, writing socialist poems and prose. Imagine what some states, say Georgia, would do with a Sally Cleghorn who differs as widely from orthodox views as she differs from Vermont norms. They wouldn't laugh over her impracticability, they would get red-hot and mad, and possibly threaten her and attack her. I recall an editorial in the *Bennington Banner* which said something like this, apropos an intense anti-vivisection plea of hers: "Miss Cleghorn's opinions just never appeal to us, we think she is absolutely all off on most subjects, but never mind, we love her just the same." That's the way Vermonters feel about eccentric types, be they home bred or not, provided always they are genuine and not affected.

You may remember that Sinclair Lewis said one of the reasons why he liked to live in Vermont was that ordinary people aren't nosy, don't expect you to live necessarily the way they do, and are perfectly willing to leave you alone (within certain limits, of course) to live the way you want to, because they live the way they want to and wouldn't welcome comment or advice about it. I have not quoted from anything but a vague memory of the *Banner's* sentiment and Lewis's words, but I feel sure I'm not misrepresenting them.

It all goes to show, and the case could be clinched with innumerable examples, that Jael Kent is right in finding that the one typical thing about Vermont is that we are all rare birds. No, not all; many conform, and the curse is that the

drift to conformity is destroying some of Vermont's uniqueness. Some think they must drive to the Gaspé peninsula to find things "different." No, there is still much unmapped character left in Vermont, and I find it more interesting than studying the crowds in the subway to drift among our people, never ceasing to wonder that there is some indefinable overtone in their character which somehow spells Vermont. As I view the passing show, I pray it may never become a uniformed, regimented, goose-stepping parade, but that Vermonters, like the motley-clothed and motley-minded Green Mountain Boys, will preserve their individualities even to eccentricities—even louder and funnier, if they please.

## OUR WAY OF SPEECH



THE TOURIST TRYING to shoot the Vermont way of speech on the wing can be no more sure that he has brought down something truly native Vermont than he can be sure of the truth when he reads on a New York menu: "Native Vermont Turkey." It is easy to bag some of our Vermont ways of saying things; I bagged hundreds of them before I sat down to write this chapter, only to find that some were common to Cape Cod and some could be traced as far west as Kansas. Yet I had gathered these turns of phrase from Vermonters who themselves thought the expressions typical Vermont when they were merely typical early American.

There are people with hair-trigger ears who seem to find it surprisingly easy to spot a Vermonter anywhere, as many have spotted me; but it doesn't rest upon any one vocal clue. I suppose it is a combination of overtones, modes of thought, and mannerisms that earmarks or tongue-marks the Vermonter. Surely it is by no such simply telltale thing as vowel-twisting and nasal twang, for these are found in other states, and not all Vermonters, by any means, are given to them. Vermonters have never had a truly distinctive dialect, yet, isolated as the state was for many years in the early days, it developed a philosophy and idiom somewhat different from those of the rest of New England.

Those differences are disappearing, but the tourist-visitor



to Vermont will find this hunting of our way of saying things sometimes good in places—not in large flocks, but in small coveys he may scare them up, or find some oddly-feathered phrase fluttering, partridge-like at his very feet, as the country found one in Calvin Coolidge's "I do not choose to run."

Vermont wit is usually triple-X in dryness. Vermont humor is of the kind that loves understatement as much as Baron Munchausen loved exaggeration. Reticent, generally, the Vermonter has a great relish for the timing of his utterance and loves to bait his listener. He lights a slow fuse, and with a poker face he watches that fuse burn to the setting off of a little bomb of the unexpected.

But everywhere there is contradiction in this running down of what is "characteristic" of Vermonters. If studied silences be said to be a part of the Vermont way of speech, I know many Vermonters who have little in common with "Silent Cal" and who can talk "the handle off the pump," or "the tin ear off an iron dog."

The tourist who anticipates that he is going to hear the Yankee tongue everywhere among us wagging with the exaggerated raciness of Lowell's *Biglow Papers* is certain to be disappointed. It is only rarely you can find even a Vermont farmer today with the professional stage Yankee make-up or way of speech. The whiskers, even "a little bunch of spinach on the chin," are mostly gone, tobacco-chewing and fancy spitting are becoming lost arts, and dialect such as flavors the dialogue of Uncle Ezry and Aunt Samanthy on the radio is done with in real life mostly.

To get down on paper what survivals of dialect, idiom and individualism of expression are left among us is very like trying to "drag a cat out from under the barn." Still there are some of us who "lufto" (love to) tie our words together, somewhat altering them in the tying, and there are words which some persons perpetuate in mispronunciation. They are, however, rather common to all New England. F'r instance, *spekalate* for speculate; *callate* or *kalkerlate* for calculate;

*foraged* a note for forged; *partikeler* for particular; *patridge* for partridge; *curus* for curious; and there is still a prevailing habit of putting an *r* on the ends of words which end in *a*, as *Ameriker*, *ideer of* for idea of; or *terbakker* for tobacco; though I should like to relegate most of those to the backwoods if not to the obsolete.

It is said that one of Calvin Coolidge's remarkable achievements was the pronunciation of "cow" in four syllables. This twisting of the vowel, as in *taown* for town, *baout* for about, and *daown* for down, is not so common as it once was, but it still survives with some Vermonters. I suppose this vowel-twisting was a direct inheritance from certain counties in England where it can still be noted; but I think to some extent our twisting has been deliberate—a sort of contemptuous effort of the Yankee to show he was not of the aristocracy, but good common folk. Don't we find the lawyer addressing the jury in a deliberate hayseed manner? So the Yankee folks generally, regarding themselves as common folk, and determined not to put on airs, leaned the other way and let their tongues play with a certain mockery in deliberate murder of the king's English.

The first American comedy ever produced on the professional stage was written by a man who was destined to become a great and influential Vermonter. It is significant that the purpose of this comedy, called *The Contrast*, was to go native and to show contempt for some of the drawing-room vocabulary of British pattern. Royall Tyler, the author of this first American play on a native theme, was a Bostonian when his play was produced at the old John Street theater in New York in candlelit days; but shortly after, he became a resident of Guilford and Brattleboro, and his writings had great influence on his times. His play had sounded the true Yankee note, unashamed, in the character of Brother Jonathan, who was taken, I believe, as the model of our now familiar Uncle Sam. Tyler eventually became chief justice of the Vermont Supreme Court, and his verdict was always in favor, probably,

of the Yankee or Vermont way of speech.

I have my own "idioticon"—a little privately compiled dictionary of words and phrases used by Vermonters I know, all the way from the Supreme Court bench to the backwoods farm. In a few radio talks I asked my fellow Vermonters what were their favorite expressions and I was surprised at the number of contributions from towns all over northern Vermont. I recognize many that are common to all New England, some that may have become familiar farther west or south, but the fact remains they are relished by Vermonters and therefore part and parcel of our way of speech.

Justice Leighton P. Slack of the Vermont Supreme Court, venerable, but sly in his humor, is a rich mine for the good old phrases. "Slipper-toe" is one of the Judge's old-time expressions for a no-account, and an "old pelter" is his way of describing an old Tartar. And I heard him one day say somebody was "homely enough to stop a down train," and that's a phrase which, if you stop to think of it, has much more significance than "homely enough to stop a clock," "homely as a hedge fence, or "homely as hell is wicked."

To "pestle around," a phrase plucked from the mortar-and-pestle days, was a common expression which I recall from the Black River Valley to describe a hasty, puttering activity. But for being "busy" there are many other phrases which my radio helpers sent in to me. The ironic line "as busy as a man on the town" indicates relief workers were always that way. Several persons sent this: "I've trotted around all day in a bushel," meaning a busy day, evidently, without getting anywhere.

The Vermonter would seem to have a hearty contempt for ignorance, especially of the kind that lacks even common sense, for many expressions are of this run of shad: "Don't know enough to pound sand in a rat-hole," "to go in when it rains," to "pour water out of a boot," to "suck alum and drool." To have rendered any of the foregoing with *doesn't* instead of *don't* would have spoiled it all, for this use of *don't* is the most

common grammatical error current in Vermont, possibly defensible as it was sanctioned by the highest classes in the eighteenth century.

I can think of some of my friends who find the future "darker'n a wolf's mouth," "blacker'n a stack of black cats," or "dark as a pocket," and "feel bluer'n a whetstone." There are those who are often found to be "fixing for a spell of sickness" or "enjoying dretful poor health," or "just feeling peaked."

Vermonters' contempt for a lack of common sense is matched by their contempt for lack of thrift, as reflected in such expressions as: "He don't need it any more than a pig needs a wallet," or "He has no more use for it than for water in his boots," or "He don't need it any more than a dog needs two tails."

I'll turn on a few of the expressions sent in:

"It's a poor back that can't press its own shirt."

"Stands out like a blackberry in a pan of milk."

"He's the whole team and the little dog under the wagon."

"Her house was a regular hurrah's nest."

"Jumped like a cat out of the wood-box."

"He's as straight as a yard of pump-water."

"Her head looks as if it had worn out two bodies."

"Twice around a toothpick and half-way back."

A lady up in Craftsbury Common said of a poor, tired, hungry hired man:—"looking for salt pork and sundown."

A Montpelier woman sent me a list in which was that classic phrase: "independent as a hog on ice" (it ought to go on our state seal), and added: "slow as a hog on ice with his tail froze in."

A woman turned to me in a theater to contribute this as her favorite: "Twenty tailors around a buttonhole."

Simple as certain of the sayings I am quoting may sound, I find that some Vermonters put great store by them and cherish them like little family heirlooms.

Mr. H. L. Mencken in his work *The American Language*

writes of many matters which concern the Vermont way of speech, and I am interested especially in his comment on the Americanism "I guess" in the sense of "suppose" or "assume." This is very common in Vermont, particularly so to me, but Englishmen have always regarded it very foul. It is actually to be found in that meaning precisely, says Mr. Mencken, in *Measure for Measure* and *Henry VI*, nay, in Chaucer, Wycliffe, and Gower. I shall now feel well supported in "guessing" where the Englishman "supposes."

Some young man seeking a Ph. D. might do worse than to write a thesis on Rhadamanthine oaths, or pseudo-profanity. My radio responses reveal among many Vermonters a relish for the substitute swear words which their grandfathers or great grandfathers swore by. Bliss Perry (who is practically a Vermonter) recalls how his father could load the most ordinary language with profane implications. "Fush to Bungtown!" was one of his favorite bits of fireworks.

Of examples which my radio collaborators sent in I have awarded first prize to a lady in Woodstock who tells me her great uncle used "Herod all handsaws!" as his device to delude the Almighty; for obviously this, like "Gosh all fish-hooks!" and many others common to Vermont are mere euphemisms for "God Almighty."

Women generally reported milder expletives, like "land o' Goshen," "How in Sam Hill," "for the love of Mike," and so on down to "Dear me suz." An East Burke man told me that when the pie juice ran out in the oven his mother used to say: "Dear me suz" or "My soul and body." It surprised me much to have him say he never heard anyone else use those expressions. I think most of us have had mothers who "Dear-me-suzzed" it quite a lot.

Arthur Guiterman, the poet who transfers his affection from New York to Arlington, Vermont, every summer, declares that he finds Vermont interesting "humanly, scenically, and linguistically." He was amused, for instance, that on the west side of our mountains a meadow is a meadow (or a med-

der), but on the east side a meadow is a mowin'. And I might add that an old-time expression with us for a triangular section of land was a "heater-piece," meaning shaped like a flatiron.

The alert tourist will pick up a lot of such odds and ends. To help him, the American Council of Learned Societies, in co-operation with the universities, is now at work making a linguistic atlas of the United States and Canada. Vermont is sure of a place on that map. An expert staff led by Dr. Bernard Bloch of the University of Vermont was among us with notebooks and recording phonographs.

Vermont, he finds, is divided linguistically as well as historically and geographically into two major sections by the Green Mountains. The western section, which derives its population largely from western Connecticut and has always had fairly intimate contacts with New York State, contrasts in several respects with the eastern, whose settlement is much more diverse, comprising elements from the lower Connecticut valley, eastern and central Massachusetts, and New Hampshire, as well as colonies of Scotch and Scotch-Irish. For instance, the *r* in words like *work*, *first*, *father*, *hammer*, *bar*, *beard*, which is pronounced by speakers in western Connecticut and in the entire northern United States west of New England, but is silent in the greater part of eastern New England, is correspondingly present in the speech of western Vermont, but absent from that of eastern Vermont (except for the Scotch and Scotch-Irish sections and a few other communities). The vowel in *calf*, *glass*, *pasture*, *afternoon*, *bath* is universally pronounced with a flat *a* in western Vermont, while eastern Vermont has many cases of the broad *a*. The so-called "New England short *o*" in words like *home*, *stone*, *coat*, *road*, *toad*, *whole* (pronounced almost like *hum*, *stun*, etc.) is rather rare in western Vermont, but very common in eastern Vermont; the second syllable of *towel* is pronounced in western Vermont with a short, obscure second vowel or with no vowel at all, but in eastern Vermont has *ill* with a clear vowel.

As for vocabulary, the two sections again show interesting

differences. The seesaw is called *seesaw* in all parts of the state, but the word *teeter-totter* (imported from southwestern Connecticut) occurs twice and the word *tinter* (from central Connecticut) occurs once in western Vermont, while *tilt* (a Cape Cod word) occurs once in eastern Vermont. The earth-worm is called *angleworm*, but several cases of *angledog* (a central Connecticut word) occur in western Vermont, and several cases of *mud-worm* (a northeastern Massachusetts word) in eastern Vermont. Sour milk is called *lobbered* or *loppered* milk throughout Vermont, but in eastern Vermont the term *bonmyclabber* (originally an Irish word, but now found in many parts of eastern New England) is equally common. The horizontal rain-gutter along the edge of the roof is usually called *eaves trough* in western Vermont, but *eaves spout* in eastern Vermont. The funnel used when pouring liquids into a narrow-necked bottle is called either *funnel* or *tunnel* in western Vermont, but nearly always *tunnel* in eastern Vermont. When a boy slides downhill lying flat on his sled, western Vermonters say he is sliding downhill *belly-bunt* or *belly-bunk*, while eastern Vermonters say he is sliding *belly-bump*. It is clear that in many respects the eastern part of the state is more old-fashioned or more conservative than the western part, but it is interesting to observe that natives of each side of the Green Mountains profess to be greatly amused by the "flatness" of the dialect spoken by the natives on the other side.

A greater store of earlier Vermont ways of speech than can be recovered by any present survey is to be found in the priceless books of Rowland Robinson. Robinson was accurate in his setting-down of the old-time Vermont language. Dorothy Canfield Fisher remembers much of the same sort of talk from her elders, and from what their elders handed down. But some of the expressions are gone. "Dogs," she says, "no longer (more's the pity) 'yollop' as they give chase; dull, depressing people are no longer said to 'mump'; and who among us knows what a 'sollaker' is? But an old man in my town always

says 'julluk' for 'just like'; 'Mr. Mawdrater' is often heard from a voter at Town Meeting who wishes the Moderator to allow him the floor; every one of us 'callates' and many of us still 'gwup' stairs when we leave the ground floor for the one above it."

The Vermont way of speech of a later date than is recalled by the Robinson books is to be found in Dorothy Canfield's own books—especially in her early one *Hillsboro People*. It is to be found somewhat in Mary Wilkins Freeman's work, and the latest depository of it is *The Salt of Vermont* and other books by Walter Hard. He has picked up innumerable examples of Vermont wit and humor and pungency of expression and embalmed them gloriously in the amber of his own unusual rhythm, without rhyme, but with a lot of reason. Robert Frost has made his contribution, too, though not confined so much to Vermont alone; and the late Daniel Cady also left a stream of "Vermont talk" in his verse. But it is not the isolated word or phrase that gives pungency to Vermont talk—it is, as I said in the beginning, everything combined, the rhythm, the timing of the fuse of quiet wit, the studied suspense, and the whole attitude toward life.

With all our efforts, our way of speech and way of humor remain a bit elusive. The visitor is welcome to come up and get his earful. He will find many a Vermont farmer after the Coolidge pattern, as Coolidge was like Cassius; "Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort as if he mocked himself and scorned his spirit that could be moved to smile at anything."

Vermonters, as Coolidge did, generally observe what I consider one of the first laws of humor, as neatly put by Keith Preston:

*Man must not laugh at his own wheeze;  
A snuff-box is not made to sneeze.*



## SPRING, SUMMER, AND FALL



I FEEL UTTERLY IRRESPONSIBLE in writing about Vermont weather. Surely I am not responsible for it, and whatever I may say about it is subject to change without notice. Steady as the state is in most things, its stability in a weather sense is a regularity of irregularity. And that is desirable, for, as Mark Twain thought, "If you don't like New England weather, all you have to do is to wait a bit, and it is sure to change." Take it the whole year through, Vermont has samples of almost all the known species of weather, without the extremes known to some regions, and its vagaries happily average to accommodate man and beast and crops with all the necessary climatic vitamins.

For instance, from records kept at Burlington and Northfield weather-bureau stations, I find that Vermont gets 45 per cent of the possible sunshine. That isn't a bad break. I spent a year in London where they put up with only 27 per cent of possible sunshine for the year, and in winter get along with only a few minutes of sunshine a day, and many days with none.

Vermont gets, with fair regularity, three to four inches of rainfall every month (though of course it is in the form of snow in winter), and that means that if the rain stood where it fell, we should by the end of the year be wading in water three feet deep; and more than that along our mountain sky-

line, where approximately forty inches of rain falls each year.

The extremes of drought known to many sections of the world are unknown to Vermont. Now and then comes an unusually dry spell when our lawns turn brown in spots, but usually our grass is lushly green all summer through. A story sent out of Washington in July 1936, when a great drought was hitting the West, was headed: "Vermont Only State Escaping Drought Since 1889." It went on to say: "From 1889 to 1934 records of the U. S. Geological Survey show that there have been ten major droughts affecting at one time or another all but one state in the Union—Vermont."

Lacking extreme droughts, Vermont has leaned the other way and has had one flood that will ever be memorable. But this was like drawing a full suit of spades in one hand—combinations happened to be just right. November 1927 opened with a rain which prolonged itself over several days. It wasn't one storm, apparently, but the junction of two or more storms, one blowing up from the Caribbean; and they dumped nearly nine inches of rain (nearly a fourth of what we normally have all year round) down on Vermont's mountain roofs within three days. The mountains were truly like a roof, the ground frozen and thickly shingled with autumn leaves. Lacking any absorptive powers, the ground shed the water with a suddenness which swelled the trout brooks and mill-streams to unprecedented widths and depths, overflowing many of the narrow valleys with more disaster than Vermont had ever known. I saw the havoc the waters worked in Montpelier, the capital city, and other places, and shared with others in the prediction that Vermont would never recover from such a blow. "The state has been set back a century," many said. Vermont was then at its worst, but as Mr. Herbert Hoover said, "Vermonters were at their best," and now, a decade later, there is hardly a trace left of the flood, beyond painted marks made here and there to show how high the water really came. Instead of being set back a century, Vermont was swept ahead by the flood in many ways, for the disaster brought

new bridges, new roads, and new spirit to the state.

It's an old adage that "the wheel that squeaks the loudest gets the grease." Vermont did little squeaking on account of its disaster, but when the New Deal organized its great Civilian Conservation Corps, plans already made by the Corps of Engineers of the Army for flood retention dams in Vermont were on file, and the new administration went to work upon them immediately as a worthy form of relief work, the first projects in the history of the CCC. As a result three large dams now control the waters tributary to the Winooski River near Montpelier, Barre, and Waterbury, and a flood such as struck this Winooski Valley section, taking fifty-five lives in 1927, is deemed almost an impossibility again.

On the weather maps it will be seen that Vermont is a sort of junction point. Several storm tracks converge above us in Vermont. It is this favorable location that not only gave us the exceptional flood of 1927, but gives us the much-desired even distribution of precipitation all the year round. It gives us, too, whatever you may think of "cold" Vermont, an evenness of temperature. The cold waves which sweep down from the Canadian northwest lose much of their severity before they reach us; but those that push down from Hudson Bay or Labrador do, I admit, grip us frigidly and often for cold spells of a week or ten days' duration. In summer, hot waves roll up from the Caribbean, but they are somewhat cooled before reaching the latitude of Vermont, which is just half-way between the equator and the pole. Rarely and briefly we taste a temperature of a hundred degrees above, or of forty degrees below, zero Fahrenheit. The mean annual temperature of the state varies from forty to forty-seven degrees. Along the shore of Lake Champlain and for some distance inland there is a toning down in extremes of temperature, in both summer and winter.

The signs of spring in Vermont are as uplifting as I can imagine them anywhere on God's earth. The first thaw; the trickles of water from the icicles which fringe the roof; the

run of sap from the maples; the budding pussy-willows; the hepatica, seen in blossom before the leaf comes; the fragrant trailing arbutus; the shaking out of the tassels on all the trees; the lacy first foliage on the slender white birches against the darker greens; the voices of river and brook; the phœbe or chickadee; the drum of the woodpecker; and the noisy hustling hungry robin—all these and an infinite number of intangible things, like “the feel in the air,” contribute to make spring in Vermont the great, anticipatory season that it universally is. After our long and sometimes hard winters we cherish every sign of spring the more, even cherish the anemic skunk cabbage.

Shane Leslie, editor of the *Dublin Review*, found that “Vermont’s spring and summer are as in England, only more so. There is a curious illusion of England, and yet it is not the same. Instead of nightingales, there is a large brown-bosomed bird, called a robin.” Strange indeed does it sound to a Vermonter to hear of anyone to whom the familiar robin is “news.”

If Vermont be like England in some respects, it differs greatly in one, and that is fog. The average number of days with fog at Burlington is reported as only eight a year, and this only means that fog occurs at some period of the day. An all-day fog is rare indeed—as rare as a full day’s sunshine in winter to a Londoner.

A London scholar, J. A. Graham, LL.D., traveling in Vermont in 1797, wrote home to his friend and patron, the Duke of Montrose: “In summer here at Manchester, Vermont, there is such an equal serenity of weather that one scarce has the power of wishing for a change; it is neither too hot nor too cold; and even in July or August, which are the most sultry months of the year, the mountains refresh the weary traveler and render this place, if I may venture to use such an expression, the habitation of the Zephyrs.”

I would not promise any perfect summer in Vermont, but we do have some perfect ones. In addition to being “the habitation of the Zephyrs,” Vermont is the habitation of the



FAIRCHILD AERIAL SURVEYS, INC.

*Approach by the Champlain Bridge from Crown Point, New York,  
to Addison, Vermont.*

*The placid Passumpsic near St. Johnsbury—but many Vermont  
rivers have their wild as well as mirror-like moods.*

H. W. RICHARDSON





W. D. CHANDLER

*One more spring brings apple-blossom time to Vermont  
as well as to Normandy.*

*There are hundreds of miles of bridle paths—and many like this  
Nichols Brook Road in Woodbury.*

W. D. CHANDLER



thunderstorm—but no place in the world is free from them—and in the wake of some of these disturbances we occasionally have winds that we call “twisters.” They sometimes uproot trees and unroof a hen-house, but never do they approximate a tornado—a freak of air currents wholly unknown to the Green Mountain state.

Though summers are sometimes “neither too hot nor too cold,” we have legendary records of one summer, in 1816, which was known as the year of “eighteen hundred and froze to death.” That year, the story goes, Vermont really had no summer. Ten inches of snow fell in June (on the 17th); one man, lost in the pastures looking for sheep, perished from exposure. Ice half an inch thick formed on the ponds in July. In August it froze an inch or more. There wasn’t a month from one end of the year to the other without frost. Some persons took their lives in morbid fear that the world was about to end or the sun go out. Such is the legend; and there are occasional summers when we think history may repeat itself, but it never has, and the average Vermont summer is usually a beautiful and fairly comfortable season. I should have to write like a field of daisies in order to describe it.

I get my greatest uplift out of those first signs of summer, the smoky plumes of lilac, an imported and not indigenous shrub, but so common that almost every Vermont yard has its lilac bush. In the southern part of the state and in the Champlain valley the lilacs bloom at least a week or ten days earlier than they do in Montpelier, in the central part of the state, this being as good as another index to the difference in the growing-season. By the first of June the lilac has usually advanced to occupy all the state with a fragrance friendly and welcome.

And the molten gold of dandelion and buttercups! The cop-pices of ferns! The fragrance of new-mown hay! The crickets and the clover! Butterflies! The elm and maple shade! The sunset over Camel’s Hump, or across Lake Champlain! I love all of the summer scene in Vermont, down to the humble mullein in the cow pasture and the common sparrow in the street.

So grand a season as a Vermont summer deserves to die grandly, and it does when the sun crosses the equinoctial line. The goldenrod is the first sign that the end is near. A slowly changing apoplectic tinge creeps over all nature. The season of autumnal color comes, reaching its peak of pigmentation in October. We used to think it was Mr. Jack Frost who did the painting of our leaves, but science robbed him of that glory. It is merely a ripening of the leaves, like the ripening of fruit, sure to come, frost or not. As the summer wanes, the upward flow of sap begins to fall; starch-making in the leaves begins to decline; the green is dimmed; and the sluggish sap brings up from the soil iron and other mineral pigments. Then "Earth's crammed with heaven, and every common bush afire with God."

The crow and other birds begin their migration. Corn in the shock dots the hillsides. The orange globes of pumpkins glow in the stubble. The farmer begins to bank his house with leaves. The days grow colder and shorter. The rising dew freezes on the fields; and, first we know, the first snow falls, ushering in a season so peculiarly Vermont that I have awarded it a separate chapter.

As I said in the beginning, I feel an utter irresponsibility in writing about the weather in Vermont. There is nothing I can do about it, and, thinking back to the desirable succession of sun and rain, heat and cold, color and bleakness, there's nothing much I would do about it if I could, since I can see no way to add to its infinite variety.



## SNOW FALLS ON VERMONT



WHEN SNOW FALLS ON Vermont it usually falls purposefully. Our winters, ordinarily, are not whiffle-minded. We may have spells of weather in late November when it doesn't seem to know whether to rain or snow, and doesn't seem to do either with a will; but once we are knee-deep in December we usually are knee-deep in snow and are likely to stay there until we see the April sun and showers.

I think this is ever so much better, however, than the uncertain, unclassified, but generally uglier sort of weather in winter in Boston or New York. A winter which doesn't make up its mind to have its own way and to triumph over all obstacles is a weakling. How characterless the snow that gives up the ghost the moment it falls on the city pavement and turns to slush and gutter wash! Or if, unexpectedly, snow really settles on the city with any firmness, it is so out of place there that it is only a source of great annoyance and inconvenience.

Vermont has a place for snow, a human and an economic need for it, and when it does come we expect it to be an all-winter guest, for about three full months.

"Such winters must be monotonous," said one of my sympathetic summer guests to whom I was showing Vermont in June. I might have agreed with him, for we Vermonters do some cursing of the too cold cold spells and the too much

shoveling of snow; but, seemingly challenged, I came to the defense of winter with a will.

"We don't have Whittier's snow-bound winters much now," I said; "at least, nothing to the extent you seem to think."

I invited my friend to come touring through Vermont in his car in mid-winter.

"That sounds absurd," said he.

But it isn't absurd. There's scarcely a day in winter when you couldn't traverse the state fairly comfortably in your heated car all the way from the Massachusetts state line to the Canadian border, up one side of the state and down the other, or across the state and its mountains by several of the main routes. We have well-plowed roads now, and when they happen to be at their best in winter, they make an unusually smooth surface, delightfully different from the roads of any other clime. The scenic splendor of the countryside—its drifts, its crusted brilliance, its graceful contours—is truly a thrilling delight to those who behold it for the first time.

Perhaps I went too far in my enthusiasm for winter driving. There are some exceptions. But, for that matter, even New York City can, on occasion, get tied up with a blizzard or be made hazardous with sleet.

Vermont, except for the minor roads, is now seldom wholly snow-bound, and facilities for getting out of trouble are usually not hard to find.

True, some of us Vermonters put our cars away for the winter, but these are a minority—the timid or thrifty minority. Upwards of fifty thousand cars, I believe, are kept going all winter through, rarely with any great difficulty, and with far fewer casualties than in the summer speeding-season. Verily, I think winter may be the safest time to drive, provided you thoroughly master the entirely different technique which is necessary for winter driving, especially in slippery weather when you positively must do without the use of brakes on curves and hills, or almost anywhere that may be slippery,

or you will turn round quicker than you can say "Jack Robinson." Second or even low gear is to be prescribed for the descent of all icy hills.

But it isn't our motor-mobility that makes Vermont winters so attractive; they were attractive long before the motor came and before plowed roads. The fact that our mobility is somewhat restrained is part of the beauty of winter. Often huddled around the radiant fireplace we "housemates" sit and grow enthusiastic with Emerson over the "tumultuous privacy of storm." We delight with him to look out upon "the north-wind's masonry" and all "the frolic architecture of snow."

Surely "monotonous," as my friend called it, is not the word for our winter. There may be a monotone of universal whiteness, but the scene is hardly more monotonous than the ups and downs of our springtime verdure. Indeed, there is an infinite variety in the caprices of the snow—in its coming, in its staying, and in its departure. It has phases to fit every mood.

The child revels in it as a medium for healthful and extra-zestful play—coasting, skiing, snow-balling, and fort-making; the poet (and there's a little of the poet in all Vermonters) is touched with the beauty of it all; the farmer relishes it as "the poor man's manure," for snow not only enriches the land, but a heavy blanket of it saves dormant vegetation from excessive frost; the sap in the spring depends upon it; even the commercially-minded power magnate is thankful for it in maintaining water power. Only the undertaker begrudges a deep-snow winter, for the old proverb is: "A green winter makes fat graveyards."

Variety? If we had eyes to see we should be more amazed at the flowers of winter than those of summer. It remained for a Vermonter to tell the world what a marvelous thing a snowflake is. Up under the lee of Mt. Mansfield, in the township of Jericho, in that belt of Vermont which gets the heaviest and longest-lasting snows, there dwelt for more than sixty years (until death took him a few years ago) Wilson A. Bentley, bachelor, whose one passion in life was the snowflake.

He was richly rewarded for his love, for the snow never played him false. There was no money in it, but excitement a plenty for him, for he captured thousands upon thousands of fresh snowflakes on a cold black velvet-covered board and rushed them to his refrigerated camera-room for microphotographing. Of the thousands of flakes he never found two exactly alike! Rewarded he was with fame, for "Snowflake" Bentley became the world's foremost scientific authority on the snowflake, and his 5,300 microphotos make the largest collection of the kind in the world.

If we had eyes to see the patterns that his lens disclosed—infinite in their variety and gem-like beauty—snow-shoveling would take on a new aspect, like shoveling acres of diamonds. If, of the billions upon billions of flakes which fall upon Vermont every winter, there are identical twins, the fact is yet to be discovered. The assumption is that every flake of snow is as individual as is every human thumb-print, and that is all very appropriate to Vermont, as we like to think of it as a state where rugged individualism extends to all.

But the microscope isn't necessary to see rare beauty in the Vermont snow scene. The storm may be enjoyed in its large dimensions. One of its most fascinating features, such as no other variety of storm assumes, is its obliterating-capacity. The Western tornado or sandstorm or earthquake can obliterate in their own ways, but always destructively. Rarely is the snow really vicious. Usually it is gentle in its obliteration. It covers your footprint quite as soon as you make it, and to walk in such a storm alone—always alone is best—is conducive to the best philosophy.

The falling snow veils the sky, the field, the hill, not with the depression of a fog, but joyously, with much motion. Its multitudinous activity, indeed, is perhaps one thing conducive to our own calm philosophy. Distances which were but a stone's throw or a short walk suddenly seem extended; we have no urge to hurry off somewhere or reason to expect a surprise visit from anyone. The silence, too, fits our mood.





And when "the snow hath retreated, like an army defeated," it is one great armistice—the white flag of truce over all. Its white brilliance dims our eyes, yet opens them to new beauties.

Though Vermont is the marble state of the country, it is in winter that it really looks it; every roof "a white Carrara," and "every windward stake, or tree or door" is ornamented. The ugliest fence or bush is domed gracefully—the generally gabled architecture of Vermont suddenly getting a great mixture of the Byzantine. The up-sticking mullein stalks and other of last summer's tall weeds are decked to rival, in my eyes, the rare and fragile beauty of the aristocratic orchid.

When Kipling first visited Vermont, in February 1892, he, who had never seen snow except in some inaccessible Afghan pass, was curiously fascinated by all this Vermont snowscape. Inland, he was out of sight of land. He loved it as he loved the sea. When he came later to build his home and live among us, he loved to flounder on skis and snowshoes, and with his inventive mind he introduced one odd winter sport which may have further possibilities—though others do not seem to take it up—"crust golf." Kipling took the little white pill and painted it with red ink in his study at Naulahka, and on the rolling white crust about the Dummerston hills he had his own private winter golf-course, sinking cans in the snow. And there were no lost balls, for the red ink, he found, made its telltale track in the snow!

In his book *Letters of Travel*, Kipling devoted one chapter to Vermont weather, beautifully describing blizzards and ice-storms, in their beauty and their fury; and he dwelt much on the isolation of winter, which when he wrote, forty years ago, was much greater than now. In reading Kipling's description of the village streets after the snow had lost its virginity, we are reminded that winter is cleaner in the village than in the horse and buggy days and in the days of what Kipling called (his own coining) "horsepondine."

As for winter sport, snow, of course, is a necessity to Vermont. We get, as you may see from the official snow maps,

about a hundred inches of snow in Vermont every winter; the average being 120 inches, or ten full feet, in the mountains up and down the central portion of the state, but only sixty or seventy inches in the two biggest valleys, the Connecticut and the Champlain. But that sounds too formidable, even for Vermont. We do not have at any one time any feather-bed of snow that's ten feet deep in the mountains, or five in the valleys. The figures are for the accumulated falls of snow, in its fluffed-up state; say, a dozen ten-inch snows in the mountains; half a dozen in the valleys. But this feather-bed gets much pressed down or melts away, so that an average depth of two feet of snow on the level is a rather good depth for any average winter in Vermont. What the wind sometimes does to make record drifts in some places and bare potholes in others is all another thing; but though these deep drifts do mount to eight feet or more quite often, the miles and miles of lattice-like snow-fences—little red slats—which the state strings up every November, save the highways from much drifted snow.

Of course there was the blizzard of '88 and the less authentic but more amazing winter of 1716, when snow twelve to sixteen feet deep on the level was the story handed down "on the level." But I find my children incredulous on this score, though they often wished a winter might be so. They could believe in dinosaurs or fairy-tales, but, having lived now many winters through, they can't believe the snow was ever so deep in Vermont as it was in '88, when we had to tunnel our way out of some houses, and cottage homes were all but obliterated.

They think, as do all children of the present day, that we of an earlier generation didn't know what winter sport was. Why, bless them, we didn't have to have carnivals or ski-jumps to enjoy the winter. We had to be out in it much more than most folks have to be now. We were out in it almost daily behind a prancing horse with sleigh-bells, not in heated cars; or taking a four-horse hitch, sometimes, for a moonlight ride into the hills with a party which thought the night pretty dull





STONE

*Several Vermont winter-sport resorts now have ski tows. Here's one of six at Woodstock, where the ski tow was first used in this country.*



*The first ski hill in Vermont—at Brattleboro—where National championships will be decided in 1938.*

*The Vermont countryside offers many open slopes for skiing—  
Here's slalom racing at Stowe.*

MACK DERRICK



if the three-seated sleigh didn't get upset in the drifts. We coasted on traverses, mostly home-built, with all the study and care that goes into an American cup-defending yacht, and raced them down hills as thrilling and as hazardous as any ski-jump.

Winter sport is no new thing to Vermont, but it surely has some new and, I'll not deny, delightful phases. I saw the ski, for instance, come to Vermont and I've seen it spread until it seems that almost every able-bodied child in most of the winter-sport centers of the state, at least, can ably handle those long lath-like skids. I saw them build the first big ski-hill in Vermont at Brattleboro, in 1922, and saw the spread of this enthusiasm to the point that even ten- or twelve-year-old boys would take our two-hundred-foot hill with the ease of the man on the flying trapeze—and our hill was the biggest one then east of the Mississippi River. In 1925 I saw Ingvald, "Bing," Anderson of Berlin, New Hampshire, make the magnificent jump of 190 feet from the Brattleboro hill—a record which has stood now for over ten years unbroken, although the hill has since been the site of many large regional, New England, and national ski-jumping tournaments, and in the winter of 1937-8, will be the scene of the National.

"Jim" Taylor, promoter extraordinary for Vermont, was first to promote skiing (as he was first to suggest the Long Trail) at Vermont Academy, Saxtons River; but Brattleboro was first to organize in a big way for the sport, for the town was fortunate in having as one of its citizens Fred H. Harris, founder of the famous Dartmouth Outing Club, sometimes referred to at Hanover as "the man who invented snow." It was due to Harris's knowledge, skill, and interest that Brattleboro took on its early prestige as a winter-sport center. Several thousand persons came every year to our ski-jumps there, the contestants, strongly Scandinavian, including the best-known jumpers in the country. But that stiff competition did not frighten off the local boys, and many of these young Vermonters have become masters themselves.

New England now has more than 350 miles of carefully designed and charted ski-runs, as well as 48 ski-tows and 56 ski-jumps, of which Vermont has its full share. The Guide which the New England Council issues for the skier in New England lists about forty places in Vermont which offer trails, runs, jumps, ski-tows, or other advantages. These include Barre, Barton, Bennington, Bolton, Bradford, Burke Mountain, Burlington, Camel's Hump, Chester, Craftsbury, East Ryegate, Fair Haven, Greensboro, Groton, Hancock-Rochester, Lake Morey, Ludlow, Manchester, Middlebury, Morrisville, Northfield, Plainfield, Poultney, Proctorsville, Putney, Randolph, Rutland, St. Albans, St. Johnsbury, Springfield, Stowe, Wilmington, Windsor, and Woodstock.

Notwithstanding the claims of Brattleboro as first in the ski-jump, Woodstock calls itself the oldest winter-sport center in Vermont, and claims that the first ski-tow ever seen in America was put into use here, with an old automobile engine harnessed to carry the skiers up the hillside. There are now seven ski-tows at Woodstock, and there are trails and runs fascinating for their names as well as for their thrills to the skier. There is the Punch Bowl Run, the Mt. Peg Run, the Cloudland Run, the North Ridge Trail, and others. Randolph has the Devil's Chute, Rutland the Chain Lightning and the Rattlesnake Runs, Burke Mountain the Wilderness Run, and so it runs.

The latest development is interesting for being not only a new one but the biggest and loftiest in Vermont. There is, by the way, only one place in Vermont where snow can be found the year round. It isn't much snow that you'll find there in July, but still some—a sort of nest egg of snow, to keep up our tradition of Vermont winters, I might say—and that is in the Cave of the Winds, just under the Chin of Mt. Mansfield. Only the more intrepid climb to this cave, and that mostly for the fun of a snow-ball fight in midsummer.

There, in the region of our highest mountain, snow falls heaviest and stays longest, and that has led to the recent devel-

opment of the Mansfield sector as the chief winter playground of Vermont. What it lacks in easy accessibility, such as Brattleboro at the southern end has, it makes up in a variety of other things. Even the inaccessibility is being overcome nicely by the co-operation of railroads which run special ski-sleepers for week-end parties out of New York and Boston direct to the mountain base, almost, at Waterbury.

Here on Mt. Mansfield, given an average depth of snow, you will find the skier making his tracks over the great Gulliver face of the mountain—for Mansfield is a long, prostrate profile, including Nose and Chin, which make fine vantage-points from which to start a ski-run—down, of course. The old mountain proudly holds its Chin high—the highest point of land in the state (4,393 feet)—and I'm glad Vermont carries its Chin higher than its Nose. From the Chin, or close under it, you can ski thrillingly but safely down an avenue of snow cut in the mountain timber, from a starting-point 3,500 feet up, and dropping nearly half that distance to the main Smugglers Notch road at 1,660 feet.

Or, from the Nose, 4,060 feet, you can take the Nose Dive down to the same level. If too timid to try either of these at first, you surely can negotiate the wide and safe toll-road for a longer and less steep descent of the mountain. There's also the Bruce Trail and others in the vicinity to a total of over fifty miles of good ski-going right in proximity to accommodations for indoor comfort, too, for there is the cozy free winter camp recently built by the CCC out of mountain stone, and the steam-heated Lodge near by; while villagers in Stowe offer their homes quite generally, too, to winter-sport visitors. The trails run in almost every direction, so the snow is sure to last; if it melts on one slope, it is likely to be saved in the shadow of another, so skiing is possible from Christmas to April Fools' Day.

For a thrill of thrills, however, you might be lucky enough to get invited to try ice-boating on the broad reaches of Lake Champlain. And of course there's skating almost everywhere

in Vermont, with many village rinks in addition to rivers and ponds.

We Vermonters may sometimes complain of too much winter, but the real wail goes up if we get too little. We want a good "white Christmas" to begin with; we want clean snow about every fortnight to keep us looking fresh-laundered; we want snow for our children's play, and for the health of all; for winter sports; and for inside, fireside comfort in contrast to the outside storm.

Fortunately, we get these blessings with our winters in Vermont, and if winter brings some hardships, we count them as blessings, too, for we do not want to be a soft, effete people. When snow falls on Vermont, I like to think not only that it is remolding the landscape, but that it is also reshaping our character, to the extent at least that it renews our spunk.

## THANK GOD FOR MOUNTAINS!



ALTHOUGH VERMONT HAS no cloud-cleaving peaks to rival Mt. Washington in New Hampshire or Whiteface in New York, the claim is often made that our state has more numerous mountains and a more extensive mountain area than the White Mountains, the Adirondacks, and the Catskills combined!

For the purposes of mountain study Vermont should be divided into three parts. The spinal column of the state is the dominating Green Mountain Range, but this has some parallel ranges, particularly in the north central portion. In the south-western part of the state is the wholly separate and distinct Taconic Range. Elsewhere, particularly in the Connecticut valley, there are certain isolated monadnock mountains which have a story of their own.

Nobody thinks of the Green Mountains as being close to New York City, but modest traces of Vermont's mountains begin as far south as Hartford, Connecticut. They cut across western Massachusetts, where they are known as the Berkshires, and they then run the entire length of Vermont, to peter out in Canada. Their last big upfolding to the north is Jay Peak, six miles from the unguarded Vermont-Canadian boundary. Oddly, one of the wildest areas of this mountain range is to be found nearest to civilization (if you call the metropolitan area that), for in the Glazenbury section, in southern Vermont, it is very wild; but the mountains of the

north get and deserve the most attention.

A thing I like about Vermont mountains generally is their geometry. They are not acute angles like the Rockies or the Alps. Their prevailing dip is only thirty to fifty degrees. Most of them are easily climbable afoot without ropes and pikestaffs, and without hazard. A few of the summits may be reached almost in a single bound in a motor car.

Another thing I like about Vermont mountains is that they do not show their age. Though far older than the Rockies, the Green Mountains are not bald. Only few have considerable exposed rock, as on top of Mansfield, Killington, Camel's Hump, and Abraham; with some suggestions of baldness on Mt. Hunger, Ascutney, and others. For the most part, the Green Mountains are green, lushly green in summer; of kaleidoscope color in the fall; and a happy combination of snow-white and spruce-green in winter. And then it's spring again and new greens! Moreover, there are places, particularly in the big Battell Forest, near Middlebury, and the Hapgood area of the National Forest in the south central portion, where the mountain woods have never known the ax. There are woods a plenty still populous with wild shy things—rabbits, squirrels, deer, but nothing (even the occasional bears) to be "afeced of."

As I am to tell in a succeeding chapter of the Long Trail, the footpath in the wilderness which now traverses the entire Green Mountain Range, I confine this chapter to some of the mountains which may be visited regardless of the trail.

I think I shall have to take you up Ascutney first. Atop of it you may pick dwarf blueberries, or you may pick your bride, as I did out of a mountain-climbing party many years ago. It was on 'Scutney that Maxfield Parrish painted many "girl-on-a-rock" pictures, and when I see a girl atop of Ascutney silhouetted against the sky, I thank God for mountains.

The Indians called the mountain Cascadnac for its steep slopes, but the day I climbed it, it did not seem difficult, and surely now it isn't, for it has been tamed by a motor road most



of the way up. Ascutney is not only the highest eminence in all the Connecticut valley, from Long Island Sound to the source of the river in the northern tip of New Hampshire, but "along her meridian, Ascutney is the highest point of land from Labrador to Cuba." However, it is only the twenty-fourth in rank of height among the mountains of Vermont.

It commands the valley in queenly fashion. Its crown is cone-shaped, but its base is heart-shaped. It stands in an isolated position without a peer or competitor in the town of Weathersfield, a little south of Windsor. While it is not strictly a volcanic mountain, it is an eruptive monadnock, in the sense that it was hot stuff sent up from the bowels of the earth at a much later date than the main Green Mountain Range was folded up.

It was up Ascutney that patriotic citizens of Windsor County cut a trail and atop it built a granite shelter house so that General Lafayette might be entertained there, but something went askew with the plans, and the Marquis never made the trip. Today there are two trails, each about three miles long, up the mountain from either side, besides the new road; and almost as good as climbing the mountain is the delightful fifty-mile water-level drive you may make round it.

The ascent of Burke Mountain to the north has also been made easy by car, and a sixty-eight-foot steel tower erected there affords a view that would be marked with an asterisk in any Baedeker. Here you find yourself three times higher up than you would be on top of the Empire State Building, and away to the north you get the most striking view of beautiful Lake Willoughby, guarded by those glacier-cut mountains, Pisgah and Hor; to the northeast there stretches as wild a reach of billowing forest land (Essex County) as you can find anywhere in Vermont; and if you turn farther to the east you have a fine panorama of the White Mountains (about which I am under no obligation to say much here); and then to the south you look upon Vermont's pride, Mansfield and Camel's Hump, together with the surrounding farm lands and streams.

Burke Mountain is reached from the main road north of St. Johnsbury.

If you find yourself on the western side of the state in the Champlain valley and ache for mountain views and air, you can put yourself on top of little Mt. Philo in a few minutes' run from the main road through Charlotte. Its summit is one of the state parks, and though it reaches up only 968 feet, it commands a valley and lake view that is unsurpassed, say some who have even looked from Vesuvius upon the Bay of Naples. Here, if Vermont and Lake Champlain are not good enough for you, can be counted and named most of the peaks of the Adirondacks.

Bear Hill, off the main Northfield-to-Randolph road, is another place which, though named a "hill," would be a veritable Mt. Everest to some flat states. Here the state promotes the view with a tower and picnics by fireplaces.

I might name a dozen other minor summits, all reached by car, such as Bellevue Hill near St. Albans, where very superior sunsets are to be seen across Champlain, or the forest-fire wardens' lookouts in state forests and parks in Waitsfield, Guildhall, Rochester, Elmore, Fletcher, Glastenbury, Avery's Gore, Middlebury, Ludlow, Marlboro, Shrewsbury, Plainfield, Poultney, Stratton, Townshend, Westmore, and Brunswick, if not others I've failed to recall. Some have interesting features in addition to the views, as at Stratton, where you are startled to come across in the wilderness a boulder commemorating the fact that here Daniel Webster delivered a campaign speech in 1840 and was heard by thousands who journeyed to the mountainside, afoot, on horseback, and in buggies. It has never been satisfactorily explained to me how Webster came to make an address at such a remote place. Indeed, it wasn't so remote in the old days as it has now become. A story is that Webster was invited, while in Boston, to make a campaign speech in three places in New England. Unable to make three, he ordered that a triangulation be made of the three points, and that in the center of the triangle he would do his

speaking—and that bit of plane geometry brought him to Stratton mountain.

There are thirty-one Vermont state forests and parks, and as they nearly all include mountain summits of some sort, they may all be included in the tourists' mountain study. The state publicity department has a pictorial folder with information about these state-owned forests—in all about 47,000 acres—all open to the public for any legitimate recreational uses, many of them being provided with overnight camping grounds.

But anything I have accounted for yet in the way of Vermont mountains is mere apprenticeship in altitude. While there is hardly a point in all the state from which a mountain is not in prospect, the north central portion of the state—that adjacent to the Lamoille and Winooski valleys, dominated by the high and massive prostrate profile of Mt. Mansfield and by Camel's Hump—is the center of mountain-worship.

Half a century ago this mountain-worship may be said to have been at its peak, for Vermont then had summer hotels atop of its three highest mountains—Mansfield, Camel's Hump, and Killington—as well as some summer houses or shelters atop of lesser elevations. Though there is more mountain-climbing today than then, only one truly mountain-top hotel remains, and that is Hotel Mansfield on Mansfield. Built before the Civil War (1857), this house, set upon the rock and guyed down with cables, still withstands the gales and continues to shelter paying guests. The hotels on the Hump and Killington were eaten up by fire, porcupines, and decay.

I made my first ascent of Mansfield at the age of two years. It was mostly in my mother's arms, in the mountain wagon of the late 80's, over the old carriage road, with its many "thank-you-marms" or water-bars, which served as resting-points for the straining horses. Half a century later my own children drove me to the summit in the family car, mounting the present well-graded toll-road with the greatest of ease—mostly on high.

Independent of the Long Trail, which traverses the elon-

gated face of Mansfield and then pushes on to the north, there are ten marked trails now leading up the mountain, each of which offers enticement and varying excitement. One of these, leading from the Lake Mansfield Trout Club in Moscow up the Nebraska Notch to Mansfield's Nose, I helped to blaze myself one memorable day; and another, the Judge Hazelton Trail, dropping some 3,800 feet in three miles, I descended one equally memorable midnight in the dark except for the little glow-worm flashlights which each of our party carried.

Though Mansfield's stony face cannot be said to be a mobile one, its features are always changing, as every noble mountain manages to assume many different aspects with the changing seasons, suns, and clouds. It may be deemed a disappointment to climb the mountain for the view, only to find that this five-mile length of Vermont's "ridgepole" is completely cloud-confined or fog-bound; but to be above the clouds is in itself an experience to be enjoyed.

I have mentioned the excellent toll road up Mt. Mansfield, easily negotiated by motor car; but if you prefer to do the climb afoot, inquire at the toll-house, the Lodge, or Barnes camp for specific directions to any of the trails.

Once you have gained the heights of this Olympus, there's no likelihood you will regret the effort, whatever the weather may be; but if you are rewarded with a clear day, you will experience an ecstasy at the view, northward to the St. Lawrence valley, to Montreal (from which eminence the Indians pointed out to Champlain the land that was to become Vermont); westward to the forty or more peaks of the Adirondacks; downward upon beautiful Lake Champlain, like a sea of gold for a hundred miles, and its score of northern islands; southward to Vermont's own mountains and farm-dotted hills and valleys; and eastward to the Presidential White Mountain Range.

As Lake Champlain is only one hundred feet above sea-level, and the Chin of Mansfield is 4,393 feet above the sea, the mountain seems of truly majestic height when atop of it,

for your eye drops 4,293 feet to the lake, less than twenty-five miles west. There are some vantage-points, such as the Rock of Terror, which overhang precipitously and suggest too easy modes of self-destruction, but if a victim of bataphobia, you may avoid the abysmal places and enjoy the views from less dizzy points.

All the features of a long-upturned face are formed by the glacier-scratched rocks of Mansfield's crest—forehead, nose, upper and lower lips, chin (highest point, two miles from the nose), and Adam's apple. It is all a pretty well-shaven face of bare rock, and what growth there is is of Alpine or Arctic nature, Labrador tea or modest but beautiful tufts of green and white Greenland sandwort thriving on the rocks. Believe it or not, the busy bee and even the butterfly brave those heights to find the bloom.

Close below the Nose of the mountain the naturalist would find the fragrant white orchid, and there in the mountain's ear (if it has one) the gray-cheeked, the olive-backed, and the hermit thrush pour their song. More commonly there are the white-throated sparrow and the noisy jay. Few people climb Mansfield to see the flowers or hear the birds, but for the expanse of view; yet the mountain yields many rare items to those who notice the winged things about them and the flowering things underfoot. Ferns known to no other locality in the United States are known around Mansfield.

If you must think in terms of Manhattan Island, you may figure roughly as you stand upon Mansfield's Chin that you are here atop a building 350 floors above Broadway (or as if three and a half Empire State buildings were piled one upon the other); and yet your relative height appears still quite inconsiderable if you stop to think that it would take seven Mansfields on top of one another to approximate the 29,002 feet of Everest.

Vermont has no below-sea-level lake like the Dead Sea (1,200 feet depressed), but, in contrast, Vermont has half a dozen little lakes which, if they dropped their water directly

into the Atlantic, would make a waterfall more than half a mile high. Near Mansfield's Chin is the Lake-in-the-Clouds, a tiny tarn, girt with dwarf evergreens—a little gem of water for the black bears to bathe in. Its crystal water tumbles down Hell Brook in cascade after cascade.

Opposite Mansfield is Sterling Mountain, on top of which, just under the shadow of Madonna Peak, is a wholly undefiled thirty-acre pond shaped like a three-leaf clover, bejeweled with pond lilies, but never seen except by those who have the temerity to climb afoot this mate of Mansfield. The water from this hidden pond is thought to find its way through half a mile of rock crevices to pour forth crystal clear near the motor highway in Smugglers Notch—the biggest, finest spring in all Vermont—one thousand gallons a minute if you can drink that fast, and at a uniform 50 degrees Fahrenheit temperature, summer or winter.

Smugglers Notch, almost as narrow as Wall Street, and deeper cut, with rock walls towering on both sides of the fine gravel road, has its story and natural curiosities. Its name story is that during the War of 1812 this mountain fastness was the hiding-place of smugglers who operated by way of Lake Champlain and were pursued into the Notch, where they took refuge in a cave. The cave is still there.

The state road which winds through this rugged mountain pass from Stowe to Jeffersonville is beautiful in summer, but is not open in winter further than the winter-sport terrain around the Lodge. While there is no posted sign of caution about falling rock, the tourist, standing there gaping at the natural skyscraper, is forced to remind himself that about once every fifty years a huge boulder—some several thousand tons—comes tumbling down upon the road, and the highway makes its way around several such, which nature's dynamite, frost, loosened years ago. When the next one will thunder down is unpredictable, but no one has been hit yet, and no one worries, but all linger in the Notch to enjoy many of the natural curiosities there.



E. T. HOUSTON

*Vermont lifts its chin 4,393 feet up, and here's  
Mount Mansfield Hotel nestled near.*

*Looking across Stowe valley to the brow, nose, lips, chin and  
Adam's apple of Mt. Mansfield.*

H. W. RICHARDSON





AERIAL EXPLORATIONS, INC.

*Lake Dunmore, near Middlebury, from the air, with the  
Green Mountain Range in the distance.*

*This little tarn, the Lake of the Clouds, on Mansfield,  
is the highest water in Vermont.*

E. T. HOUSTON





Camel's Hump lacks by three hundred feet the height and by much more the length of Mansfield's five-mile face; but from some of our valleys the Hump might easily be called the highest and most commanding mountain of our state. It has its mountain-climbing devotees, but the motor car can take them (from the railway at North Duxbury) up as far as Couching Lion farm, where dwells Professor Will S. Monroe and his Pyrenees dogs. From here it is about a three-mile climb up the Callahan Trail to the Camel's real hump—massive ledge that it is.

The Indians called it Tawabodi-e-wadso, or "Place-to-sit-upon Mountain." And to sit there, 4,083 feet up, you are quite the monarch of all you survey, even rather more so than you are on Mansfield, fifteen miles away. Indeed, there are some Hump enthusiasts who think this peak outpoints Mansfield in every particular, and the tourist who is unprejudiced in the matter often picks the Hump, as he surveys it from the Winooski valley and other points, as the most picturesque prominence of the whole Green Mountain Range.

But this picking out of a few mountains from a crowd magnifies them to the neglect of the fact that the amazing area of the Green Mountain Range is of more note than the altitude of any one spot. A charm of the Vermont mountains is that no tourist can count them. You can count fairly accurately the White Mountains or Adirondacks, I believe, but in Vermont you just have to believe what the survey tells you—that there are a thousand peaks two thousand or more feet high.

While some of these have been spoiled by naming them "hog-backs" and such, there are on the U. S. Geological Survey maps 689 mountains in Vermont still unnamed, so here's a sport Vermont offers you. Come up and name a mountain. Christopher Morley did. He and his wife and little daughter (who had never seen a mountain) came up from Long Island one summer and adopted one of our orphan mountains as a family member and called it and the story he wrote about it

"Blythe Mountain."

Some of us Vermonters, too, adopt a mountain or a hill and call it our own. Dorothy Canfield Fisher and her husband, John R., actually own half a mountain (Red Mountain), on the side of which they live, at Arlington; Mortimer Proctor owns the top of Killington (second highest in the state); the University of Vermont owns Mansfield's summit; and the late Joseph Battell of Middlebury, and Marshall Hapgood of Peru, actually collected mountains in a wholesale way, making the foundation of our National Forests in Vermont. But those of us who cannot buy so much as a pasture lot can still feel a proprietorship and can imaginatively adopt and name a mountain to our fancy.

Skipping as I have among our mountains, I haven't thought of the Taconics. That range, of quite distinct formation from the Green Mountains, is in the southwestern part of the state, overlooking the battlefield of Bennington and the New York border. Its highest peak, Equinox, which forms the backdrop of the summer resort at Manchester, is 3,815 feet. It is a fairly easy climb by a winding road, as you will learn by asking the way at Manchester. It overlooks Lake St. Catherine, the near-by Taconic peaks, Haystack, Bromley, Greylock (in Massachusetts), Stratton, Ascutney, Killington, and, if the day is clear, Monadnock (in New Hampshire). The word *Taconic*, originally *Taghkanick*, is an Indian term, meaning "wild lands."

Among the demi-ranges I like best our Worcester mountains, running from a point near Montpelier north to Elmore Lake. Middlesex, White Rocks, Hunger, Worcester, and Elmore mountains, which make up this range—parallel to the big Green Mountain Range—are to be viewed to advantage from the Stowe road, and one of them, Mt. Hunger, whose rocky summit is the boundary post of four townships, is often climbed, but not easily, for a tangle of fallen trees and ledges are encountered.

When Achsa Sprague, a widely known mental healer, re-

turned to her native Saltash Mountain at Plymouth, at the base of which is the Coolidge homestead, she wrote a fervent and beautiful poem entitled "Thank God for Mountains." I think every Vermonter, if he doesn't thank his Maker for the mountains every day, surely does whenever he returns to them.

Even the tourist, once he has so much as touched the hem of their green garments, is likely to feel a passion for the Green Mountains and to experience so strong a nostalgia when away from them that he can be counted upon to come again and again. He's always sure to find the mountains here and practically unchanged.

## 260-MILE FOOTPATH



A BEE, if it didn't detour to any of the many Vermont clover fields and apple orchards for just another bit of nectar, would wing off one hundred and fifty-seven miles as the bee-line length of our Green Mountain state. Over that distance you could hop in an airplane in an hour and a half. By some of the short-cut motor routes you could drive the length of Vermont in five hours.

Why, then, should anyone be so prodigal of time and effort as to spend from two to four weeks in perspiring exertion on foot getting between two points lying only a few hours apart? I will not attempt all the answers, but some of them are that a trail in the mountain woods is an alluring thing, that the revolt from speed is spreading, and that, before legs atrophy, an increasing number of persons are hoping to recover the art of walking and to get a new perspective from our mountain lookouts.

The Pedestrian Party is not yet large enough to get on the Presidential election ballots, but it is gaining adherents, and for them Vermont has built its unique Long Trail, a 260-mile footpath in the wilderness, much of it over the very ridgepole of the Green Mountain Range.

No other state in the Union has a footpath its whole length. Indeed, what states could have such a trail? Vermont is the only state east of the saw-tooth Rockies which is traversed its full length by a mountain range. I know nothing quite

comparable to our Long Trail unless it is Germany's famous Black Forest paths.

I feel a small proprietary interest in this fascinating trail—a greater pride than in possessing a share of railroad stock—for, twenty years ago, I feebly wielded an ax and paint-brush to blaze some portions of the pathway and drove a few nails in building two of the fifty cabins and shelters spaced six miles or so apart along the trail. I tried, too, by my pen in Middlebury to play the Pied Piper to wheedle my fellow citizens into taking their feet out of bed and planting them on the mountain trail. But I came to the same conclusion as did Thoreau, that he had never met in all his life more than one or two persons who had the “genius” for walking. Now, after the passing of the years and the loss of my own enthusiasm for hiking with a pack on my back, I, too, am a mere couch-hammock observer and applauder of the steadily increasing number of good walkers and increasing activities along the trail.

This winding wooded foothpath has that appeal to vagabondage that is concealed in every man's bosom; something which somehow holds promise of leading to the “land of our dreams.” The longer the trail, the greater its mystery and the greater its promise to bring you to some Jerusalem with milk and honey blest. As a matter of fact, three weeks' trudging of Vermont's Long Trail (I may as well disillusion you at once) brings you out at a prosaic point known as International Boundary Post No. 259 on top of a small unguarded knoll where you may stand with one foot in the Land of the Free and the other on the King's soil.

The origin of Vermont's Long Trail is traced definitely to the active booster mind of James P. Taylor. Perhaps it is because Jim had a vein of Indian blood in him that he longed for the trail. Certain it is that when this young man came up from New York City thirty years ago to become associate principal at Vermont Academy, Saxtons River, his first amazement was not that we had so many mountains, but that we had so little urge to get up into them and along them.

He first flashed his idea of a state-wide Green Mountain Club at a state teachers' convention in Burlington in March 1910, and a few days later he prevailed upon twenty-three persons to form the club, whose object should be "to make Vermont mountains play a larger part in the life of the people." By degrees the movement spread until the entire Green Mountain Range was under the administration of some group interested in building its bit of the trail.

By no means was it all the work of Vermonters. College faculty and students of the University of Vermont (which owns the summit of Mt. Mansfield) and of Middlebury College (to which Colonel Battell had left thirty thousand acres of mountains in fourteen townships) helped notably, and Mortimer Proctor (who owns the top of Mt. Killington) and so many other Vermonters that it's unfair to single out any names. All gave money, mind, and muscle to the cause; but, too, along came others from outside eager to help.

Among these was Will S. Monroe, professor of psychology at the State Normal School in Montclair, New Jersey, and member of the summer-school faculty at the University of Vermont. He it was who organized and led the work of building a notable fifty-mile stretch of the trail from the valley of the Winooski to Middlebury Gap, and after him this section is still called "the Monroe Skyline Trail." The club formed New York and New Jersey sections, with several hundred members from those states in the total of fifteen hundred members. (Membership fees in various sections vary from two to five dollars a year, but are three dollars for members at large.)

The "driving of the last spike" cannot be dated, but by 1930, twenty years after Jim Taylor set the idea in motion, the Green Mountain Club could boast of a clear-cut continuous skyline "footpath in the wilderness" from the Massachusetts line to Canada, with free shelters or full-fledged cabins so spaced that a hiker can be sure of finding a place to lay his weary head and feet (provided someone else doesn't get there first—and then it's share as share can).

The trail is called "three or four weeks long" (for those who would do it leisurely, but only two weeks for the hastier hiker) and "three or four hours wide," meaning that if perchance you should mistake the blazed course, it would be but a matter of two hours to follow your nose and any descending brook to find yourself at least on the rim of civilization, and usually within sight of some welcoming farmhouse. So the trail, though it has many big adventures for the tenderfoot, is not so much a wilderness that anyone has yet lost a life on it so far as I know, and that is more than can be said for the motor roads in Vermont, where about an even one hundred persons are done to death each year. The most deadly thing to be encountered on the Long Trail is the black fly, or that invisible midget the Indians called "bite-'em-no-see-'em," but these pests flourish and inherit the earth only during late June and early July, and I have found that even then they may be discouraged a good deal by smearing the face with certain lotions of an axle-grease nature.

By August there's no trail pest of importance except the porcupine. This second-cousin of the sloth has his points, one of which is that innumerable acts of the legislature, various prices on his head, and free wielding of ax and club have all failed to dispossess him or even seriously disconcert him. In his gnawing anxiety to exist he will eat up a whole board floor to get at a drop of grease that may have penetrated the wood, or consume your two boots for the mere tincture of animal fat; but in contradiction to all that industry to lubricate himself, this hedgehog is so slothful that he will stand by almost resignedly while you club him to a pulp.

For instruction on Long Trail etiquette, hiking equipment, food to carry, places to replenish stock, to get mail, and the manifold items involved in planning this Vermont hiking trip, there is a Long Trail guide-book, whose hundred and twenty pages make a veritable blue-book of this mountain footpath, and as it cost but fifty cents, no hiker should consider a trip without its detailed directions. It may be had by addressing the

Green Mountain Club, Rutland, Vermont.

The trail is approached from Blackington, Massachusetts, near North Adams, or from Williamstown, both near the Vermont boundary. Though early portions of the trail cover some of the wildest country, such as that around Glastenbury Mountain and Stratton, it is in the vicinity of Rutland that the higher altitudes and greater trail activities are encountered.

Here rises Killington, 4,241 feet, second highest peak in the state, atop of which you get the first of the truly grand and expansive views to all points of the compass. Its summit is a cone of bare rock, but close to it is the end of a road once passable to horse-drawn vehicles, for here formerly stood a hotel, of which only traces of the foundation now survive, overgrown with weeds and bushes. Five trails are to be found up Killington.

The most notable feature of this section is the fact that here, close to the fine motor highway through Sherburne Pass, is the headquarters of the Long Trail, a large rustic Long Trail lodge, built in and of the wilderness, a unique structure whose foundations are largely boulders as Nature laid them, and whose every part has been taken from surrounding woods, even door-latches of odd tree forms, rafters of yellow birch, and a chandelier of octopus-like tree roots. There is an indoor rock garden, a very huge fireplace of mountain stone, and a dining-room that can seat about two hundred guests. Its location under the shadow of Deer Leap, a precipice just across the road, is truly a public introduction to the trail, and here many begin or end their hikes. The sylvan surroundings are beautiful and the lodge so harmonizes with them that, were it not for a sign, the motorist would hardly realize that so large an establishment was tucked away here upon and among the moss-covered and bracken-rimmed rocks and trees. It is the only de-luxe lodge on the whole trail, made possible by the generosity of Mortimer R. Proctor and his mother, Mrs. Fletcher D. Proctor.

Pushing north from here, the hiker has ferny wood and



occasional open barren spots, as is true throughout the trail, to vary the "going," and, if he wants to invite the view, short side-trips to really thrilling outlooks such as the great cliff of Mt. Horrid near Brandon.

I have hurried over many mountains without mention, for I have been in a hurry to get to Bread Loaf, the scene of my own first contact with the trail.

Bread Loaf is a real wilderness, not one of the bald spots, and even though it is harder here to get the view, necessitating a tower, I think I like the fully wooded mountains best. In fact, Bread Loaf's top is a wooded plateau suggesting a likeness to a loaf of bread, but one that sagged a bit in the middle in baking. This is one of the several mountains which Colonel Battell bought up at bargain rates with the purpose of preserving some of the forest primeval, and later left to the care of Middlebury College. Much of it is now part of the National Forest. Here, not far from the point where the Long Trail crosses the road in Middlebury Gap, is the famous Bread Loaf Summer School of English, founded by Middlebury College.

It is from this vicinity north that I tramped some of the trail with Professor Monroe, the leading builder of this section of the trail, and also south of here, in the Land of Goshen, helped the Middlebury faculty and students build the Sucker Brook Lodge. There's no way to make yourself so much at home on the trail as taking a hand in shaping it or improving it, and though the pioneer work is done, every Long Trailer may help to renew the blazes, hew the fallen trees, or cut the rank ferns which persist in their effort to obliterate the pathway.

Near Middlebury Gap is one of the several little elevated lakes to be found here and there along the trail, and this one, Lake Pleiad, is as pretty a mountain tarn as I have seen. Near by is Pleiad Lodge. I find I once wrote of cabin-building at Sucker Brook:

"Since there will be people who will fail to appreciate the difficulties that encumber cabin-building in the wilderness,

let it be chronicled that the ten men engaged over Memorial Day felled about twenty-five big spruce trees, peeled them, sawed them into nineteen-foot and fifteen-foot logs, and hauled them and twitched them and snaked them and slid them and sometimes carried them, at weights of 1,500 pounds or more, through all sorts of rough places for distances of from one hundred to five hundred yards. Logs as thick as sixteen inches were laid at the foundation. In the two days of actual working, nine of these big logs were 'scarfed' and set so snugly and solidly that nothing less than an earthquake would displace them.

"The site has to be chosen with care, and regardless of how inaccessible it may be, the axes and saws, hammers and spikes, chains and shovels, and other tools all have to be lugged up on the backs of men. A bushel of potatoes, canned goods, beef and bacon and pork, fruit and milk, coffee, cocoa, and tea, cereals, and a large outfit of cooking utensils and incidentals, all had to go up in packs. Even a sizable grindstone was carried up, too. This may not sound like work, but carry fifty to sixty pounds on your back up four miles of steep, rough trail and you will agree that it feels like something."

From Bread Loaf north stretches Vermont's "Presidential Range"—with a concession on the part of Republican Vermont to the Democrats, for here, along with Lincoln, Grant, and Roosevelt I, are Cleveland and Wilson, the latter reluctantly admitted by some Vermonters, but not reluctantly by me. Lincoln, a massive mountain, is, as it should be, the most commanding. It has a splendid motor road round and part way up it, and if you catch it on a day when scattered clouds mix sunshine and shadow on its great bulk, you will feel it most appropriately named after the great emancipator. In this vicinity, if I remember rightly, is the "White Throat Sparrow Spring," which reminds me to assure you that the Long Trail is well watered.

North over Burnt Rock Mountain (scenic and in some places a little scary) and on to Camel's Hump and Bolton

Mountain must be like the hurried waving of a wand in these pages. I have spoken of Camel's Hump in the previous chapter, and at Bolton you drop to the lowest level of the trail, the descent to the Winooski River, and then on and up again to the lordly crest of Mansfield, whose Chin, as already described, is the highest point of land in Vermont.

Much as I have said of Mansfield, however, I haven't set down some of the most unexpected things that may happen there. In 1919 sixty editors of our Vermont Press Association were spending the night at the Summit House, much overcrowding it, when at dusk a hiking couple hove in—a honeymoon couple who had chosen to walk the Long Trail “to avoid publicity,” and yet here had the new bride and groom fallen into the arms of all the editors of the state. Or even better: A girl guest at the Summit House one summer morning was strolling out alone toward the Chin when she met Mark Pierce, college student and caretaker at Taft Lodge. He was repairing trail blazes with high-altitude, tempest-resisting paint. But he hadn't painted his own heart, and it yielded to Cupid's arrow. Six months later that casual mountain meeting had made the mountain-strolling girl Mrs. Mark G. Pierce. How often this happens on the trail I cannot say, for these things escape statistics, but it is one of the trail's greatest hazards.

Again descending to Smugglers Notch; again rising to Mansfield's mate, Mt. Sterling, with its pond and Madonna Peak, I waft you on to Belvidere, partly in the town with the lovely name of Eden. It would be well for the trail to end in “Eden,” but Jay Peak, the last of Vermont summits, beckons on. It was named after John Jay, the statesman of fame little more than a century ago.

Jay Peak is the Grand Central Terminal of the Green Mountains. “The View of Views” is its devotees' claim. You have to do some tall climbing for the last quarter-mile over bare rocks to a summit which somewhat resembles Fujiyama, lordly and alone. Lake Champlain, fifty miles away, is visible

for two-thirds of its length; the Adirondacks to the west appear to great advantage, as does the entire course of the Missisquoi River; while to the north is Vermont's best view of Montreal, one hundred miles away, and the St. Lawrence can be seen for nearly one hundred miles of its length.

From Jay Peak north, there are mountains they wearied to name—but in a few miles you drop to Journey's End and to Mile Post 592. The trail, of course, is not a one-way street, and instead of hiking from south to north, as I have described, it may be quite agreeable to start on the Canadian line and work toward home.

Irving C. Appleby of Roxbury, Massachusetts, has covered the entire course in ten days, ten hours, a record no one disputes, for there's no hitch-hiking possible on the trail. But Appleby was a distinguished service man in the Canadian Black Watch regiment in the World War. Three women who established a record for their sex did the approximately three hundred miles in twenty-seven days without extending themselves.

As I've shown, the Long Trail scarcely has the salt of danger, and its mild adventures are often sought by women—though of course they must realize it is no garden path or place for high heels.

Get your leg muscles hardened a little before you start, accustom your back to a pack, keep the load light, even if you have to "saw the handle off the toothbrush"; get your shoes large enough, and oil them well; study your equipment and your course, correspond with the Green Mountain Club (Rutland) about details, and then, with the courage and confidence of a goose-stepping soldier, set out to enjoy "roughing it" a bit. I would not hurry the reader, but those who would tramp the Long Trail should take warning from the geologists:

"The very mountains are silently wasting away—and long before eternity is done Mount Blanc will cease to be the pinnacle of Europe and Chimborazo lie under the Pacific."

## VERMONT WATERS



DEAR TO MY HEART are Vermont waters: the drinking-springs, the fishing-brooks, the swimming-holes, the canoeing-rivers, and the camping-lakes. Dear to me, too, are Vermont's green ground and woods. I am glad that Nature here experimented with the two chief elements, land and water, in great variety, for had Vermont been made all wet it would merely be the approximate equivalent of Lake Erie and my enthusiasm would be completely dampened.

As it is, Vermont has land and water mixed in what I think is the right proportion. The formula, in case anyone wants the recipe, is exactly this: Take 9,564 square miles of mostly mountain land, cover 430 square miles of it with water, and, presto! there's Vermont! A point to bear in mind, however, is that the water isn't put all in one place. With a view to both loveliness and usefulness, it is dropped in several hundred places—an acre pond here, a thousand-acre lake there, or even bigger ones, and the ensemble, tintured deeply with the emerald of chlorophyll, is, I am now willing to admit, more agreeable to me than Lake Erie could possibly be.

The only improvement, waterwise, might be completion of the moat around the state. Such a moat is now provided for the full length of the eastern boundary by the Connecticut River, and an even wider moat along over a hundred miles

of the state's western boundary, made by Lake Champlain. Vermont is thus already nearly three-quarters surrounded by water. If the next CCC project might be the digging of a moat along our short northern border, and similar water-ditches along our southern and southwestern borders, Vermont would achieve complete insularity, "a right little, tight little island," which would so well become her character.

Every other New England state has a seacoast, although New Hampshire has but a peek and a smell. Vermont, however, even from its highest mountain, cannot get so much as a glimpse of the Atlantic or sniff its salt air. Yet, on a Sunday, if we would assure ourselves that the old ocean is still there, we can drive to some of the Atlantic beaches—Hampton, for instance—and back in a single day. Comparatively few of us are tempted to do this. We know pretty well what the wild waves are saying, we know the water's cold, the sun's hot, and the crowd thick. Besides, it makes too full a day. We like our own less crowded roads and our own quiet fresh-water resorts better, anyhow. We prefer our inland murmurs to the ocean's roar.

Vermont is so streamlined and beponed that it has (if you count both banks of every stream) uncountable miles of shore line. The tourist in Vermont passes by or over brooks and rivers at every turn, and here and there he skirts some of the state's four hundred lakes or ponds, scarcely knowing which is which. They are beautifully clean sheets of water, small mirrors in forest frames, seen only in part from shaded roads. But alike as the lakes and streams may seem, many of them have associations which make them even more interesting than they seem to be.

Take the Connecticut. I hesitate to take it, for this old river, the longest in New England, really belongs to New Hampshire; that is, all of the river north of Massachusetts. A United States Supreme Court decision has settled that, and the Court has forever enjoined us from further dispute of the matter. The low-water mark on the western or Vermont side of the

long river is the boundary fixed by the decree. It doesn't, if I may say so without contempt of court, seem quite fair, as much of the water which makes the river is that which God let fall on Vermont, and which we generously contribute to the Connecticut through a dozen tributaries such as the Nulhegan, Passumpsic, Wells, Waits, and Ompomanoosuc, along the northern reaches of the river; the White, Quechee, Black, Williams, Saxtons, West, and Deerfield along the southern portion.

But, after all, we have to admit that New Hampshire gives birth to the river, its source being in the three Connecticut Lakes and streams in the northernmost New Hampshire town of Pittsburg.

The Connecticut valley, however, in a scenic sense is as much Vermont's pride as it is New Hampshire's, and the Supreme Court has not enjoined Vermonters and their visitors from enjoying the many beautiful views which the river affords.

I never drive north by the Connecticut River route (U. S. Route No. 5) without recalling stories I have read or heard about the old river. The Indians called it Quon-eh-to-kot, meaning Long River, and to the Indian it was the great highway, for canoes in summer and over the ice in winter.

Peaceful as the river looks now, its early history was a bloody one. The French and Indians used it all too frequently for the stealthy descent from Canada upon the English settlements of southern New England. Just north of Brattleboro village, where the West River joins the Connecticut, is the place where the expedition of three hundred and forty French and Indians, in the winter of 1703-4, left their dogs and provision sleds before making their final snowshoe dash to sack Deerfield, Massachusetts. The French Governor of Canada, the Marquis de Vaudreuil, had ordered the destruction of this "frontier of the Boston government." From that beautiful river plateau town of forty-one houses and two hundred and sixty-eight inhabitants the French and Indians, after scalping

many, carried off a hundred and twelve captives on the three-hundred-mile return to Canada, mostly by way of the frozen rivers. It was the month of February. They were mostly young captives, but they included the parson, John Williams, who lived to write the whole story in *The Redeemed Captive Returning to Zion* (he was exchanged for Captain Baptiste, a French prisoner held at Boston). In this story the parson tells how his wife, Eunice, was one of twenty-two who fell under the tomahawk because they lagged on the march, or died from exposure and hunger; and how his seven-year-old daughter, tenderly treated by the Indians, eventually married an Indian chief and could not be induced to return to civilized life.

Such are the meager notes of one early episode with which the Connecticut River is associated. Bulky books have been written solely about this river, one of which is that by Edwin M. Bacon: *The Connecticut River and the Valley of the Connecticut* (G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1906).

Just twenty years after the sack of Deerfield the Boston government, in 1724, pushed its outposts a little farther up the river and built, just south of the present village of Brattleboro, an enclosure known as Fort Dummer as a protection to the Massachusetts settlements. This fort became generally called later "the first permanent settlement of the English in what is now Vermont."

The Connecticut River was not useful in war alone, but as the adventurers pushed north to settle the New Hampshire grants (now Vermont), it was the highway to the wilderness. If Old Man River could tell his story it would include much of romance, commerce, and invention. I have never been able to decide how valid is the claim of Captain Samuel Morey to the invention of the steamboat, but the folks in Fairlee, Vermont, will tell you he successfully operated his steamboat on the upper Connecticut fourteen years before Robert Fulton steamed his *Clermont* on the Hudson. And then there's John Fitch of Windsor, Connecticut, who claimed to have applied steam to boats successfully six years before Morey.



Take your choice, but the town of Fairlee proudly possesses a model of the engine of Morey's first steamboat. The boat itself is said to be at the bottom of Lake Morey, but it has never been found. Morey was New Hampshire born, in Orford, but later moved across the river to live and die in Fairlee. On a Sunday in the summer of 1792, when all his neighbors were at church, his steamboat had its first trial trip.

Encouraged by his success, Morey took a model to New York and freely explained it to Fulton and others, it is said. He felt, to the end of his life, that he had lost the honor due him because attention was focused upon Fulton, but he did not let it embitter him and he continued to take a lively interest in the later schemes to navigate the Connecticut by steam.

The plying of steamboats up the Connecticut as far as tide water became common as early as 1824, and two years later there blossomed the dream that steamboats could be built to ply as far north as Barnet, Vermont, and a boat hopefully named the *Barnet* was launched to essay the trip. The attempt was greeted by great ovations all along the way, "bell ringing, bonfires, salutes from cannon, and intoxication." There was such a wild celebration at Brattleboro that for years after, it was known as the famous "high-go." But the *Barnet* never got above Bellows Falls, although the enterprise was there encouraged by a great banquet at which "thirty-one speeches were made"! Next day the *Barnet* proved to be too big to get through the locks intended to lift it over the falls at Bellows Falls.

Later one steamer, the *John Ledyard*, did manage to get up the Connecticut as far as Wells River, a distance of two hundred and fifty miles. The boat was named after the Dartmouth student, John Ledyard, who fashioned a canoe from a log and in 1773 paddled down the Connecticut to the sea and a life of adventure.

During the year 1830 five steamboats were built for the upper Connecticut River traffic, but they all encountered such difficulties in their runs that the enterprise collapsed. As late

as 1842 there was still one boat running above Hartford, the *Massachusetts*, and no less a reporter than Charles Dickens has left for us his impressions of it. In his *American Notes* he writes:

*"It certainly was not called a small steamboat without reason. I omitted to ask the question, but I should think it must have been of about half a pony power. Mr. Paap, the celebrated Dwarf, might have lived and died happily in the cabin, which was fitted with common sash-windows like an ordinary dwelling-house. These windows had bright red curtains, too, hung on slack strings across the lower panes; so that it looked like the parlour of a Lilliputian public-house, which had got afloat in a flood or some other water accident, and was drifting nobody knew where. But even in this chamber there was a rocking-chair. It would be impossible to get on anywhere in America, without a rocking-chair."*

*"I am afraid to tell how many feet short this vessel was, or how many feet narrow: to apply the words length and width to such measurement would be a contradiction in terms. But I may state that we all kept the middle of the deck, lest the boat should unexpectedly tip over; and that the machinery, by some surprising process of condensation, worked between it and the keel: the whole forming a warm sandwich, about three feet thick."*

But the Connecticut is a long river, with a history as long in years as it is in miles, and I dwell too long on it. Its beauty is enhanced by the score or more of terraced basins with their fertile farm lands or plateau sites of settlement such as the campus of Dartmouth College, just across the river from Norwich, Vermont; by Mt. Ascutney, south of Windsor; by the man-made dams at Vernon, Bellows Falls, Wilder, and the largest of all power developments—the Fifteen-Mile Falls, north of Barnet.

The Oxbow is a great bend in the river at Newbury—taking its name from the similarity in shape to the oxbow used in

the yoke of draught oxen. The fertile land here at the oxbow was the site of an Indian settlement, and here once lived Indian Joe and his wife, Molly, famous for their friendliness to the white men. (After Indian Joe, Joe's pond takes its name.)

In contrast to the fun which he poked at the little steamer on the Connecticut, Charles Dickens, in the same year, 1842, wrote that the Lake Champlain steamer *Burlington* was one of the finest boats in the world, "a perfectly exquisite achievement of neatness, elegance, and order." Dickens's description accords with my own boyhood memory, for trips on Lake Champlain were as memorable to me as an Atlantic crossing, and the old *Vermont II* meant as much to me in size and luxury as the *Queen Mary*. It was a blow to me to read in 1933 that the navigation of Lake Champlain by these famous lake boats plying north from Montcalm Landing to Burlington and the islands would be abandoned. Evidently the advance of the automobile had made the lake traffic too slow and unprofitable, but it was none the less beautiful. It was sad to see the abandonment of the enterprise, for the Lake Champlain Transportation Company was said to be the oldest steamboat company in the world. It had been in operation continuously for a hundred and six years; it was only two years after Fulton's experiment on the Hudson that the first steamer *Vermont* began to ply regularly on Lake Champlain.

In all there was a distinguished line of thirty-three steamers built to ply the lake, most of them at Shelburne, Vergennes, and Whitehall. Each was a little bigger and better than its predecessor, the last of the line being the *Ticonderoga*, launched at Shelburne in 1906. Even more distinguished than the ships were the captains of the line. I myself well remember Captain Rockwell, for seventy-four years a skipper on the lake, who commanded the *Vermont* until his ninety-ninth year. Two well-known men served as captains for a total of ninety-six years, Captain Mayo for fifty, and Captain Anderson for forty-six, and ten others served about twenty-five

years each. Add them all together and you will approximate the age of Noah himself.

All Vermonters who are past middle age remember the days of Lake Champlain excursions with sentiment and regret that the days are over. The lake may now be traversed publicly only in ferryboats which is quite a come-down from the stately steamers of the old days. But the lake may be viewed from many vantage-points. With the Adirondacks on the western side and the Green Mountains on the eastern, the lake has as picturesque and beautiful a setting as any that was ever fashioned. Vermont has the advantage of a view of one phenomenon which the New York side lacks, and that is the sunset. While it is to be seen from any point on the eastern shore, it is most advantageously seen from Burlington or St. Albans, especially from the Ethan Allen Tower at Burlington or Bellevue Hill near St. Albans.

The lake presents today a scene of far less activity than it did a century ago or less when Burlington was the center of a great lumber trade. Previous to the opening of the Champlain canal and the diversion of shipping to the south, the great lumber market had been Europe. Huge rafts were built and loaded with Vermont and Canadian timber and floated to Quebec, where the lumber was loaded on ships bound for England. With the opening of the canal, ready markets were found for lumber in the Hudson River towns and in New York City.

Unlike the case of the Connecticut River, Vermont has a share in Lake Champlain, even more than a half-share in it, for the boundary between Vermont and New York is a dotted line on the map marking the deep-water channel of Lake Champlain.

The whole lake shore is today dotted with summer homes, some sumptuous, and some clusters of simple cottages. In addition there are the beautiful Champlain islands. There are about a score of them, but only a half-dozen of importance.



W. D CHANDLER

*Camel's Hump dominates the curving all-cement drive from Burlington to Montpelier.*

W. STORRS LEE



*Two hundred and sixty miles of pedestrian adventure await you on Vermont's Long Trail.*



H. W. RICHARDSON

*These glacier-cut Mts. Pisgah and Hor guard  
beautiful Lake Willoughby.*

*Lake Memphremagog at Newport on the Canadian Line.*

H. W. RICHARDSON



These are the few to the far north, a string which is connected to the mainland by the beautiful sand-bar bridge. The islands form the county of Grand Isle, and two of them are known as the Heroes, North Hero and South Hero Islands, as they comprise lands which were originally owned by the hero brothers, Ethan and Ira Allen.

Looking to the south from the sand-bar bridge, I invariably recall that it was on this sheet of water, frozen in midwinter between South Hero Island and Colchester Point, that the redoubtable Ethan Allen met his death, crossing one night on the top of a load of hay.

My memory is always stirred, too, in recalling the picture of more than three hundred years ago when Samuel Champlain and his forty friendly Indians came canoeing down the strange waters and hunted and fished along these island shores; or by the fact that on Isle La Motte, the most northern of the islands, the Christian mass was celebrated at St. Anne's shrine in 1609. There may still be seen on Isle La Motte some of the stations of the cross which the early French Catholics established there.

With my topographic maps I sight a rock in the lake named Carleton's Prize and am told how in the War of 1812 the British blazed away all night at this rock, thinking it was one of the Yankee ships.

The lake is literally full of history, and every little while they raise from the bottom of the lake a cannon or ship's hull or other relic recalling naval battles which took place here. Lake Champlain is so rich in the story of struggles which have centered on it since Indian days that it would take a volume much larger than this to outline its history adequately.

The French Fort St. Frederick and the English Fort Amherst, now in grim crumbling ruins, but saved from further decay, are to be seen at Crown Point, New York, just across the lake from Vermont at a point where the new Champlain bridge crosses. To the south is old Fort Ticonderoga, where

Ethan Allen surprised himself and the British by taking the whole garrison one night without firing a single shot except some strong words.

At the northern end of the lake there is a second bridging of the lake, from Swanton to Alburg, and from Alburg to Rouses Point, New York.

So experienced a traveler as William Dean Howells, while standing with a well-known American publisher overlooking the Bay of Naples, when asked by the latter if he considered that the finest view in the world, replied that he did with one exception, that being the view of Lake Champlain and the Adirondacks as seen from Burlington.

The rivers which flow into Lake Champlain include some historic watercourses. Writing from Montpelier, the one closest to our affections is the Winooski, so named by the Indians because that word meant "onion-land" and wild onions were then abundant by the river. The white man long called it the Onion River, and when Montpelier first became the state capital, it was often addressed in the highfalutin hyphenated manner as Montpelier-on-the-Onion. For a time in the early days the Winooski was also known as the French River, because of the frequent use of it by the French and their Indian allies in the trek from Canada south by the lake and the Winooski to the Connecticut River. The river is distinctive because it cuts almost squarely across Vermont—not even the Green Mountain Range being a hindrance, as the river finds its way across or through them by the way of Bolton Gorge.

The Lamoille is a river which Champlain marked on his map as "La Mouette," meaning Gull, because he saw gulls flying above it. But when the printers came to make his map, it seems, Champlain had been careless and had not crossed his *t's*, and the name was interpreted as Lamoille, which means nothing in particular.

To the north is the Missisquoi, with a more or less serpentine course, along which the Indians once had one of their



few settlements in Vermont. To the south is the Otter Creek, famous because at its mouth McDonough built the ships with which he met the British; and noted, too, because through this valley, in part, came the old Crown Point Military Road, the first highway across Vermont, cut by Lord Amherst in 1759.

To the extreme south, flowing not into the lake but into the Hudson, is the Battenkill, the only Dutch-named river in the state.

I am loath to leave Lake Champlain, as I have always been loath to leave it when vacationing there. To my mind it is the queen of lakes, and I am supported in the opinion by many distinguished persons who have visited it.

There are many more lakes in Vermont today than there were when I was a boy. I should say there are a hundred more. Bodies of water which were sufficiently described as "ponds" in my youth have yearned for a better social status and in the recreational development of Vermont have taken on the name of lake, as Greensboro Pond has become Caspian Lake; Fairlee Pond, Lake Fairlee; and so on down the list. There are, however, actually some new bodies of water in Vermont, not of God's creation, but that of the mighty power companies. The largest of these is Whitingham Lake in the southern part of the state, created by the construction of the Whitingham Dam.

If Vermont has gained a lake, or two, it has lost some, also. Many of the river basins which are now the sites of villages, such as Ludlow, were, for a long time after the glacial period, large lakes. In fact, every lake is born eventually to disappear. On the one hand there is the filling-up process, and on the other hand there is the cutting away of the natural outlet, according to which formula even Lake Champlain may some time dwindle to a mere mudhole. But the most recent and most exciting loss of a Vermont lake was recorded in the town of Glover, where a granite gravestone today marks the memory of "Runaway Pond." In order to divert the waters of this large pond (it was two miles long and three-quarters of a mile wide) for some mill-turning purposes, the inhabitants

of Glover turned out one day to tinker with a new outlet of the lake. They struck quicksand and before they knew it some two billion gallons of pond water were rushing away, destroying much property and threatening many lives in its course. In a single day they lost their whole pond.

Which of the Vermont lakes to mention is difficult enough to decide. The next largest to Champlain is Lake Memphremagog, a thirty-mile stretch of water which lies partly in Canada and partly in Newport, Vermont. The Indians called it the "Lake of Beautiful Waters," and it is quite as beautiful today as when the Indians named it. Here is one lake on which daily steamer service is still maintained, from the thriving little city of Newport to other points on the lake.

Although not so large, Willoughby, in the northern part of the state, is more distinctively a Vermont lake. It is to be distinguished from any other lake in Vermont by the unusually rugged gateway to it, for it is seen through a channel cut through the towering Mt. Pisgah and Mt. Hor. The sheer cliff face of Mt. Pisgah, 2,600 feet high, towers perpendicularly above the long lake-shore drive, and Mt. Hor, opposite, is of almost equal height, with great rocks poised among the trees, but without a lake-side drive. This spot resembles Swiss scenery more closely than any other in Vermont, perhaps. It is naturally a popular summer resort, and its unusually deep waters are much fished. Caspian Lake in Greensboro I have elsewhere referred to as distinguished not alone for its beauty but for its brains, as round this lake are concentrated in summer more college professors than abound at any other one lake in New England.

Only a little way west of the Connecticut are to be found two lakes quite close together, Lake Fairlee, and Lake Morey, which took its name from Captain Morey of steamboat fame. Each of these is a beautiful lake with summer places and many boys' and girls' camps.

Seymour Lake in the town of Morgan is one of the largest bodies of water wholly within the state, and it has the distinc-

tion of being in what is truly the wilderness section of Vermont. A little farther to the north in this wilderness section are the Averill Lakes, favorite fishing-grounds.

I understand that Yellowstone Lake in Yellowstone Park is more than 7,000 feet above sea-level. Although Vermont cannot compete with the Yellowstone, it has some lakes of about half that altitude, the highest being the Lake of the Clouds, a forest-girt tarn just under the Chin of Mt. Mansfield, and just across Smugglers Notch, atop of Sterling Mountain, is probably the second-highest lake in Vermont. In addition to these, which are around the 4,000-foot level, Vermont has several lakes or ponds situated from two to three thousand feet up.

Lakes in general are more abundant in the northern part of the state than in the southern, as would be natural from the greater abundance of mountains. The Vermont town which takes the prize for the most lakes is Woodbury, not far from the capital city.

This township I was told boasted twenty-eight lakes or ponds, and, being unable to believe it, I challenged Mr. L. B. Daniels, one of the inhabitants of the town, to name them for me. He had to ponder some, but he is a lawyer and eventually did name twenty-eight. To any doubting Thomas I am prepared to mail the list. It rather petered out at the end, however, by the naming of Mud Pond and then Mud Pond No. 2. Some of the names fascinated me, such as Red Shed Pond. I understand that "Ozark" Ripley, the writer of field and stream stories, was attracted by this Vermont town's pond-record, and I think he has yet to establish whether it is a record for the country at large.

One cannot tell the attractiveness of a Vermont lake merely from the name. I know a Bliss Pond which is nothing in particular, but not far away I know "No. 10 Pond," which despite its unromantic name is almost No. 1 in my affections. It is in the town of Calais, in case you want to seek it out to verify my estimate.

I already realize I am getting into deep water, if not into hot

water, in trying to describe the lakes and rivers of Vermont. Adequacy, indeed, is impossible. There are approximately four hundred lakes, and even yet I haven't mentioned such outstanding ones as Lake Bomoseen, near Castleton, the largest wholly within the state and one of the most beautiful; Lake Dunmore, near Middlebury; Lake Carmi, in Franklin; Lake St. Catherine, in Poultney; Crystal Lake, in Barton; Lowell Lake, in Londonderry; Joe's Pond, in Cabot and Danville; Hortonia Lake, in Sudbury; and scores of others. Somebody is going to remind me that I have slighted his favorite lake, but all I can do is to conclude with my own sentiments. My best memories center on a string of three lakes known as the Ludlow and Plymouth ponds, though they now bear the names of Echo Lake, Lake Amherst, and Rescue Lake. Here in these beautiful ponds I received my swimming baptism and learned to love the waters of Vermont.

## A KINGDOM AND A HORSE



I RISE FOR A TOAST to the Morgan horse. I'd drain a bumper, too, in fond memory of the horse-and-buggy days of my youth, and possibly yours. Still another glass I gulp in gratitude to the Green Mountain Horse Association for marking a thousand miles of bridle paths and putting the horse back on his feet in Vermont.

I belong to that last generation of Vermont boys and girls who felt their elementary education incomplete unless they knew how to hitch up, drive, or ride a horse. And now that I have taken with such avidity to the accelerator, those earlier days of more leisurely but yet more dashing locomotion in a little black and yellow buggy, or in saddle and stirrup, are now recalled with an acute nostalgia. I feel as sad as the man who sang "The Last Round-Up."

I can remember vividly those Gibson-girl days of the late 90's when I wore a collar as high as a fair-ground fence, and the center of every Vermont village was the livery stable. I find my own children are but vaguely aware that any such interesting and important institution as the old home-town livery stable ever existed. They cannot smell the choice old smells, they cannot hear the stable jokes or political oratory and gossip which that popular forum afforded, nor can they imagine the many other touches which went to make up that alluring stable atmosphere. It was a sanctuary for harassed

husbands, and for the improvident but otherwise upright citizens of the old home town. And it was the progenitor of romance. Though every generation has its own mode for love-making, the present one is ignorant of the romance of the reins in the dark, or in the storm, or when the road is "a ribbon of moonlight."

There are still 45,000 horses in Vermont, as compared with about 90,000 automobiles, but I scarcely know a Vermont village where you may hire a driving horse, for the horses are on the farms. Thanks to the Green Mountain Horse Association's activities, however, the riding horse is now quite easily obtained, and with the green and white arrows or metal orange disk blazing and pointing the way to a thousand miles of good riding, Vermont has truly become a kingdom for a horse.

If you are "crazy over horses" in any other than a Saratoga betting way, Vermont must have a place in your affections, for it was out of Vermont that came one of the finest breeds of all-purpose horses America has known—the Morgan.

It was my fortune in 1917 to become the owner of a very famous string of horses—more than a hundred blooded Morgans—but instead of being in the flesh, they were in the form of copperplate engravings stored in the attic of the *Register* newspaper office in Middlebury. The former owner of this little weekly newspaper which I had bought was the unique Colonel Joseph Battell, millionaire bachelor. Some said lightly that Joe Battell was "batty" because he preferred to spend his affection and his million on blooded horses and on bulky mountains (instead of on women) in such a fanatical way. The horses, however, he bred to some profit, and the mountains which he bought up in fourteen townships for the sake of saving them from the ax he gave eventually to Middlebury College.

Colonel Battell apparently hoped to see the foolhardy motorists rush to their own destruction (as they continue to do) and he delighted in devoting a gleeful column in his



## BRIDLE PATHS IN VERMONT

*Courtesy Vermont State Planning Board*





Middlebury *Register* each week to the chronicle of every gruesome auto accident he could hear of or lay hands upon with his clipping shears. And these he ran in double-column pica under the heading: "Chamber of Horrors." Along with his newspaper assaults on the "horseless carriages" he printed, in a parallel double column of pica, too, reams of propaganda and praise for the Morgan horse.

After I had bought his newspaper and the three-story brick building in which it was housed, I found the place haunted with memories of the Colonel's strong, unique character. There was his unsold volume of odd philosophic fiction, "Ellen," which was half cuckoo and half inspiration (in which he rendered a remarkably early theory on the corpuscular nature of light); a scientific book he had written, "The physics of Sound" (in which he had anticipated, I believe, some of the later discoveries in radio); and books on higher mathematics. But chief of all his souvenirs was the four-volume series of large books he had compiled, the "Morgan Horse Register," to perpetuate the pedigree of this famous Vermont breed of horses. This valuable reference work is now owned and maintained by the Morgan Horse Club, New York City. Among other things he deeded to the United States government his \$75,000 breeding farm in Weybridge, near Middlebury, now famous as the United States Morgan Horse Farm, from which Morgans have been sent for breeding-purposes to nearly every country in the world.

Many stories were told me about the Colonel, such as that he would stand on the broad veranda of the old Addison House in Middlebury and soundly curse all comers who profaned the village green by arriving in their coughing gas-buggies. Or how he retired to Bread Loaf Inn on the high plateau of Ripton Mountains in order to get away from autos, and how he barred the road to them; and how from that mountain retreat he would write his editorials and compile his "Chamber of Horrors," hoping either to discourage the "death-wagon" or to encourage it to a suicidal end. Finally,

about to see his ultimate defeat, he made the serious proposal that new separate highways or tracks across country like the railroads be laid down for the machines so that the horse and buggy might continue to flourish in Vermont undisturbed.

With all this association, I felt, when I bought the Colonel's paper, that I had inherited a certain obligation to serve as press agent for the Morgan horse and the Green Mountains, both his hobbies, and so I did serve in the early days of both the Green Mountain Club and the Green Mountain Horse Association.

There may be little interest in a "dead horse," but I can name one dead one about which, even after a hundred years, there is more widespread interest than in any one Derby or Sweepstakes winner. That dead horse is *Justin Morgan*, progenitor of a Vermont breed of horses which rivals the Kentucky Thoroughbred in importance in America.

In the year 1795 a consumptive but talented singing-master by the name of Justin Morgan, living in Randolph, Vermont, went to Springfield, Massachusetts, his native town, to collect a debt which was due him there. Unable to collect in cash, he took in payment two colts, neither of which he considered of any promise. The singing-master, re-establishing himself in Randolph and fighting tuberculosis, found little need of two horses, and for fifteen dollars a year he rented the two-year-old undersized one to a farmer, Robert Evans, who used the little animal for all kinds of pioneer farm work, including the clearing of land.

He found the diminutive horse an amazing one in all particulars, an all-around-purpose horse which could hardly be fatigued at farm work and which could outstep all comers in the eighty-rod races at Chase's Mill. The little horse had developed chest and leg muscles the like of which nobody had seen in a horse of that size, and despite his short legs he was a fast traveler.

Mr. Justin Morgan soon died (1798) of his consumption, poor, and little thinking that he owned a stud colt which

would be named after him and which would be talked about for two centuries to come, and that the name of Morgan would become as famous in the horse world as it is in finance. And from the singing-master's undersized colt there came an eventual profit of hundreds of thousands of dollars to Vermont horse-breeders. Could Mr. Justin Morgan have claimed a royalty on this colt's remarkable production, his estate would truly have been of Morgan magnitude.

The horse *Justin Morgan* changed hands several times, sired several sons, and yet not until *Justin Morgan* was several times a great-grandpapa was it fully realized that, through him, a distinct and important new breed of horse had fallen to the fortune of Vermont.

Then, long after he was a "dead horse," interest in him became widespread. Exhaustive inquiries were made to establish his pedigree. While this had never been a matter of stud-book record, the generally accepted story is that *Justin Morgan* was the son (in 1793) of *True Briton*, an English stallion owned in Hartford, Connecticut, and that *True Briton* was sired by another imported horse, *Traveler*; and that *Justin Morgan's* mother was a little bay mare, who had in her some of the *Wild-air* Arabian blood. But the undersized colt which was to become *Justin Morgan*, and which is commemorated in a full-size bronze likeness at the U. S. Morgan Horse Farm, was thought at birth to be of little value.

He had, however, thirty years of distinguished life, retaining his style and alertness to such a degree that when President Monroe was visiting Burlington in 1816, he exclaimed about the animal as a noble one, fit to match Vermont's heroes. At that, *Justin Morgan* was brought forward out of the parade, and the President of the United States mounted him.

Whole books have been written about *Justin Morgan* and his offspring, the first authentic one being by D. C. Lindsey of Middlebury in 1857. After that date the little Morgan horse became distinguished in the Civil War. The First Vermont Cavalry was mounted exclusively on Morgans. A Southerner

who was captured by this cavalry exclaimed: "It was your hawses that done licked us."

When the tide of Vermonters swept west, the Morgan horses went with them, and for their all-round fine qualities were highly appreciated and much sought; and, with the name of the breed often forgotten, they were known simply as "Vermonters." But now the tables are turned, for it is probable that in the past half-century, thousands of pairs of Western work horses, of Clydesdale or Percheron origin, have been brought east to Vermont farms.

Typical Morgans were not bred for speed, but they often made it, forty lineal descendants of *Justin Morgan* having been listed as trotting faster than 2.30, which was speed in the old days. *Ethan Allen*, sired by *Black Hawk*, will be found in the *World Almanac* as one of the fastest trotting stallions of his time. But it was not so much in the mile as in longer races that the Morgan showed its superiority. In 1845 *Fanny Jenks* trotted one hundred miles against time in total elapsed time of 9 hours, 42 minutes. *Dan Patch*, *Lou Dillon*, *Ublan*, *Major Delmar*, *Sweet Marie*, and *Harvester* are some of America's famous racehorses with Morgan blood. Incidentally, it was on the back of the Morgan *Rienzi* that Sheridan famously rode.

*Be it said, in letters both bold and bright:  
"Here is the steed that saved the day  
By carrying Sheridan into the fight,  
From Winchester, twenty miles away!"*

Even General Custer's choice in horses was a Morgan.

No wonder Vermont is horse-proud. And the horse it is proud of has been the subject of so many rhapsodies that choice of a proper description of the animal is difficult. But, to choose some conservative composite notes:

The original *Justin Morgan* was only 14 hands high and weighed less than 1,000 pounds. Smallness is still a Morgan trait. So is compactness, and in this is the strength of the Morgan race. "Seventy pounds of *Justin Morgan*," they said,

"is equal to a hundred of any other horse."

Bay, chestnut, or brown is the prevailing color, although a few descendants of *Black Hawk* are raven; but I think a white, roan, or sorrel Morgan is as rare as a purple cow.

Morgans of the present day have the same lean head, broad forehead, kindly alert eyes, set far apart, delicate muzzle, large nostrils to fit good lungs, firm-set lips, active ears. The body is rather long for so small a horse, round, closely ribbed up. The back is short and broad, shoulders large, with backward-sloping blade, the hips long and wide, with sinewy sides. The chest is full and broad, the neck inclined to shortness. The legs are short but sinewy, the rump round and heavy. The mane and tail are heavy, the latter being well set up.

The Morgan is exceptional for his endurance, his plucky and generally kindly disposition, and his spirited understanding.

Vermont has such a distinguished horse history, it was a happy thought when the late Ethel Clement Field thought of linking up the Green Mountain country with hundreds of miles in bridle paths. This was in 1926.

Mrs. Field was the wife of the late William H. Field, founder (for the *Chicago Tribune*) of the first great tabloid in New York, the *Illustrated Daily News*; but after the successful organization of this newspaper enterprise the Fields returned to Rutland and built on Mendon Mountain their delightful home, Journey's End.

Here in the formative days of the Green Mountain Horse Association I saw Mrs. Field exhibit her own stud Morgans and outline enthusiastically her dreams of bridle paths throughout the state.

The United States government had for some years chosen Vermont for the three-hundred-mile Army endurance-rides; and, after a lapse of many years, a new interest in the horse and in riding was aroused in Vermont, particularly around Rutland and Brandon and, in the southern part of the state, around Brattleboro.

Some of those first meetings of the Green Mountain Horse Association (1926-8) I attended at the Green Horse Inn, which Mrs. Field and friends had fixed up in a horsy manner at East Pittsford. Then there were about twenty members; now there are several hundred. Then there were no marked bridle paths; now there are over a thousand miles! Miss Elizabeth Clement Field, daughter of the founder, is still much interested in the Green Mountain Horse Association.

"There is no need," said Miss Field, "of making bridle paths in this State; they are already here, and their natural beauty and fitness surpass any artificial trails. They only need to be connected, marked, mapped in pocket guides, and kept in good condition." The Association first marked the routes with white arrows with green letters "G. Mt. H. A.," but these are being replaced today with bright orange disks, as more distinctive. Every twenty miles or less, farmhouses or inns are found where riders and horses may put up for the night, and every ten miles or so a place for lunch and rest. Riding horses may be rented by the day or week in several places, and often they are the sturdy little Morgans about which I have been raving. Addresses of renting stables, blacksmiths, and detailed route directions are found in the Association's guide-book, of which there is a new edition each year (price 50 cents; address Green Mountain Horse Association, Rutland); and there may also be had for a dollar a huge map of the whole state, showing all roads, with the bridle paths marked in green.

You do not have to be a member of the Association to ride on these trails, but membership (at \$2 the year) is open to all who wish to contribute thus to the promotion and maintenance of the bridle paths.

This project links up a group of picturesque back roads in the foot-hills of the Green Mountains, well above the valleys. These roads were chosen for their good footing, absence of motor traffic, and beautiful mountain and lake views. The bridle paths are divided into nine different routes. Route 1 on the west and Route 4 on the east run from the Massachusetts



L. F. BREHMER

*Riding in Vermont becomes more common each year.*

*Norwich University Polo team on its field at Northfield.*





FAIRCHILD AERIAL SURVEY, INC.

*Overlooking the University of Vermont, Burlington.  
Lake Champlain and Adirondacks.*



line to within a few miles of the Canadian border; the other routes cross the state at such intervals as to include the most interesting and attractive sections.

Route No. 3 is from Old Bennington to Brattleboro; No. 5 is cross-state from Walpole, N. H. to Arlington, Vt.; No. 6 is from Windsor to Poultney; No. 7 from Fairlee to Chimney Point; No. 8 (not yet marked) from Lake Willoughby to St. Albans; No. 9 from Springfield to Manchester.

In addition to these main routes, a group of "Circle Routes" have lately been added, making possible rides of from two to ten days. These routes start from—and return to—towns situated in good riding country, with good inns and renting stables. They are ideally planned for those with limited time at their disposal, who wish to find riding centers. Riders who prefer to ride out by the day will also find that the Association's guide-book gives a number of delightful small inns, situated on or near the bridle paths, and generally with horses to rent.

The Brattleboro and Brandon Riding Clubs are independent, but are affiliated with the Green Mountain Horse Association in Rutland and, together with the Boot and Saddle Club of Dartmouth College and the summer-camp riders at Lake Morey and at Roxbury, have all aided in the marking. Apart from the bridle-path work, the Association and various riding clubs hold several horse shows—such as those at Montpelier, Rutland, Woodstock, and Brattleboro. There are among the members many breeders of the Morgan horse. Mr. E. D. Morgan has stables at Windsor and at Wheatley Hills, Long Island. Mr. Elmer A. Darling, formerly one of the owners of the Fifth Avenue Hotel in New York, and president of the Morgan Horse Club, left a magnificent estate at East Burke, eight thousand acres on the slope of Burke Mountain, a place purchased in 1936 by Mr. Earle Brown, defeated Republican candidate for governor of Minnesota.

There is constantly increasing use of the bridle paths. The Brattleboro Riding Club has made a feature of "breakfast

rides" early Sunday mornings to some open space or sylvan retreat, to eat together and to ride some more. At Brandon there is scarcely a fair summer day that doesn't see a riding party formed. The capital city, Montpelier, has a flourishing young riding club and there are others.

Out-of-state riders come in larger numbers each year, sometimes singly and sometimes in large groups, as twenty came up from Springfield, Massachusetts, to join the Brattleboro riders on a circuit of that section.

Anne Bosworth Greene, who deserted art and the sand dunes of Cape Cod to come up to Vermont to write and to raise Shetland ponies, has written delightfully of exploring Vermont on horseback. "Vermont," she began, "is a wonderful place for horseback riding; that is one of the reasons why we came here to South Woodstock. Since then we have spent most of our leisure riding the back roads and exploring trails. The back roads are polite little hill roads with nice trot places alternating with up-and-down; they are ideal footing for a horse and springy for the rider. A brisk trot is nowhere else so inspiring. They are mostly of well-packed, rich-looking brown earth, the kind one could raise radishes in anywhere; it seems a shame to waste it out of a garden, but it makes such pretty roads, deep brown under sun-dappled green, for there is no greenery like Vermont's. And tiger lilies under old apple-trees; blue mountains looking at you, spruce-shade for a noonday rest; wild raspberries enough for a meal, behind any deserted grey barn."

"A horse! A horse! My kingdom for a horse!" shouted beaten King Richard III in haste to get off the battlefield. But there's no need for you to seek any such silly trade; Vermont offers you *both* a kingdom and a horse.

"Come," say the horse-lovers, "and learn that 'a canter is a cure for every evil.'"

## ANIMAL KINGDOM



THE ANIMAL KINGDOM is of such account in Vermont that the legislators from the 248 towns spend a good share of their biennial sessions in framing laws to govern it. Our big book of state statutes has hardly more to say about man's relation to man than about his relation to animal friend and foe.

But oblivious of the impassioned oratory of the farmer and the sportsman in legislative halls, oblivious of the laws they pass, the deer, squirrel, rabbit, raccoon, fox, hedgehog, wildcat, black bear, skunk, partridge, pheasant, duck, bass, and trout, all make shift to survive as best they can. No true friend of animals, birds, and fish can but wish they all could get on better.

While the laws that are made to govern the animal kingdom are made to protect its subjects especially during propagating-seasons, they are made pretty much in man's favor. Even though it appears that the laws are made to save the state's animal life, they are made mostly with the sport in mind of taking it. It's all very much like the Walrus, in *Alice in Wonderland*, who wept so copiously in sympathy with the Oysters and proceeded to eat all of the largest size.

For all but ten days of the year, deer may range our forests unafraid (if they only knew the law and could read the calendar), but the memory of generations gone when they were always hunted, and the ten days now of open slaughter, instills in them, as in all animals who might otherwise be so

friendly, the instinctive fear of man and his weapons. There was a time about fifty years ago when the deer were almost wiped out in Vermont. About that time seventeen were purchased with funds raised by private subscription and set free in Rutland County. The legislature provided a continuous closed season throughout the state until 1896, when the animals appeared so numerous that an open season for the month of October was provided; but the greedy hunters were shortly restrained to the last ten days in November for bucks only, and that is the existing law.

Now deer are numerous in all but two counties of the state—the county of Grand Isle made up of a string of islands in Lake Champlain has no deer, and near-by Franklin County on the mainland scarcely any. The southern counties of the state, Windham in particular, have the greatest number—at least the greatest number killed. Annually since 1928 the slaughter of Vermont deer has been above a thousand, and some years up to nearly two thousand. Since that killing keeps up year after year, it may be presumed (with the protection of the doe) that the birth-rate may be nearly in proportion to the slaughter. Let us hope so. I know I get far less thrill out of seeing a deer brought in tied over the hood of a hunter's car than I do seeing one at large in the woods.

The tourist cannot count on seeing a deer on every trip through Vermont, but on a thickly wooded back road a buck or doe may sometimes be seen galloping through the forest, even hurdling fences.

If you find a fawn deserted by its mother, as Mr. Hoadley of Woodstock did some years ago, you would find that it would readily become a pet. Mr. Hoadley found a baby fawn weighing only three and three-fourths pounds, which is correct even if you doubt it. After he had waited to see if the mother might return to claim it, he took the fawn and fed and cared for it like a baby. Later when it grew up and he gave it freedom, the deer returned to the Hoadley house and even rattled the latch of the kitchen door. It was given free rein

of the house and, as it grew big, was somewhat of an embarrassment in the front room. No favors were denied it, and it became so much one of the family that even when larger than a big calf it made itself at home, in both the living-room and the pantry. One day the Hoadleys had the interesting experience of seeing the pretty animal shed its antlers, as all deer do every winter; they just dropped off suddenly when the time was ripe.

Moose, once common in Vermont, are now so rare that it's doubtful if one can be found. There was a time in the pioneer days when both moose meat and venison were good legal tender for groceries and rum. In 1898 a bull moose was killed at Wenlock in the town of Brighton, and its head now adorns the museum in Montpelier, but I know of no moose taken in Vermont since then—except in the year of the Bull Moose Party in 1912, when T. R. himself was the Bull Moose and was shot down in Vermont by a little 1,200 plurality for Taft.

When I was very young the panther stalked the Vermont forests—at least one, and perhaps that was the last one, for the last record of a state bounty being paid for a panther was in 1894. The panther is identical with the mountain lion (cougar is its real scientific name), and it is also known as "painter" and catamount. When the Green Mountain Boys ranged Vermont it was known as the most fierce and ravenous animal in the state. Never abundant, it was common enough to cause no little anxiety. The tedium of travel was often relieved by an encounter with one, for the panther would attack even a man on horseback. Though it would kill a horse, I find no record of its killing a human being, for all the fear that man had of it.

Vermont is divided not alone between Republicans and Democrats, but between Pantherites and Non-Pantherites, for there are some who believe the panther is still represented by one or more lonely, furtive specimens stalking our forests. Mostly it is in the Black River Valley south of Ludlow—the very region where I lived in dread of this beast when I was a boy—that the Pantherites are still a strong party. At Chester

nearly a hundred of this faith now hold an annual banquet at which they swap panther stories and reassure themselves that the catamounts still range the forests there. Someone is always ready to come forward with the story of having exchanged icy stares with the cats over Ascutney way, and the group annually elects mock officers, Grand Exalted Puma, Keeper of Catamount Catnip, Grand Catawauler, and so on. But I remain incredulous. The only panther I ever saw in Vermont has been stuffed and mounted in the museum of the Vermont Historical Society in Montpelier for the past half century. It was shot in 1881, on Thanksgiving Day, by Alexander Crowell, in Barnard. It measures seven feet, tip to tip, and weighed, when shot, 182 pounds. Still, if a panther does survive in Vermont woods, the tourist may like to know that the bounty of twenty dollars is still in force, and that would make good spending-money on your trip.

The bobcat or wildcat still stealthily survives in some parts of Vermont, though I've never seen one alive. It may be mistaken for the panther, though smaller and less ferocious. The lynx is of two varieties—the Canada, valuable for its fur, and rare; and the Bay lynx, cheap fur, and common.

The wolf, still known north of Vermont in some wilds of Quebec, is extinct in this state, except for such wolves as we know in sheep's clothing, and except for some dogs from the mating of wolf and hound. However, one bounty on a wolf was paid by the state as late as 1894, and S. J. Dana, town clerk of Fayston, caught a cub wolf in 1900, and tamed it like a dog.

But bears, live and wild ones, are still to be encountered if you want to look for them in some parts of Vermont. In the village square at Glover and a few other places you may find a bear pitifully chained to a stake, and ever ready to drink ginger beer right out of a bottle, much as I hate to see it; but down Windham County way (and in some other counties) you can find them in their natural habitats. Every season some are brought in by hunters—just plain black bears, but they are a rather sleepy, lazy lot and it seems a shame to shoot down

any such easy-going beasts as they are, getting on so well without any government relief. No town in Vermont lacks some good bear story of the days when the early settlers met them more or less hand to paw, perhaps when raiding the cornfield, and had to club them down. But hunting the sluggish bruin with modern weapons is poorer sportsmanship than turning machine-guns and bombs on Ethiopians. There have been about two thousand bears shot and paid for in Vermont since 1886. By way of useless information, the infant cub is, in proportion to its parents, about the smallest animal born—the day-old bear being barely as big as a man's fist—a bear fact that I refer to Mr. Ripley.

The beaver deserves a book, instead of a paragraph. This shy but most industrious animal was at work all through the northern United States when the white man came, but retreated rather than be made into hats. Perhaps the beaver was jealous of man's dam work; at all events he soon became extinct in all but a few localities, though I'm happy to know that he is still keeping in practice here and there. There are at least three beaver colonies in Vermont to which you might take the children and point to the moral of their industry. One is on Gallup Brook in Brownington, where a group of beavers have built a dam that sets the water of the brook back nearly half a mile; and where they can be seen to have cut up trees six or more inches thick and built their own two-story homes without any mortgages on them. Other colonies have revived their art in Bristol and in Peacham. But rather than disturb them—and they are very shy—you might see them to better advantage in the museums at Burlington and St. Johnsbury, where every phase of their industry and social life is made clear in natural-habitat groupings under glass.

The rabbit, ever on the jump, has had more success in evading man's pursuit, and, being prolific in spite of Margaret Sanger's propaganda, is common to all parts of Vermont. It is quick enough to evade the speeding car when crossing the road, but the tourist is sure to see one somewhere. It may be

our northern or varying hare (which changes color, from brown in summer to white in winter) or the common brown rabbit, not blessed with the dual personality. The brown hare is further handicapped because it's better eating than the chameleon kind.

More than fifty thousand foxes, despite their traditional cunning, have been killed in Vermont since 1886, and the state has paid over thirty thousand dollars in bounties, which, plus the value of furs, has netted some hunters and trappers a tidy sum. I can't remember when I've seen a Vermont fox, except in human form; though the reports of fur collectors show that fox are found quite abundantly, and, in addition, are raised by certain fur farmers. There is no longer any bounty on them.

The porcupine or hedgehog is one of the main problems of every Vermont legislature, and to the sportsman's thinking they ought to be driven out of existence, because the hedgehogs, among other things, drive out the raccoons, prized by collegiate youths who sport fur coats. The bounty on hedgehogs, as on bears, has fluctuated as much as the stock market; and when it is up, the state has been known to pay bounty on such animals secretly raised on some obscure farm just to get that bounty! If there must be hunting, I'm rather in favor of restricting it to hedgehogs, for I've never forgiven them for once eating my boots when I was on a mountain trip. Inwardly, however, they are a most cleanly animal, for they greatly relish eating soap. There must be a point about their existence, but what it is escapes me; though as a knight of the quill, I suppose I should feel some sympathy.

The skunk, from which man has learned the fine art of chemical warfare, has managed to survive the universal spite against it. Many a small boy has fattened his savings account with skunk skins, as well as annoyed the neighbors, and a small fortune awaits the young man who makes a cleanup of this "amerikanischer Stinktier" in Vermont. A tip to tourists: if on a lonely road at night you see one of these black and white



kittens before you, give the skunk the right of way—otherwise you may carry the memory of your meeting for some time to come.

The woodchuck is one of the luckiest of our animals, for neither his flesh nor his fur is of much value, and he abundantly enjoys life. Instinctively cunning but mentally stupid, he gets along just as many people of that stamp do, and on Candlemas or ground-hog day he performs one public service by coming out of his hole, whereby we get a line on future weather. If he runs back after seeing that he casts a shadow, the return of winter weather is to be expected, and everybody puts in an order for another ton of coal. Many a farmer boy now in the city feels a nostalgia when he thinks of his early youth and its woodchuck associations. The old oaken bucket no longer hangs in the well, but the woodchuck may still be found at the old haunts.

I am forced to pass over the otter, mink, sable, ermine, and muskrat; they are all still trying to survive in Vermont, but the steel trap takes them all too fast.

The rattler is the only dangerous species of snake, and now that Repeal has made the antidote of easy access, it is not to be feared. I've seen only one live rattler in some thirty years of experience in Vermont, though fifty or more are killed every year in scattered localities, and the state pays you one dollar for your courage. To reassure, it is thirty years since I've come across one.

Wild pigeons are practically extinct, but doves in the grass—alas—are common enough in Vermont. The ruffed grouse or partridge takes precedence over every other game bird in our forests, and you cannot take many walks in our woods without scaring up a mother and her chicks. The severe winter with crusted snow which sometimes imprisons them takes a heavy toll, even more than the hunter does in open season.

The ducks that breed in the Missisquoi marshes, at the northern end of Lake Champlain, are the delight of the hunter, in season; and there's the annual migration of the

estimated twenty-four million ducks, part of which choose the Champlain valley route on their way south from Canada to Louisiana, and meet their fate in flight before the decoys and blinds of hunters on the lake shore. You have to have one of the Federal duck stamps to shoot them now, and have to give the birds a sporting chance.

Out of money that the hunters pay for licenses, and the fishermen too, the state operates an active fish and game department. In the interests of game birds it operates a nine-hundred-acre reservation at Milton on Lake Champlain, where, among other experiments, fifteen hundred ring-necked pheasants are reared and liberated each year.

The duck-hawk, the same sickle-taloned bird which the ancients used in falconry, breeds naturally in the cliffs of Mt. Horrid, near Brandon, the cliffs at Fairlee, Vulture Mountain in Gaysville, Skitcheway at Springfield, Hawks Mountain in Weathersfield, and Eagle Cliff in Vershire, but the bird isn't so much hunted as the eggs. At Dartmouth College is a collection of over one hundred kinds of hawks' eggs, many of them found in Vermont.

The bald eagle, which is the emblem of our country, is not to be found now in Vermont except on the back of a dollar, and seldom that way; but the golden eagle, though rare, is occasionally seen and has been known to build its nest and to rear its young within the state.

I should find it a congenial task to write of the hundreds of birds that summer, and some that winter, with us, but my ornithological observations must be cut short, with the suggestion that if you want to go deeply into this you join the Vermont Bird Club—a group of a hundred or more folks who make this study their hobby, and doubtless have a high time doing it.

All I'll say is that the birds seem to know a good state for summer residence and winter sport, and we welcome them to Vermont—crow, robin, bluebird, phœbe, sparrow—all the old familiar faces and some of the rarer ones.

## VERMONT'S FISH STORY



UNDER THE HEADING of fish story the reader will scarcely expect to find the whole truth and nothing else but. Of elusive fish and illusive fairies, both denizens of realms beyond us, it is not the truth, but the imagination, that sets us free. Why, up here in Vermont I know pools of honest countenance in which even "the speckled beauties *lie!*" So what can you expect of a fisherman?

In telling the story of Vermont's fish, I invite the reader's confidence by declaring that I'm not a fisherman; or, at least, like Washington Irving, I am more in love with the theory of fishing than I am adroit in the practice of it. I have never caught the big ones.

From my barefoot days to these of rheumatism, I have made fishing an occasional rather than a regular sport—more as an excuse to commune with Vermont's waters and woodlands than with determination to bring home a limit catch. But, on that basis, I feel both an affection and a fascination for fishing that is as fervent at times as Izaak Walton's; and at one time or another I have tried my luck in Vermont from the southeastern corner of the state to the northernmost reaches of Lake Champlain, and the "whopper country," as they like to call it, in the wilds of Essex County.

Moreover, it is fortunate for the authenticity of this chapter that my piscatorial as well as academic education began in the

very brooks and schoolrooms where that serenely silent but successful fisherman Calvin Coolidge first familiarized himself with the ways of fish and with the Constitution of the United States.

Undoubtedly, in the Black River, the three Ludlow and Plymouth lakes, and the brooks that are tributary to them, I caught trout, perch, pickerel, horn-pout, and suckers which were lineal descendants of fish which had nibbled at the bait of a future president, and of his father, Colonel John Coolidge, before him.

If it were not for such distinguished association, and for such precepts and example as they furnished me, I should hesitate to debase myself in the eyes of many fly-casting fishermen by admitting that I have been, generally, a "worm fisherman." As a pun is regarded as the lowest form of wit (of which I am guilty, too), worm fishing is classed by some critics as the lowest type of fishing; but if a president of the United States proudly defended it, I think I can hold my head up against all the jibes of my fly-casting, fishing companion, the Professor. At all events, I can point to Calvin Coolidge and say: "Look at what this Vermont boy, who fished with worm bait and eventually caught—the Presidency of his country!"

But in fishing as in politics I can see some good in both parties, and agree with the Professor that in bait fishing "you do not get the flash of the rising fish, the beautiful colors intensified as they gleam in the water, or the leap clear of the surface of an eager trout." There is something more acrobatic on the part of both the fish and fisherman in fly-casting, and in my more energetic moments I have enjoyed, to the extent of my awkward reach, the greater excitements of it.

But I hold that the essential enjoyment of fishing is not excitement; rather the very reverse—a philosophic calm, a patience and persistence, which permit you to dream while your baited hook seeks the hidden depths of an unruffled trout pool; and that the commotion of fly fishing, with its foreign entanglements (of the alder bushes and what not), is a prof-

anation of the art of angling, of which the inimitable Izaak sang:

*Of recreation there is none  
So free as fishing is alone:  
All other pastimes do no less  
Than mind and body both possess;  
My hand alone my work can do,  
So I can fish and study, too.*

But I forget—between the Caster and the Baiter there is an impassable barrier; there are two castes, and it is the exalted opinion of the former that the latter, the Wormers, are “untouchables.” Well, then, leave us alone to our nit-wit ways. No one has determined the preference of the fish themselves in the way of being caught, but I can imagine they regard the man who dangles real food before them less deceitful than he who flings an artificial feather fly upon the surface.

But Vermont is inviting, and invites both kinds of fishermen so long as they have other qualifications of good sportsmen, including the observance of our conservation-of-fishing laws, consideration of the farmer who owns the stream-bordering lands, and the spirit of good-fellowship, without which any fishing trip is a mockery.

The spring day which the Socialists devote to a rally or riot in Union Square, and which in many countries is marked with rebellious parades, police-clubbing, and bloodshed, is never so marked in pastoral Vermont. Neither is there much dancing round the May-pole. The excitement centers on the “fishpole,” for it is on the 1st of May that the gates to thousands of Vermont trout brooks are thrown open, and man and boy (rarely woman and girl) are found thither-bound with equipment of any type from the hand-cut sapling and plain string to the most sensitive split-bamboo and fancy line and reel. Some whiz off in a sport car with every accouterment, and others whet their appetites for the sport by setting forth simply on foot, without so much as a creel, for some of us

Vermonters have not outgrown the small boy's pride in bringing home our catch strung through the gills on a forked stick for an admiring world to see. Indeed, the fish-basket was invented by the novice for concealment; not concealment of the fish he caught, but of those he failed to catch.

It may happen, as it often has, that fishing on the first day of May in Vermont is done in a snowstorm, or in brooks still swollen with the spring thaws; but usually May Day finds the brooks ready, and presumably the fish most innocent after the long legal respite from the hook.

Of all sport, fishing is commonly regarded as the most care-free, and it may take the edge off it to consider that, of all sports, it is most hemmed about with law. It wasn't so in the old days when the lakes and streams literally teemed with fish. But no one has ever discovered the secret of the Biblical miracle in which a few loaves and fishes served a multitude; today it takes a lot of law-making to make even millions of fish enough to go around.

So, if you would avoid being caught yourself, acquaint yourself with the law before you catch your fish; and as those laws are sometimes changed, the best I can do is to caution you to get a copy of the game laws, which is to be had for the asking of the Vermont Fish and Game Commissioner, Montpelier, Vermont, or of any town or city clerk.

At this writing the open season for brook trout in Vermont begins May 1 and continues for three and a half months, to August 15; while that for golden and lake trout extends to September 1, and the day's limit is twenty-five fish, or five pounds; and the legal length, six inches (salmon, fifteen inches). For black bass, you must wait until July 1, but once the season has opened, you may keep trying as late as you please.

In certain waters there are exceptions in all classes of fishing, and rather than rely on these generalities, you should read the law before you fish; for ignorance excuses no one. The question the reader is most curious to have answered un-

doubtedly is: "Where are the fish; when and where do they bite best?"

Vermont is so stream-lined and beponded that there isn't, I believe, a single township out of the 248 in the state which doesn't have brooks or ponds or lakes which are thought to be worthy of your trial; and as each township averages probably a dozen likely waters, that runs the total of possible fishing places up into the thousands; and as every place may have hundreds if not thousands of fish, that runs up into millions. This makes, on paper, a very pleasant prospect; but fish aren't caught on paper.

There are upwards of a million different hands you can hold in poker, and it isn't every day you get a royal straight flush; and poker and fishing have much in common.

The fishing isn't what it used to be—not only in Vermont but everywhere civilization has pushed its way with the pollution of some streams, and the over-fishing of others.

The Vermont Fish and Game Department is striving valiantly, however, to make two fish swim where one swam before. The department receives upwards of a hundred thousand dollars from fishing and hunting licenses each year and has this to spend on its propagation, conservation, stream-improvement, and law-enforcement work. None too much for the many things which the department desires to do and the sportsman wants done. Last year, incidentally, twelve hundred stocking trips were made.

The sex life of the fish seems very unsatisfactory. The female scoops a nest in the sand with her tail and lays her eggs by the thousands, prodigal and passionless apparently. Mr. Fish comes along and vents his spleen or "milts" over the whole egg area, calling it a day—certainly not a night of love. Seldom does he make a ten-strike—that is, milt upon them all—and even if he does, it seems to me it is no more romantic than spraying potato plants with Bordeaux mixture. But then, fish are naturally cold-blooded, and all this may seem to them the very height of warmth of the affections.

But milted or not, fish eggs are a delicacy devoured so greedily by other fish and aquatic fowl that out of 16,000 eggs laid by a single twenty-pound salmon, or 3,000 by a two- to four-pound trout, you are lucky to get a twenty-per-cent reproductivity. So numerous are the enemies to the egg life of a fish that birth control has never been a problem.

On the contrary, ever since 1853 when in Ohio the first experiment in hatching trout artificially was made, the practice has been for our paternal government, both state and national, to take over the propagation of the fish population.

Vermont has had its share in this experiment, and at four sections in the state it maintains fish hatcheries—at Canaan, near the Canadian border; at Salisbury; at Roxbury; and at Bennington, near the southern border. To satisfy yourself that there are fish a plenty in Vermont, it is well to visit one of these state hatcheries either before or after trying your luck in the brook; or, better still, visit some of the many rearing pools (as I have done at Vernon), which are in the nature of boarding and finishing schools where the fish are raised to beyond the fingerling size—often to full, legal six-inch stature before being released to the run of the brooks and the run of luck.

But with all their culture, and their state diet of liver, these thousands of graduates are sometimes deficient in their education, and never get into *Who's Who Among the Big Fish*.

Familiar as I am with life-insurance figures, or astronomical millions, I never understood how it was that I could read in the local papers that a certain brook had been stocked with thousands upon thousands of fish and yet find it so difficult to coax one out with my baited hook (and even more difficult for the Professor to fool one with his artificial fly).

The name of our Fish and Game Commissioner at the moment (for we are always ready to bounce him if he doesn't make good and make the fishing good) is, oddly, Dr. Hunter, instead of Dr. Fisher, but if I am a judge, he thoroughly knows fish, from both the scientific and the popular point of view.



Well, I asked him the other day about this ratio of millions of fish put into the brooks and the handfuls taken out. The question was right down his alley:

"We and the Federal men are both at work on that very matter right now," said he. "We are trying to determine the actual *trout harvest*."

I had never thought of the catch of fish as a "harvest"—for the one or two speckled beauties I usually brought home were more like specimens of a rare orchid than anything in the nature of a "harvest," but that is the way they talk up in the Fish and Game office—as though fish were taken as we mow hay.

"At present," he continued, "we don't know the relationship between the number and size of fish planted and the subsequent take. As to how many fish the stocked streams are producing, one man's guess is as good as another's." I could have ventured my guess, but I held my peace.

It seems that R. F. Lord, in charge of the Experimental Trout Hatchery maintained by the Federal Bureau of Fisheries at Pittsford, had just rendered his first report on "test stream" results. This subject was taken up by the U. S. Bureau of Fisheries in co-operation with the Vermont department, and, according to Vermont law, four bodies of trout water are now set aside for the sole purpose of securing angling statistics. It may seem a sordid turn of the carefree sport to go in for such a census-taking, but we are all interested, I am sure.

To fish on these "test waters" every fisherman must secure a permit, but (if he has a fishing license) the permit is issued free, upon condition that he will faithfully report each day's fishing results. Otherwise (if he's so ashamed that he conceals his luck) he is liable to a fine of ten dollars for each failure to comply with the regulations.

During 1935 one stream, Furnace Brook, in Rutland County, was selected as a "test stream" and from May 1 to August 14, 1,197 angling reports were secured. The season's catch was

8,589 legal trout from about four miles of stream; so the anglers averaged about 7.2 trout per fishing trip. Rainbows made up 34 per cent of the catch, and this species is said to be maintaining itself without stocking; the native Vermont brook trout (speckled beauty) made up 66 per cent. The number caught exceeded the number planted before the first fishing month was over.

So it would seem that what goes into the brooks does come out—and sometimes more—though no one of us is lucky enough to get them all. But the “test stream” fishing has not gone far enough to prove much. You are invited to take your part in the game, and inquiry of the Fish and Game Department or the wardens (one in each of the fourteen counties, and deputies in nearly every town) will result in information where this year’s test waters are.

I have not yet fished these new “test waters”; but the ordinary haunts of Vermont fishermen undoubtedly furnish just as good sport, and if you do not have the luck, you are under no embarrassment to report a catch of zero!

Mr. Lord, incidentally, added to his report on test streams the conclusion that if there was such an intensity of fishing on Vermont brooks as was indicated on the “test stream,” a shorter open season, a longer minimum, and a smaller day’s catch limit would contribute to better conservation and better sport.

The sport of angling is full of the unexpected, which is sometimes a catch to photograph and to write home about, and sometimes it’s disappointment. It often is not so much the absence of fish as the absence of advantageous conditions. Indeed, there are some who set forth a new theory that the conjunction of the sun and moon have something to do with it (just as the tides have much to do with salt-water fishing), contending that the sensitive fish sense these movements of the heavenly bodies. Certain it is that some of the best fishing is to be had around the sunrise and sunset hours. The law restrains you from the sport at night, however—one hour be-

fore sunrise and two hours after sunset are the limit of the fisherman's day in Vermont. That contributes to getting him home sober.

What kind of fish can be had in the several hundred lakes and ponds and main streams of Vermont is told in a cataloguing way, county by county, in a free booklet compiled by my friend Harold Chadwick, director of publicity, in co-operation with the Fish and Game Department, and may be had by addressing him at the State House, Montpelier.

I could give you the address of many big fish, but, upon inquiry, you might find that "Annie doesn't live here any more." I did recommend to two persons last summer a camp I had enjoyed for the good bass- and pike- and perch-fishing in Alburg Passage in northern Lake Champlain. The first retired after a week, cursing me for recommending such a barren fishing-ground; the second man, in the succeeding week, sent me a photograph of a string of whoppers he had caught there, and so it goes.

Lake Champlain is a fine place to fish; and it is large enough never to be crowded. It is almost a mediterranean sea—indeed, the big sturgeon is sometimes, but seldom, caught there, for it is nearly extinct.

The fish in most esteem on the big lake is the black bass—the small-mouthed one; though the Oswego or large-mouth is also found. But the small-mouthed variety, which inhabits the rocky, gravelly bottom is gamier than the large-mouth, which resorts to the reedy marshes and the creeks.

I have been told of one fisherman who had the thrill of having a bass he caught in St. Albans Bay jump clear of the water seven times before it was brought to the landing net.

The Great Back Bay, north of the Sand Bar Bridge (a half-hour's drive from Burlington), is one of the homes of this gamy bass, as deep water alternating with clean shoals makes it an ideal country for them. But Alburg Passage, of which I have spoken, is as good as any other of the many places to seek them.

The whole eastern boundary of Vermont, formed by the Connecticut River, was to the Indians a happy fishing-ground, and is still so for us. In the old pre-dam days shad came up the river in such numbers that they sold at a penny each; but there are no shad now. The river abounds in bass and pickerel and perch and German carp, and the northernmost reaches of the river are the resort of trout.

Fishing the Connecticut is sport in more ways than one, for it is fraught now with the entanglements of a United States Supreme Court decision. After years of controversy, that decision has fixed the low-water mark on the west or Vermont side of the river as the boundary line between the Green and White Mountain states. As I understand it, you fish from the bank to a distance of fifteen feet from the ordinary or mean water mark, but if the wind carries your bait an inch beyond that, you are fishing in New Hampshire waters, and if you haven't a New Hampshire license, you may be apprehended by a New Hampshire warden, provided he can catch you. As he cannot legally arrest you on Vermont soil, you can thumb your nose at him, if you will; but his next move might be to go to more formal proceedings of a warrant and extradition for trial in New Hampshire. This will make fishing the Connecticut a sport with the law as well as the fish—although I'm not advocating here anything but respect for our neighboring state's authority.

Under lakes and river I have named so many good fishing waters that I'll not rename them here, but mention only one or two favorites out of many.

Some of the number-one fishermen I know consider the picturesque Lake Willoughby (Route 5A) as the state's ideal fishing spot. If you don't get the fish, you do get a beautiful view. The lake yields, if you are a good wheedler with the bait or caster of the fly, fine specimens of lake trout, rainbows, square-tails, and land-locked salmon. Early in the spring you may see these fish spawning in a brook only twenty feet from the village store in Westmore.

Salmon-fishing was unknown to me in my youth; indeed, it has been reintroduced into Vermont comparatively recently. There was a time before the dam was built at Holyoke, in 1849, when Atlantic salmon came 'way up the Connecticut River to spawn; and a time long before that when the fish were said to be so thick in the Connecticut River that you could walk across on their backs. Today the salmon-seekers trek mainly to northeastern Vermont and seek them in the large Lake Memphremagog or to the all-in-Vermont waters of some of the lakes in Essex County, such as Little Averill, where, in the presence of the Professor, who had no luck despite the luster of his tackle, I landed my first salmon, after trolling with my false teeth.

And I owe that thrill to the forethought of red-haired Hor-tense Quimby. This daughter of a large timber-owner in Vermont first acquainted herself with the wide world as one of the Raymond-Whitcomb cruise directors. Then, coming back fifteen years ago to her native woods, she took over the fishing camp established by her father years before and set up a dude ranch for fishing which has drawn to it, remote as it is, a remarkable list of devotees—even the whole New York Giants baseball team. It is as no "commercial plug" that I include the Quimby Cold Spring Club for mention—as the leader of such fishing camps in Vermont, it has won a place, and its energetic hostess has been a force in seeing that the state and Federal governments do not slacken in their efforts to stock Vermont waters.

In addition to comfortable quarters in beautiful surroundings at Forest Lake, in Averill, Miss Quimby has two larger lakes near by, Big Averill and Little Averill, and here has developed a veritable school of fly-casting. She employs a dozen guides, all forced to acquire the art. All can cast up to seventy feet, and two are members of the Hundred-Footers' Club, corresponding to a hole-in-one club in golf.

In addition to this unique resort, there is the Lake Mansfield Trout Club—the lake a diadem of water in the diamond setting

of Mt. Mansfield and secondary peaks. This is truly a club, but any gentleman and scholar and fisherman may find his way in, I think. The delightful club house and the abundance of fish are assurance of one's money's worth. There are also many private trout ponds awaiting only, probably, your acquaintance with the owners before you get the coveted invitation.

But I cannot face all the facts. When E. V. Lucas came to look back recently at some travel books he had written in his youth, his one sigh of regret was that he had tried to be "informative" rather than inspirational and atmospheric. Though I'm out to show you Vermont, I'm wishing to do it as much by indirection as by direction.

As for fishing, even if your catch isn't always the limit, the Vermont waters and woodlands are their own reward. I find them warmer in my affections than the cold-blooded fish. I like the lines of M. A. Devine:

*I know a spot that is hidden far, in the wild wood's  
devious way,*

*In a deep ravine, green hills between, where tumbling  
waters play;*

*And just below, where like flakes of snow, the eddies  
bubble by,*

*Is the home, 'neath the foam, where the speckled  
beauties lie.*

*How far from the weary world we seem, in our  
sequestered nook,*

*Where the birds sing tenor in the lays of love, to the  
bass of the brawling brook,*

*And the breeze, through the trees, joins in with a  
treble high,*

*Making songs, all day long, where the speckled  
beauties lie.*

*Your hand, old chum, the summer's come,*

*We're off to our grot of green,*

*And incense raise, in old Walton's praise,  
Through my Lady Nicotine:  
And then, for the swish of the sweeping rod,  
And the flash of the floating fly.  
For we go where we know the speckled beauties lie.*

## OVER OUR HEADS



THE BIBLICAL INJUNCTION IS: "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house," but I sin that sin every time I ride about Vermont. We have had more than two hundred years' experience in building roofs over our heads, and it would be strange indeed if some of the results were not covetable.

There are Atlantic seaport towns, such as old Ipswich, Salem, and Newburyport, which began building a full century before we did, for Vermont's earliest so-called "permanent" houses were the half-dozen lean-tos within the log defenses of Fort Dummer (built in 1724 in what was then claimed to be a part of Massachusetts; now Brattleboro, Vermont). It was not safe to do much building in the New Hampshire grants (Vermont) until after the French and Indian War had ended, many years later. But two hundred years have served to give Vermont a character of her own in architecture, most of which is attractive and all interesting for its variety.

I once lived in a flat, newly-built, suburban area in another state, where the effort to achieve variety had such a modern touch that it resulted largely in uniformity. It lacked wholly the atmosphere which I feel—and generally feel an affection for—in Vermont. We have no log cabins left, except such as we have built for summer camps (although Mr. and Mrs. W. Storrs Lee have recently built a modernized log-cabin house in Cornwall, near Middlebury—their whim being that such is



truly the indigenous type to their surroundings); and we have none of the latest prefabricated houses; but in between these extremes we have run nearly the whole gamut of expression in houses which are at all suitable to our climate.

Various indeed is the scene. To what Nature did to give us an infinite variety in locations—hillside, valley, lakeside, streamside, ledge, and woods—we have added about eighty thousand houses; and, like snowflakes, no two houses, it may be rather safely said, are identical twins. Even though the plans may be the same, the execution is influenced by the lay of the land. We have one building (the Mansfield Hotel) perched almost above the timberline—over four thousand feet up on the highest of our mountains, Mansfield; and we have ranged others at every altitude and angle among our hills and valleys.

When the tourist undertakes to get any single composite picture of the roofs over our heads in Vermont, he must remember that they are scattered, rather sparsely, over some fourteen thousand miles of our roadways, and a few hours' riding over a few hundred miles of the main roads is not the whole story.

You are invited to let your mind flit, as mine does, in thinking of the variety of roofs that cover, and the walls that enclose, our homes and institutions.

Say we begin with the Old Constitution House at Windsor—built in 1769 by Elijah West for a tavern—the birthplace of the state or republic of Vermont, July 1777. (You remember how the patriots in convention there were interrupted by postriders who told of the threats at Ticonderoga and at Hubbardton, and the delegates all wanted to adjourn to defend their homes; but, detained by a terrific thunderstorm, they did wait to adopt the new state's constitution and then took up arms.) This old house has lately been appropriately restored. And, by way of contrast, the beautiful old village of Windsor has one of the most surprising things to be found in Vermont—a huge block of true city-type apartment houses

built for the families of men employed in one of the machine plants there. Then, in a scatter-brained way, jump to the odd India-type bungalow which Kipling built in Dummerston; or to the familiar Coolidge place at Plymouth, not only pictured in the papers but by this time impressed in the hearts of all who love old New England farmhouses. The Coolidge house, with the church and cheese-factory, makes up a group for the preservation of which as a national shrine a million-dollar fund is being sought. Visit the quaint Rockingham church, dating from 1787, with its box pews and high, commanding pulpit; or jump to the modern, magnificent Darling estate in West Burke; or the lovely old houses in the settlements along the Connecticut River; or the villages almost full of fine, well-preserved old houses such as Woodstock, Windsor, Middlebury, Old Bennington, St. Johnsbury, Castleton, Brandon, and Craftsbury—though a score of other towns, including Montpelier, have some noble houses, too.

In Burlington there are many. The Baxter house, built in 1830, is one of the best examples of the classical colonial, now owned by Joseph Winterbotham of Chicago. The girls of the University of Vermont who live at the Grassmount dormitory (411 Main Street) are living in the finest example of Georgian architecture in Vermont—one which has often received the attention of architectural magazines. Of brick painted, it was built by Thaddeus Tuttle in 1804. The Klifa club building on Pearl Street is another example of the Georgian, which type is also found in Woodstock and St. Johnsbury.

To me a house of most romantic ramifications is the Hayes house, still standing in West Brattleboro and continuously occupied for a hundred and forty-eight years. In the winter of 1778 a sturdy young blacksmith named Rutherford Hayes came up from Connecticut to pay a visit to relatives in West Brattleboro, where they made quite a lion of him. They begged him to remain and do the local blacksmithing. Business in the straggling settlement did not look so good to him, but Chloe Smith did. With this seventeen-year-old belle of West Brat-

tleboro he fell deeply in love, and with her in view he agreed to stay.

The few settlers of the West village held a bee and built him a blacksmith shop and within a year he had married Chloe. For ten years he labored at what he called "his dirty black business," but it brought him "white money," and Chloe was a most industrious woman in many ways herself. By the year 1789 they had saved enough money to erect the large, four-square house which they called the Hayes tavern in this West Brattleboro hamlet on the main road to Marlboro. The wife, Chloe, who had had only six months' schooling, matured into a remarkable woman with æsthetic instincts which amounted almost to genius. One of her many grandchildren was Rutherford B. Hayes, President of the United States. Nine of her children married, had families, and scattered. Polly, who married John Noyes, became the mother of the founder of the Oneida community and grandmother of Larkin Mead, the sculptor, and of the Mead in the firm of New York architects, McKim, Mead and White. Her granddaughter, Elinor Mead, married William D. Howells, the author.

The Hayes house, made historic with all these associations, is now occupied by a descendant, Hayes Bigelow, an artist-photographer, with whom I have had many dealings and consequently many invitations to visit the old house. Traces are left in it of the old Tavern bar and of the ball-room on the second floor, later cut up for bedrooms. The house was most substantially built, with double cellar walls set three feet apart and heavy timbers in which no dry rot has ever been found. Fourteen fireplaces were required to warm the house, and in the cellar was an immense fireplace with a long crane and brick oven for roasting meats and fowls. I never saw wider boards than some of those that were used in the paneling of this old Hayes Tavern. I had the privilege of reading once the diary of Chloe Smith herself. One of her grandsons said of her: "She knit more stockings, mittens, and gloves, wove more rag carpets, spun and wove more cloth, elabo-

rated more wonderful rugs, lamp-mats and bags, than any woman of her generation and she had all the virtues ascribed to the ideal woman in the Proverbs."

We have tried almost every geometric figure in building in Vermont: there is a sixteen-sided church at Richmond; a perfectly round brick schoolhouse built by Thunderbolt Wilson (an old time Robin Hood bandit of the Scotch-English border) at Brookline; round barns, also, in Waitsfield especially; and odd octagon houses at Brattleboro and St. Johnsbury—built with the hope of getting more than a fair share of the sun.

There's the Newfane court-house—the most charming of all our fourteen county headquarters of litigation; the big white Congregational meeting-house in Middlebury, where, as in many of our churches and homes, doorway details, fenestration, and other fine points of the building art are sought by students; the old First Church in Bennington, for which thousands of dollars have just been raised for a restoration, to make a sort of Westminster Abbey in Vermont; and there's the new municipal building in Burlington, and the old stone dormitory built by the Reverend Mr. Twilight at Brownington.

There's the Stephen A. Douglas birthplace in Brandon, and Admiral Dewey's birthplace in Montpelier; the wealthy-estate atmosphere of Manchester and Bennington and the art-colony atmosphere of Dorset; the Long Trail Lodge, of mountain stone and logs, in the Sherburne Pass; the reconstructed little "White Village" of Waterford, and Robert Ogden's village of Landgrove; the summer colonies of Peru and other places; and our colleges, our schools, and even our old covered bridges and modern filling stations must share in the picture.

I cannot scan such a scattered summary without deploring such flitting, for I have left out not only scores of things my Vermont friends might mention, but I have left out many of my own favorites. I cannot pick out the best places with any positive finger-pointing, any more than I could with full assur-

rance and safety name the best families. To me, architecture is not at all an academic matter, not connoisseurship, not a mere matter of antiquarian or æsthetic values. It's everything that goes into the roofs over our heads, whether it be the gilded dome on our little gem of a State House in Montpelier or the roof on a squatter's shack—and that's the sweep I am seeking to give in this short chapter.

But I have left out as yet the picture of the ordinary, everyday houses in which we live—though many are not ordinary, for they have the character of Vermont. Many of them are old and nondescript, but in them we have made shift to get along in very tolerable comfort and raise large families. On the farm, and in the village, too, where it is a survival of the horse-and-buggy days, perhaps our most typical architecture is of the string-bean type. Having lived in such a house in my youth, I have a particular affection for it. Everywhere the tourist will be struck by these rambling structures. Here are houses with ells and lean-tos and other lean-tos sometimes leaning to another; jut-bys and added sheds, connecting barns (now often converted into garages), and, on the farms, a continued series of corn-cribs and other outhouses.

Such houses are like strings of cars and have had a curious fascination for me ever since I was a small boy. A thing that's likable about these houses is that they sometimes show the progression of the occupants. Perhaps someone started with a simple little story-and-a-half cottage. Then by degrees, because of either increasing affluence or a growing family, they added this or that extension or luxury. It may have been a dormer window, to make a larger room for a new member of the household, or a bay window, just to keep up with the Joneses, or a porch, a real piazza, or just a new back stoop. The rigors of the Vermont winter have dictated this hitch-on habit of building, for the whole domestic plant can thus be visited without the necessity of stepping out of doors. Such houses are not built today—there's less need of sheds and barns in the village and on the farms and the insurance com-

panies object—but there still survive in every Vermont village some fine examples of these rambling, low houses, and their anatomical intricacies fascinate me. The more angles to the roofs, the more ups and downs between the main house and the ells, and the more surprise windows, the better—at least in the mind of the small boy, though probably not in the eye of an architect.

The typical Vermont farmhouse is somewhat simpler: a tidy white clapboarded cottage with green blinds, a simple pitched roof (with no dormers to prevent the snow from sliding off easily), shaded, of course, by a spreading or wine-glass elm, and with at least one lilac bush near by. Among all architectural gems, such a house is a thing of beauty and a joy forever. It is built as all Vermont houses are, with the chimney as the core. It was all very well in southern climates to clamp the chimney on the outside, perhaps a chimney at each end, but here again our Vermont winter does the dictating, demanding the conservation of heat, and the central chimney is obviously conducive to that. Given a steady curl of smoke ascending from such a house, and the picture of simple coziness is complete.

Ruskin paradoxically remarked: "No architecture is so haughty as that which is simple." He may have had the Parthenon in mind. I think of the Vermont farmhouse. Not that it is "haughty" in the worst sense of the word, but it has the prim simplicity that puts any over-ambitious mind in its proper, humble place. I once drove by such an ideal little farmhouse with a wealthy man who earnestly said he coveted such a home. No wonder. Isn't it more restful to the soul than the rounded dome of St. Peter's? Surely no incense can symbolize more significant or more enduring things than the chimney smoke from such a house.

Vermont has many such homes. That it has, too, its abandoned farms isn't awkward to explain. They were never abandoned because Vermont ceased to be beautiful or because life in the hills wasn't a good life—provided there were

ways to provide. That the site of some farms was chosen with a poor eye to economic advantages doesn't make them poor sites for some purposes, and as farmers retreat in the face of economic conditions, the summer resident rushes in for æsthetic advantages. Many are the stories I could tell of summer people who have bought such old places and made them "sing," preserving beautifully the old flavor of everything and but seldom spoiling it by adding some suburbanized sun-porch or other out-of-place convenience.

If the tourist runs here and there into some group of abandoned farms or sees some poor and slovenly places, he will surely soon discover the other extreme—the highly prosperous farms. Many of these are big going concerns, such as those in the valleys of Lake Champlain and the Connecticut River, although these are by no means the only areas where there are comparatively broad and fertile fields. Good farming country is also to be found in the smaller valleys, as that of the Mad River, the Winooski, and others.

Surely not every Vermont farm, or even every Vermont meeting-house, is a delight to the eye. There are weather-beaten silos leaning like the tower of Pisa, and manure piles in too close proximity to the front doors of the houses. James Russell Lowell in the *Biglow Papers* observed: "We have the present Yankee, full of expedients, half master of all trades, *inventive in all but the beautiful*, full of shifts and yet *incapable of comfort*." I'm ready to agree with you that this summary seems to apply to some Vermont farmers in respect to their home-making. It is by no means a general rule, but the cases are so numerous that one of our needs seems to be elevation of the farm folks' æsthetic sense.

We have, too, some rococo experiments in church-building, with good Christians sinning against every canon of good taste, but no one will deny that Vermont's architecture as a whole is distinguished by its beautiful churches. There must be a hundred lovely old churches in Vermont—while a recent building modeled after the classic New England meeting-house

is the Mead Memorial marble chapel at Middlebury College, which has, over the portico, the marble-cut inscription: "The Strength of the Hills is His Also." And there are thousands of sightly farms—many of them off the main roads—their most uniform characteristics being the low gabled roofs and rambling hitched-on ells and sheds.

In some of these small farmhouses and also in the nobler old-time mansions may be found original hand-hewn beams and hand-wrought hardware, large brick or stone fireplaces with flagged hearths, sometimes with the cranes and trammels still in place, ovens built into the brick, and all the paraphernalia of the period of open-fire cookery—although too often these have been snatched up by the antique-hunters.

While there is no open-fire cooking, probably, in Vermont today, there is the same smack of hospitality about the large kitchens. In the Southern states the detached kitchen is common, but no Vermonter would ever think of having the kitchen anything else than the most vital part of the house. In the village cooking may be by gas, electricity, coal, or oil, but still in a majority of kitchens the range with a wood fire, with steaming victuals, is the magnet that attracts the family.

Large as the kitchens are, the halls in some of the old houses are but little vestibules, in effect, merely interior storm-doors seldom opened except for passage to the outside or upstairs, all in great contrast to Southern houses, in which halls—as in most English houses—merge directly into living-rooms.

There are some splendid lengths and breadths of board, such as could have been cut only from our primeval forests, to be found in some of the early houses. But in glass it worked the other way, for it was a long time before it was learned how to roll a large pane of glass, and little six-by-eight window-panes prevailed, twenty-four to every casement.

The recessed doors, stoned-up terraces, stone walls, carriage mounting-blocks and hitching-posts, and occasionally a millstone stoop, are still in evidence in some small villages and on the farms.



The usual color of Vermont farmhouses is white (just as red is standard for the big barns), but of course there are many departures from this rule. In the neighborhood of Brandon, for instance, there are yellow ochre deposits, and there was accordingly at one time a great rage for yellow houses in that section of the state.

Proctor, center of the marble industry, has several fine marble buildings, a beautiful marble bridge, and marble walks; West Rutland has a marble high school, and marble walks are common in that vicinity; but in building houses marble is rarely made use of in Vermont, though our state is the marble center of America. The same is true with respect to granite. The National Life Insurance Company and the State House in Montpelier are the two largest granite structures in Vermont. I believe Barre itself, the center of the granite industry, has but one dwelling-house built of that stone; and there is one other in Burlington. Granite, however, finds itself, like marble, in some of our post-offices, banks, and office buildings. In the early days there were a number of brick-yards in the state, but there are few today, and though brick construction is still common, the frame house is usually the dominant type.

In some villages, in contrast to the fine old houses or tasteful new dwellings, there are, as might be expected, examples of almost everything in the way of roofs over our heads. Here may be a town where the Frenchman, M. Mansard, has been honored with roofs after his design, introduced in the late 70's, often capping rather ark-like structures, when big houses were the style; here may be a place where the roof has no definable shape, but includes a turret; and there a house with a hipped roof and cupola or with a balustraded deck, such as in old Salem was called the "Captain's Walk." Many hybrid types there are, but little villages, like Newbury, for instance, or Danville or Craftsbury, were less affected by these rococo raids and still preserve their architectural peace and calm, with their white frame houses, store, school, and church fronting on the village common.

Although as I have said, marble and granite figure but little in Vermont house-building, there is one Vermont stone—slate—which literally covers our heads. I think there are more slate roofs in Vermont than in any other state of like population; but even so, with their fair protection from sparks, fires continue to raze too many Vermont houses. Every year adds to the toll, suggesting that perhaps we ought to build more generally of stone.

In one section of Vermont we do have an interesting “stone belt” of house-building. But it is the simple gneiss—ledge stone, sparkling with feldspar, quartz, and mica, which is easily pried off in slabs. In the towns of Chester and Cavendish there are some fifty of these gneiss stone buildings, including houses, schools, and taverns. All of these are about a century old, and are worth a visit, as the guide-books say.

On the Vermont side of lower Lake Champlain, too, there are several stone houses of historical interest, for they were built of stone from the ruins of the old French and British forts at Crown Point, drawn across the lake on the ice by Vermonters who found this an easy “quarry.”

Although Vermont has some white-pillared mansions with an air of amplitude more characteristic of the South, and some few churches of stone, more in the Old England than in the New England manner, neither of these agreeable exceptions alters the rule that Vermont architecture is mainly what those who have seen pictures of Plymouth would expect it to be—as characterized by the meeting-house and the modest farm home. Pretension such as pleased the Southern planters did not appeal to Vermonters, who were more Puritan than Cavalier. There is, incidentally, an interesting influence on Vermont architecture in and around Brattleboro, where, I recall, several Southern colonels came and built prior to the Civil War. Naturally they built rather large and pretentious houses. In those days it was quite common for Southerners to spend summers in the North, but the Civil War put an end to this, and it never has since become the popular practice which



H. W. CONGDON

*Isn't this a lovely house?—the Hinsdill house at North Bennington  
dating from 1806.*

*In the Black River valley some of these old stone houses make nice  
summer homes. This one in Felchville.*

H. J. WOODWARD





H. W. CONGDON

*First Church in Vermont at Bennington now restored.*

*Landgrove—a hamlet of dilapidated houses which Robert Ogden rehabilitated with his own hands.*



it was before the war.

A man who influenced much of the building in Vermont in the early days was a certain carpenter in Greenfield, Massachusetts. Seldom, it is to be supposed, did the earlier settlers have an architect. Many of them, particularly those on farms, just matched brains, and brawn as well, with some local carpenter's, to build a house, and with toddy made of rum and sugar they encouraged the neighbors to help raise the frame. The Greenfield carpenter I speak of was Asher Benjamin, and the book he wrote which so influenced early building in Vermont was entitled: *The Country Builder's Assistant, Fully Explaining the Best Methods for Striking Regular and Quirked Mouldings*. The Adam brothers, publishing (1773-98) a splendid series of engravings of English architecture, in its utmost refinement and delicacy, had started an Adam craze in America; and it was Asher Benjamin who successfully translated these delicacies and refinements, which were originally in stone, to wood, "with a niceness of judgment that has earned him an undying and enviable place in the architectural history of America," says George S. Chappell. "If I were to coin a modern expression for the early architecture of Vermont, I should say they did 'wooden Ritz,' " he adds. "It is a sophisticated art, but an art sound and vigorous," and it is to be found exemplified in many old houses in Vermont. The site of one of these Benjamin houses in Windsor was recently sold for a filling station, and women's clubs tried (but in vain) to raise hurriedly enough money to move and save the old house.

Whatever it was that made Vermont what it is, it is interesting architecturally, not in the age-old way of some seaport towns, not in the Victorian grandeur of Saratoga, not in a new suburban sense, but in a generally livable way, with our hills and dales, lakes and streams helping to give man's abode an infinite variety.

Never, however, has a book been written on the architecture of Vermont; but a new movement is being made toward that end by the efforts of the government, in one of its relief

projects, to gather now, before more are lost, a large store of photographs of Vermont's buildings of special interest.

In the meantime the individual who has made this interest her hobby more than any other person I know in Vermont is Mrs. Harold A. Mayforth of Barre, who has built up a large collection of lantern slides and notes on old Vermont houses, and who has entertained many a Vermont organization with her pictures and stories about them.

One of these interesting places is "the oldest house in Vermont." Apparently without any question about it, the oldest house in the state is the so-called Parson Jedediah Dewey house on Monument Avenue in Old Bennington, built in 1763, or six years before the Constitution House was built at Windsor.

Parson Dewey, who was the first pastor of the famous old First Church at Bennington, was one of the ancestors of Admiral Dewey of Manila Bay fame. Following the capture of Ticonderoga, he was preaching at great length in praise of the Almighty, and giving much credit to God for the taking of the fort. Ethan Allen was a member of the congregation and after he had heard the parson for the third time connect Divine Providence with the affair at Ti', the hero himself stood up and said: "Don't forget, parson, that I was there." Thereupon the preacher pointed his finger ominously at the leader of the Green Mountain Boys and cried: "Sit down, thou bold blasphemer!"

This Jedediah Dewey house was built only one year after the first saw-mill had been set up in the "grants." Today it is owned by Morton D. Hull, former Illinois congressman from Chicago; but perhaps the reason for the restoration of the old house is the fact that he married a Vermont woman, and he shared her love for the state. Anyhow, the couple have beautifully restored the house and furnished it with furniture of seventeenth-century type.

However, I cannot describe this or many other notable old houses in Vermont to the satisfaction of those who truly appreciate what our early builders left us for a heritage. We

have departed much from many of their principles of good design, and tried many varieties. But whatever the roof may be over our heads in Vermont, it is my hope that the visitor may find among us, in Wordsworth's words:

*A genial hearth, a hospitable board,  
And a refined rusticity.*

## SUMMER-HOMING IN VERMONT



WHAT ATTRACTS SUMMER-HOMERS to Vermont? It may be an ancient maple with inviting shade, a brook with irresistible music, a lake or pond in reflective mood, a stone wall (for even stone walls may be sentimental), or a good old New England boulder set in green pastures, a century-old house, a wooded hill with white birches against the dark firs, a mountain view, a garden place, good neighbors, or isolation—or some combination of these at bargain rates.

City versus Country is an argument which I am willing to call a draw. Socrates, explaining why he seldom left the city, declared: "Field and trees teach me nothing, but the people in a city do"; and Sydney Smith, who lived for a time in a country parish and there coined the phrase "twelve miles from a lemon" said: "I have no relish for the country, it is a healthy kind of grave."

There are plenty of others, however, to side with the pastoral Vergil, who sang the homely virtues of the country life. "Happy is he who knows the country divinities." Vergil held out to the Romans of his time the idea of a back-to-the-country movement, with the hope that, thus transplanted, the sophisticated, dissipated citizens of the Decline might emulate the noble characteristics of their pioneer forefathers.

All I have to say is that when we sing "America" we do not celebrate her skyscrapers and marts of trade, but "her rocks



and rills" and "templed hills" (very like what we have in Vermont); and "Let music swell the breeze, and ring from all the trees," not from Radio City merely.

Vermont's chief export has been her men and women to the cities; it may turn out, if the new movement keeps up, that her chief import will be men and women from the city who make summer homes for themselves in Vermont. Every year adds to our acquisition, and the depression, far from stopping it, increased the influx.

When I was a lad, the summer resident was a rare species. Vermonters who had gone to other states came back to spend a vacation at the old homesteads or to attend an Old Home Week celebration. But that was to be expected. Scarcely anyone thought then of owning in Vermont a home that they closed all winter and held for summer residence only. It took the automobile to make that idea at all popular, and even so, it was first confined to the "call of the blood."

It is only during the past twenty years that the movement has extended to non-Vermonters and grown to such proportions that some Vermont villages have more summer residents than winter ones. The character of many a community has been completely changed, and, we are inclined to admit, changed for the better, by the especially fine class of summer residents which Vermont has attracted.

I'd be greatly inconvenienced if forced to gather figures to prove it, but I am inclined to think that Vermont might boast of more college professors per capita within her borders every summer than any other state in the union. Take one section alone, as an instance. When Bliss Perry and his wife came up from Princeton in 1897 to summer it and fish at Greensboro Pond, he was the only college professor, I believe, on the grounds. Today Greensboro Pond has changed its name to Caspian Lake and around it there are one hundred and eighty cottages hidden along its wooded shores. Three college deans from Princeton, one from Harvard, and one from New Jersey College for Women have been among the "brain trust" here,

on which account some dub the place "Deansboro"; and there are college professors, instructors, and some students, to the number of nearly a hundred. Peacham, a village which gave America the late George Harvey, is the home of many professors from different institutions.

It is significant that Vermont's official invitations to summer-homers is to "those who teach in schools, colleges, and universities; those who are doctors, lawyers, musicians, writers, artists—in a word those who earn their living by a professionally trained use of their brains."

These are the words of Dorothy Canfield Fisher, who was invited by the Vermont Bureau of Publicity some summers ago to write an open letter on Vermont Summer Homes. In order not to be too exclusive in the invitation, Mrs. Fisher included "those others not technically of that class but who enjoy the kind of life usually created by professional people."

I doubt if any better summer-home publicity was ever issued by any state, and undoubtedly Mrs. Fisher's fine letter, and the pictures which accompanied it, have done just what was expected of them—attracted a very fine class of summer residents—for they are coming faster than I can count them, taking places in which they see possibilities and demonstrating usually that they did have vision and knew how to realize it.

"Vermont," Mrs. Fisher writes to the professional class, "like you, has been forced to build up a scheme of life in which cash is not so important as it is for the majority of modern Americans. Like you, Vermont esteems highly certain human qualities even though they do not conduce to the making of large incomes. . . . Old New England traditions make us look up to character and cultivation and education. Any of you cultivated families, settling in Vermont for a summer home, may thus be sure that the respected and influential Vermonters of your community will value your trained, well informed minds, respect what your educational advantages have done for you, and be glad they and their children are to be in contact with you."

I sometimes think that if I were a real-estate man, I would form the firm of "Islands and Hill-tops, Incorporated" for these two varieties of summer-home sites appeal most to me. Islands are less common to Vermont than hill-tops, but there are several of them in Lake Champlain with summer homes on them and some in other lakes of the state. Alexander Woollcott and associates, apparently having the same passion for islands, captured the only one in Lake Bomoseen, where this well-known dramatic critic, author, and broadcaster has his summer home. I can imagine that when spring comes the sophisticated Woollcott yearns as did Yeats in "The Lake Isle of Innisfree":

*I will arise and go now, for always, night and day,  
I hear lake-water lapping with low sounds by the shore.*

Hill-tops have an advantage because it is a delight to look down upon the smoke of neighborly chimneys in the valley and the bug-like traffic of brightly enameled cars, while you yourself are far enough away not to hear the motor or smell the gasoline. I imagine the day will come when the hill farms available for purchase as summer homes will have been snatched up and more and more people will go higher to the hill-tops.

Hill-tops were the sites of many of the original settlements. An instance is Newfane Hill, near Brattleboro, from which there have now disappeared all the traces of the original settlement with the exception of cellar holes and some markers, while the village has relocated itself, court-house and all, in the West River valley. Newfane Hill was the home of General Martin Field, grandfather of Eugene Field, the poet and columnist. There are now some summer places on Newfane Hill, and even more in Newfane valley. The Fields themselves have come back to re-establish summer homes with ancestral acres. Roswell Field, a son of Eugene Field, has come from Chicago to build a place at Newfane. Charles Kellogg Field, who is Cheerio of radio fame and a cousin of Eugene

Field, has six acres of pasture land just outside of Newfane village with a home and a brook and a pine grove close by. It is land which once belonged to his grandfather Charles K. Field, whose namesake he is.

The West River valley, in the southeastern corner of Vermont, was one of the first sections of the state to see the summer home development. On Ames Hill, outside of Brattleboro, are more than a score of summer places, commanding the most magnificent views of the Connecticut valley.

Naturally the other southern corner of the state—Dorset, Manchester, and Arlington in particular—was also early in the summer-home development because of proximity to New York and other urban centers. In Dorset I stopped one day at the old Kent Tavern House, looking toward Green Peak, and discovered that it was occupied by Mr. Lincoln Isham, a great-grandson of Abraham Lincoln.

Edwin B. Child, an artist, had an artist eye to see the possibilities in two barns which he took in hand and converted into a beautiful cottage home and artist's studio. Barns, school-houses, and even icehouses have been similarly treated by those who had the eye to see their summer-home possibilities.

The icehouse I speak of was sighted by a Boston family on tour of Vermont. Upon inquiry they found it for sale for a song—it was a "meat-cooler" that had formerly been used by a local market. It was only 21 x 12 outside, but they added a porch and ell and converted it into a little place they called "The Bookynook-on-the-Ompompanoosuc," after the river toward which the meat-cooler fronted. There, at "Pixy Point," they have their own secluded bathing-pool, and, at a total expenditure of six hundred and fifty dollars to date, they feel their summer home is a bargain in both tangible and intangible values.

So I might flit over much of the state, pointing to summer places, for the speedier car, better trains, and even planes, have made more northerly sites accessible to the commuting week-ender. One of the northernmost summer homes I know

is that of a Chicago physician, Dr. A. H. Waterman, at Derby, near the Canadian line. He doesn't prescribe the Vermont summer home necessarily for you, but it seems to have been a cure for him. He writes:

"It's a far cry from the western shore of Lake Michigan to the hills and valleys of Vermont. It is a tremendous contrast between a modern apartment house in Chicago and a dilapidated farmhouse on a wind-swept mountain in Derby. But distance only serves to draw them closer together, for that old farmhouse between the Green and the White Mountains has made my wife an architect, designer and contractor; myself a commuter on the Canadian Pacific Railway, and gives to us both a deeper, more abiding happiness than comes to most of the city dwellers."

One of the most interesting summer-home developments I have seen in Vermont is the work of Samuel Robert Ogden and his wife, Mary. They came up from New Jersey and bought practically all of the little village of Landgrove, which during the past eight years they have restored in the summer-home manner. It is a passion with the Ogdens, not always profitable, but they have found heaps of livin' in their country experiment, and he has even won a seat in the state legislature.

Bennington, Brandon, Burlington, Castleton, Fairlee, Grand Isle, and the two Heroes (North and South), Manchester, Middlebury, Montpelier, Newport, Peru, Randolph, Rutland, St. Albans, St. Johnsbury, Stowe (Mt. Mansfield), Sudbury, Wallingford, Waterbury, Wilmington, Windsor, and Woodstock, in addition to other places I have named, have many summer homes, but, for that matter, there are few of the two hundred and forty-eight towns in the state which do not have some.

Real-estate sales indicate that the movement is growing. More than half a million dollars was paid for summer homes in Vermont during 1935, not taking into account many sales not made through dealers, for it is only through dealers that the state can make any check-up. This half-million dollars pur-

chased one hundred and sixty-three places, and still there were on file over four thousand inquiries from others who thought they would buy a place in Vermont. For the present, farms continue to be abandoned faster than they are taken up by summer people, but it is getting to be about an even thing. And are the buyers satisfied? It would seem so, if for no other reason than the fact that what they buy is seldom for resale. By the time they have fixed up an old place, they become so attached to it that they would not think of parting with it. As for prices, it is difficult to say anything definite, as, of course, these vary, but only seldom, it would seem, is more than two thousand dollars necessary to buy and fix up a fairly good place.

Anyone making a cold canvass to find a place in Vermont, not having friends or acquaintances in the state nor ever having traveled through it, should write to the Vermont Publicity Service, Montpelier, for pamphlets, maps, and lists of real estate for sale, all of which will give you something to put your mind at work on.

Then comes a trip to the state. In the back towns off the main roads many places not already bought by summer people are for sale. The safest procedure, I am told by Mr. Ogden of Landgrove—on whose experience I draw for the following notes—is to inquire of the town clerk. He (or, often, she) will tell you about real-estate dealers, or, quite likely, will graciously help you out himself, for in his official capacity as recorder of deeds he knows what is going on.

It is usually well to go directly to the owner of the house you have your eye on. Don't ask him if he wants to sell, but—does he know of anyone who does? Almost none of these places bear "For Sale" signs, yet most of them may be had for a price which seems low to the outsider, high to the owner. On the main highways the larger farms are not for sale, or, if so, such properties ordinarily interest only the real farmer.

When the place of your dreams is found, you must consider if it is practical—but not too practical, for the city man must

make up his mind to put up with some seeming disadvantages.

Vermont farmhouses are timber-framed or built of planks. A timber house may have a crumbled wall for foundation, a partly rotted sill, a broken or sagging plate (owing to water rot), and still be capable of economical repair. Sagging floors and partitions, pulled-away lean-tos, drooping corners, are not to be taken as making the place impractical. These timbers are generally eight by eight inches and, even when gone in several places, they may be replaced without great expense. The frame is like a heavy crate and can be tumbled around considerably without being permanently damaged. Floors can be leveled and walls plumbed.

Plank houses are rarer and seldom sag or droop. They are built of wood, but like masonry. Planks two by eight or larger are laid one on top of the other, making a solid wall eight inches thick, held together by wooden pins. Another type has walls made of plank three by twelve, or three by eighteen, set vertically. The plank house is usually warm.

Of supreme importance is water. Pressure systems, whether operated by hand, gasoline, or electricity, are inferior to gravity. Find a place with gravity-fed spring water or with a spring not too far away that may be piped to the house. An important thing is exposure, for the house first considered as a summer home may later be wanted as a permanent one, and winters in Vermont are usually cold. See that the house gets the maximum of sun and is sheltered from the prevailing wind. Don't put too great a valuation on view. A breath-taking panorama is fine, but a house on a cold and blustering site, bald and raw, is seldom homelike.

Chimneys are apt to be poor. See that they have tile flue linings. If you build a chimney, see that there is a flue in it which goes to the cellar—you may later want a furnace, and that flue will be worth two hundred dollars to you. If you build a fireplace, see that it is big enough to take four-foot wood. All cord wood comes that length, and it makes the cheapest fuel. It burns longer. Be sure that your water-pipes

are made safe from freezing. A summer home requires only that the pipes be drained upon closing, but it doesn't cost much to make it freeze-proof.

If you attempt to fix up your place with local labor, you may be in for some surprises. Business in a hill community is not what it is in the city. Here a different set of values prevail, among a different people. One day this man will not appear, another day some other will be gone. Your work will drag. You will not be able to get definite answers or promises out of your workmen. I am reminded of a woman who complained continually of the local labor and finally brought an Italian pair up from the city. The comparison, in her opinion, was all to the disparagement of the natives. She was not to be reassured. She could not see that the Italians were merely her servants, while these Vermonters were her helpers.

It is not a question of reliability, but of independence. Labor from Vermonters is always in the nature of help, not service. Their affairs are just as important as yours, and sometimes yours suffer at their expense.

Work yourself and you will find that your neighbors will be more interested in working with you than for you, and give full return for what they receive. Do not go outside your own neighborhood for help, if possible, as it may engender hard feelings. Take time, have patience, work much yourself, and exercise all of the suggested diplomacy in getting the local help to help you.

Many summer residents eventually become permanent ones, and Vermont wishes that more did so. On this Mrs. Fisher says:

"Come back for all the year to your Vermont summer home, where you will be thrice welcomed by people who are now your oldest friends, who have learned to value you through years of life in common. Yes, the winters are cold, we don't deny it. In fact we glory in it, and so will you when you have lived through one. Put a furnace or a base-burner into the house, put on some double windows, get yourself sure-enough



winter underwear and come back where, although you have passed some imaginary deadline in years, you will be prized and respected and valued for yourself more than anywhere else in the modern American world. As in the communities of Europe, older folks are liked and esteemed by Vermonters. Most of our communities are neither hustling nor populous. People in them have time enough and space enough to see you as you are, rich in experience and wisdom learned in an active life in the great world, hence sure to be a valuable citizen. Just by living on the same street with them, you will increase the value of their community life—and they know it. And no matter how small your pension is, some of the self-respecting people around you will be living on considerably less and enjoying life, too! And not in the least looked down on by anyone.

“There are plenty of well-to-do people in Vermont; but they delight as much as anybody in our tradition for simplicity of life, are proud of it, and take much more care than similar people in some other places, not to disturb it.”

## THE FARM IN VERMONT



I HAVE CERTAIN CITY FRIENDS of a Horatian complex who would like to have a little Sabine farm in Vermont and stretch their limbs 'neath our maple shade, as Horace stretched his 'neath the green arbut, with a jug of Vermont apple-jack near by, as Horace had his bowl of old Massic, and to conduct all labor by proxy. I myself have the same sentiment as Jonathan Swift in his imitation of Horace:

*I've often wished that I had clear,  
For life, six hundred pounds a year;  
A handsome house to lodge a friend;  
A river at my garden's end;  
A terrace walk, and half a rood  
Of land set out to plant a wood.*

Such play-farming places are to be had in Vermont, but here I have to do with farming as one of the fundamentals. Horace had slaves to cut his firewood and lift the yoke from his weary steers. While he wrote his verses, a "manly brood of peasant soldiers turned the clods with Sabine hoe." The average Vermont farmer has no wealthy Mæcnas to run to; what leisure and lucre he wins is usually hard won.

I have a venerable neighbor, the Reverend Walter R. Davenport, who is quite urbane for a Methodist elder, and he delights in recalling the hardships of his youth on a Vermont hill farm sixty-five years or more ago, "picking up stone."

Throughout our state I know many successful business and professional men who look back half-affectionately to similar farm chores, more numerous and harder than they are today, which were character-builders of a kind that came to give Vermont its best crop—men. Vermont soil has been one of the “seedbeds of the nation.”

I do not deal now with that crop; here I seek to snap the picture or assemble a sort of photomontage of Vermont farming, and a very difficult bit of photography that will be, with the risks of under- or over-exposure. The visitor whisking along Vermont's highways is conscious enough that farming is the basic industry of Vermont and would conclude that an industry so tied to the soil and to live-stock would be “well-rooted and stabilized.” As a matter of fact, fundamental as farming is, it is fickle; it is the whim of fashion and of new frontiers, and nothing about it is so constant as change.

When I was a boy, long trains of open-latticed cars rolled down the Rutland railroad every Monday morning heavily laden with bellowing cattle and snorting, squealing hogs on their way to Boston slaughter and refinement to the Norman beef, veal, and pork. There is no such scene or smell or sound today. Although live-stock shipping from Vermont by truck is still large, the change from the old days is the new dominance of the “milk train.” Every night while we Vermonters sleep, some eighty carloads of Vermont milk and cream are carried to Boston and New York consumers.

The most constant factor about Vermont is its greenness—its chlorophyll. The state might as properly be called the Green Grass State, as it is the Green Mountain State. Unless it be the Emerald Isle, I doubt if there is any region of the earth more eagerly green than is Vermont in its lush season. It has often been claimed that there is no part of the United States where more varieties of natural grasses grow more heartily than they do in Vermont. Thirty-five inches of average yearly rainfall, usually distributed evenly throughout the year, so water Vermont pasture and meadow that almost any

place in the state would serve as an inspiration for the Twenty-Third Psalm.

Given so much grass, Vermont's main problem has been to convert this scenery into a form of sustenance that would feed not alone the eye but the stomach of man. If we could adjust our appetites to relish grass *per se*—and I look out now upon a lawn that looks good enough to eat—our problem would be simple. The pioneer, beginning with relatively few domesticated animals, went in heavily for corn and then for wheat. In the Winooski valley where I now write, the Indians grew corn three hundred years ago. Though the so-called corn belt of the country is in the West, Vermont is far ahead of most of the country in the amount it can grow to the acre. In the past decade Vermont has averaged better than forty bushels of corn to the acre, with only two states ahead. When Vermont grew practically all its own wheat, as it did a century ago, the state stood third in the crop. Though wheat is now a minor crop in Vermont, I understand we can grow an average of twenty bushels to the acre (one year an average of twenty-nine), the average for the United States being only 12.9.

But grass is the great natural crop, and how to get good green money out of good green grass has been the Vermont farmer's problem. For a long time it was sheep that turned the trick. The tourist in Vermont today, seeing a sheep-dotted hill pasture, is likely enough to stop his car to take in this pastoral scene, for it is rather rare; but sixty or seventy-five years ago there were more than a million and a half sheep grazing on our farms, affording us not only lamb and mutton but three to four million pounds of wool wherewith we might be clothed; but change swept over all this, too. Ohio and more western states stole the sheep-raising honors; and today we feel rather sheepish to admit we have but forty-one thousand sheep in all Vermont!

There was the horse era, the time when Vermont was as famous for the Morgan horse as it was for the Merino sheep. We raised everything from racing and fine driving animals to



MILK PRODUCTION BY COUNTIES  
FROM U. S. CENSUS RETURNS OF 1929

*Courtesy Vermont State Planning Board*



horses to haul New York street-cars, and mule colts for the West Indies sugar trade. Today we have forty-six thousand horses and mules, many of them Western-bred.

When Ethan Allen suggested that a cow and a tree be pictured on the Vermont Great Seal he was a far-seer, for the cow and the tree have most notably afforded Vermont its livelihood. The cow may not be as sacred in Vermont as it is in India, but it seems quite as numerous. Vermont is today spoken of as unique in that it is the only state which has more cows than people.

According to the 1935 count the state had 409,527 cattle as compared with 359,000 humans. Of these cattle there were 291,870 cows and heifers two years old and over. From the teats of these cows come annually some billion pounds of milk to bring Vermont farmers some \$25,000,000 income. "God's jolly cafeteria," wrote E. M. Root, "with four legs and a tail."

Since the farmer is traditionally a poor bookkeeper, I wonder at the plethora of statistics with which the farm industry is surrounded. They seem to count every pound of milk, every pound of butter, every hen and every egg, every bushel of potatoes. And the figures show, as I have said, tremendous changes. In 1899, for instance, Vermont produced some 35,000,000 pounds of butter; today two or three million. And when I was a boy Vermont-made cheese was as common as home-grown potatoes, whereas today cheese-making in Vermont either on the farm or in the factory has almost ceased to be. However, cheese-factories are still operating at Mt. Holly, Shoreham, and Starksboro, and a new interest is being shown in a revival of the cheese industry.

The product of Vermont cows amounts to a billion pounds of milk, including 40,000,000 pounds of butter fat, and the bulk of it is handled today as fluid milk—not in the old-time, every-farmer-for-himself way, but through more than a hundred creameries and shipping stations, most of them co-operatives.

Keeping the cow in contented health is in itself an industry, and Vermont, with its naturally wholesome pasture land and fine spring water, now, after many years, can also boast of a complete state-wide eradication of tuberculosis among her herds. Bang's disease, or contagious abortion, is also being combated successfully with state and Federal aid, to the extent that we may achieve the perfect cow, if not a purple one.

Since Londonderry, New Hampshire, gave its name and some of its seed-men to Londonderry, Vermont, Vermont has a close association with the early history of the Irish potato in New England. For it was Londonderry, New Hampshire (settled by Presbyterian Irish in 1719) that first imported and began raising the potato as a food. In Marie Antoinette's time the potato, so far as it was then known in France, was valued mostly for its blossom. It was the court flower, and Marie wore the blossom in her hair. I have seen Vermont potato fields in bloom with flowers worthy to bedeck a queen.

The blighting of the potato crop in Ireland in 1845-6 brought many Irishmen and Irish potatoes to America, and many Irishmen came to Vermont to help build our railroads and raise potatoes. The old cow-horn potato still survives in Vermont as a reminder of that era, but since then there has been much experimentation carried on to bring the humble "spud" up to a more aristocratic standing, and it has in part succeeded. Vermont became in 1914, under E. S. Brigham, then Commissioner of Agriculture, the second state in the union to establish state certification of seed potatoes, since when the South and other potato-growing sections have looked to Vermont often for tagged and certified seed potatoes of the distinctive Green Mountain or Pride of Vermont or other varieties. The potato anywhere is heir to many ills, and Vermont, affording more isolation than some states, provides a good breeding-ground for "pure-blood murphies." Such certified plants produce much more than the average of 114 bushels per acre and command a better price.

My friend the idealist Julian Dimock tried to arouse the



Vermont farmer some years ago to truly fancy potato-packing—doing the big bakers up in tissue like California oranges, but this, although successful to some extent in commanding fancy prices from the best hotels and steamships, was too tony for the Vermont farmer. After all, a potato is a “tater.” Only a few Vermont farmers make the spud the main source of income, but every farmer and nearly every home gardener raises some. There are many farms where this is done by machinery—the potatoes being planted, bugged, and dug by machine. Two to three million bushels are an average state crop, but in 1840, when the potato was used for starch and alcohol, we had a nine million bushel year.

It takes from forty to fifty leaves to grow one apple, and Vermont in good years now grows upwards of two million bushels of apples, so if you are statistically inclined, you may count the number of apples in the next bushel you buy. Multiply that by two million, and multiply that by fifty, and the resultant figure will be the number of leaves on our Vermont apple trees. When I was a boy the average apple orchard in Vermont was made up of a motley lot of irregular trees, of which every farm and many village homes had some, and the fruit, as I remember it, was often so riddled with worms that it was a thrill to take a hearty bite and to see whether you had severed a good green worm right amidships. But the taste, even so flavored, was good. There’s nothing I can remember better than some of the old Russets and Fameuse and Sheep-noses.

All that is changed and I suppose for the better. Vermont now has about half a million apple trees mathematically set out and professionally nursed from infancy to old age, in half a hundred big orchards, and our orchardists usually make good on the slogan “Not a worm in a carload,” or “You can eat them in the dark.” This removes from apple-eating the perilous thrills of the old days, but it makes the Vermont apple more marketable. The orchard isn’t the artistic, rheumatic, worm-infested thing it once was, but instead, for instance, we

have one orchard (the Everetts') in Bennington with 40,000 trees, spread over an area of 650 acres, or a space slightly larger than all of Central Park, New York City. For many years this orchard was the largest privately-owned orchard east of the Mississippi. Up in the islands of northern Lake Champlain, where commercial apple-growing began in Vermont, there's the Grand Isle Orchard of 10,000 trees. To those islands a former New York Associated Press desk mate of mine jumped with a city bride twenty-odd years ago, planted 2,000 trees and five children all still growing.

Dr. John M. Thomas, former president of three colleges, is now president of the Vermont apple-growers, and in defense of the superior flavor of the Vermont product he delights to tell this story:

Once a President of the United States was enjoying a late autumn evening with a congenial company in a secluded camp. Toward bedtime this President (he was Hoover) brought out some apples which an admirer from some other state than Vermont had sent to him. The President bit into his in the old-fashioned way, and his friends did likewise. The apples were good—at least no one remarked that they were not good. But the Vermonter present excused himself a moment and returned shortly with a paper bag of apples he had brought in his grip.

"Try one of mine," he said to the President.

The President enjoyed the odor a moment, bit through the dark red skin, then said: "That's the finest apple I ever tasted! Where did you get it?"

It's a pity that it's true, but many besides Presidents have never known the flavor of the Vermont McIntosh. More's the pity that there is no need for such deprivation, for every year Vermont fruit-growers produce thousands of bushels of this variety, which tops the market every year, along with many Northern Spies, Baldwins, and Delicious.

John G. Saxe, Vermont poet, half a century or so ago declared Vermont was famous for four things:

*Men, women, maple sugar and horses;  
The first are strong, the last are fleet;  
The second and third are exceedingly sweet,  
And all are uncommonly hard to beat.*

It is sad to think that dripping water may wear away a stone, but sweet to think that the sap that comes drop by drop from 5,778,000 sugar maples in Vermont during a few weeks each spring is sufficient to fill the pockets of Vermont farmers with some two to three million dollars and adds in a good year some twelve million pounds of sugar to the country's supply. In this industry Vermont leads all the forty-eight states (although she taps only half of her maples) and is approached only by her neighboring Empire State, but even New York, with all her sprawling area, taps only 3,700,000 trees.

Every boy and girl in Vermont grows up with enough of a sweet tooth to relish say, syrup, and sugar. They often tap the maples on their own lawn, or even on the street, and if they do not drink the sap itself, mother shows them how to boil it down to little cakes, or to pour the gummy syrup over clean white snow. And few children grow up without the thrill of an evening sugarin'-off party right out in the spring woods before the snow goes.

But sugaring, too, is not the primitive thing it used to be. On a few farms the sap is still borne from the trees in pails yoked over the shoulders, perhaps in some it is still drawn to the sugar house in a tub-topped sled, by oxen; but in several of the large orchards of the state there is laid a labyrinth of tin pipe lines strung well above the ground from tree to tree, bringing the sap to central stations. The boiling down is done in huge galvanized iron pans or evaporators, very different from the old-time kettle.

Many a man and woman is ignorant that the cigar or cigarette he smokes is sweetened with Vermont maple sugar. Some years ago George C. Cary, a New England drummer,

took in payment for a bill of merchandise at some country store a large lot of maple sugar. That very week he happened to meet on the train a tobacco man from Richmond, Virginia, who was selling plug tobacco. He explained to Cary how plug tobacco was made with West Indies sugar used for the double purpose of flavoring the leaves and making them stick together.

"Why not use maple sugar?" Cary thought, and he succeeded in getting the tobacco man to try it, with the result that he eventually took the whole lot of sugar off his hands and the now general practice of sweetening tobacco with maple sugar was born. Cary himself later became the Maple Sugar King of America, building up in St. Johnsbury a business in Vermont maple products which ran into millions.

Charles Lamb's essay on Roast Pig is rivaled by Rowland Robinson's story about the discovery of maple sugar. It was this way:

"While Woksis, the mighty hunter, was out one day in search of game, his diligent squaw, Moqua, busied herself by embroidering him some moccasins. For the evening meal of her lord she boiled some moose meat in the sweet water from the maple tree just by the wigwam. Becoming interested in the pattern of the bear she was working, she forgot the moose meat and the sweet water boiled away to a thick brown syrup. When Woksis returned he found such a dainty morsel ready for his supper as he had never tasted before. The great chief eagerly devoured the viand, licked the kettle clean, and then went out and told his tribe that Kose-kus-beh, a heaven-sent instructor, had taught Moqua how to make a delicious food by boiling the juice of the maple, and the discovery soon became known among all the Indians."

At Dummersten, in the southeastern corner of the state, lived Myron F. Dutton, a farmer of eighty-odd years, who once took me across his pasture lots to show me some rheumatic, warty old rock maples, quite dead, but still standing, and these, he said, were the first sugar trees ever tapped by the white men in Vermont. He had a record of their being

tapped as early as March 19, 1764. One of the trees was fourteen feet in circumference near the ground, and around its base could be seen the knotted and uneven growth covering the wounds made by the ax and tapping iron, primitive tools used before the boring bit came into vogue.

Roast Vermont turkey appears on so many bills of fare that it is almost as well known as Vermont maple sugar, but it is often Texas turkey, I fear. Still, approximately thirty thousand turkeys are raised in Vermont each year, and more than half of them now go to market bearing an official green tag to show they are of Green Mountain State origin. In Brandon is a turkey farm with seven thousand birds on it, usually; on St. Albans Bay is another with five thousand turkeys.

But I cannot initiate the reader into all the aspects of farming in Vermont. I shall have to pass over our nearly a million hens and many millions, I suppose, of honey bees, except to say that there has been no radical departure in the methods of producing them, beyond certain refinements of quarters in beehives and hen-houses.

I have given enough of a picture of farming in Vermont, I hope, so that the tourist as he drives through will realize to some extent how the Vermont farmers make their living—and that is something that is an enigma to some of the farmers themselves. But considering they have as a growing-season but 110 to 160 days from the last spring frost to the first frost of fall each year, they do well, I think. And the produce is not all staple things. Some farmers make a side line of Christmas trees, of which several hundred car-loads go to market from our state each year; and some go in for fern-picking, the rich and hardy Vermont ferns being in demand by florists. I know one farmer in Taftsville who grew on a big commercial scale the aromatic ginseng root, which the Chinese consider helpful to combat old age; the state strawberry crop amounts to about a hundred thousand dollars; mink-farming is becoming common. I suppose experiments began with the pioneers. A century ago, at least, mention is made of planting many mulberry

trees in Vermont for the feeding of silkworms. The records of a year's production, a few years later, read: "4,286 pounds of silk in cocoons." For a time the state offered bounties and otherwise encouraged the raising of silk, but the idea soon faded, and Vermont relied, as it does now, chiefly on the green grass as the foundation of its farm income.

Change, did I say? It has come over the old county fairs in Vermont, too. The fair-grounds at White River Junction have been given up to a permanent airport; those of the Valley Fair at Brattleboro have been abandoned after a famous history; and many other big fairs of yesteryear are no more. Some hold on, one of the largest being the Champlain Valley Exposition at Essex Junction, near Burlington. Rutland also continues to have its big fair each year, ranking third or fourth among all New England fairs. And there are some minor ones which are distinctive, especially the "World's Fair" at Tunbridge, or the fair at Bondville. These have a character all their own, and the visitor to the state would enjoy seeing them. But with the automobile making remote points now accessible, many Vermont farmers attend the Eastern States Exposition at Springfield, Massachusetts, where Vermont has a permanent building and an exhibit each year.

Organization has worked a change in farming in Vermont. The Grange has a great hold on the state, social and otherwise; the Farm Bureau functions in every county; the State Department of Agriculture is amazingly active in insect-control, cow-testing, eradication of live-stock diseases, and the inspection and grading of Vermont farm produce, to which now is affixed a distinctive label for protection of the consumer. The Agricultural Extension Service of the University of Vermont, and the County Agents and Home Demonstrators, add helpful activity to the picture, promoting scientific methods. The state supports an agricultural school at Randolph. The Vermont Dairymen's Association is one of the largest organizations in the state. The potato-growers,

turkey-raisers, poultry- and egg-producers and bee-keepers all have their associations, too. The Vermont Horticultural Society is a lively organization, most of its apple-growing members being college graduates. Two of the large cattle-breeding associations of America have their national headquarters in Vermont, the Holstein-Friesian at Brattleboro and the Ayrshire at Brandon. The 4-H clubs of boys and girls throughout the state are fostering a new interest and regard for farming among the younger generation.

To approach a conclusion with a statistical shower: Vermont has 27,061 farms by the 1935 count, although in 1870 it had over 34,000. Many of these farms have been abandoned to revert to forest lands; some have been sold for summer homes; and some are merged with other farms. But the farms that are left have an estimated value of \$115,000,000 and their products about \$80,000,000 annually.

During the five years from 1930 to 1935, the Vermont farm population jumped from 112,904 to 122,655, a gain of over 2,000 a year if the census bureau is right.

Though we think of the average Vermont farm as a small one, this is not so. The average farm in Vermont has 156 acres, and that is three times the size of Boston Common. There is no state east of the Mississippi whose farms average larger than those of Vermont. And Vermont's farm buildings, while not the last word in luxury and comfort, are better than the national average, a value of \$2,620 being given per Vermont farm for buildings, as against \$1,781 for the country at large. More than half the Vermont farms have telephones and two-thirds are piped for water—and what water! Electric light and power are abundant in the state, and these services are steadily being extended.

The crowning glory of farming in Vermont, if any, is that it is owner-farming and not tenant-farming. Ninety per cent of Vermont farms are operated by their owners (nine thousand debt-free, with fourteen thousand mortgaged). The pic-

ture in the south is reversed; in Mississippi seventy-two per cent of farms are operated by tenants.

H. L. Mencken has declared: "No one hates his job so heartily as the farmer." There may be some Vermont farmers who might say "Amen" to this; but the majority it would be hard to lure away from the hills and fields they love, however hard the work. They would retort, in the words of Robert Bloomfield: "If fields are prisons, where is Liberty?"



## WHAT'S UNDERNEATH US



EVER SINCE, as a boy, I visited Henry Fox's gold mine at Tyson, in the town of Plymouth, I have been romantically curious about what is underneath us in Vermont. Obviously, there is more underneath us than under some of the flat states; for the more the earth rises above sea-level, the deeper the distance from the surface to the core.

Our Green Mountains are so densely wooded that they may conceal riches whereof we have not dreamed. However, we have dreamed of almost everything, and our subterranean speculations are still running strong. At the moment of writing I read in the newspapers of the discovery near Cuttingsville of a molybdenum ore deposit "which is expected to yield more than ten million dollars' worth of mineral"—molybdenum being a metallic element of the chromium group used by steel companies in making certain alloys of high tensile strength.

Before the reader rushes to invest in any Vermont mining stock, however, he may like to hear some other stories, and I have some which may tax the credulity of Vermonters themselves, for most of us have dug no deeper into our state than the plowshare or garden spade may take us. But mineralogists, expert and amateur, have, here and there, shot Vermont full of holes and have dragged up much subcutaneous information. Why, right here in Montpelier, within half a mile of my home, they sank a drill several hundred feet deep once upon a

time in search of salt, when that commodity was rare, and found none.

When the gold rush to California began in 1849, many a Vermonter joined it, and when some of these came back to their native hills trained in the technique of panning for gold, they found gold right in their own back yards, or in some of their brooks, as is evidenced by the topographic maps, which show a number of "gold brooks" in Vermont. Gold has been discovered in about sixty towns of the state, but not in sufficient quantities to make any Vermonter rich.

The Tyson mine, which I visited as a boy, was opened by one of these returned California gold-hunters, William Hankerson, in 1855, in which year it yielded him about five hundred dollars. The Plymouth Gold Mining Company was later organized, with a capital of fifty thousand dollars. The property included sixty acres of land and included the pond and the Glen House hotel near it—a hotel whose dance-floor was laid on rubber balls! Small quantities of gold were found and sold to the government. Henry Fox, an adventuring Englishman who had been to a school of mines, was engaged as "assayer." When, at length, the mine was abandoned, Fox continued on the property as caretaker until his past-due salary led to a suit and to his possession of the mine. Here he remained until quite recent time, a hermit living in "Gold Brook Chateau," continuing to explore and to show to visitors the 365-foot tunnel that had been excavated in the mountain-side, and panning the brook for infinitesimal amounts of gold.

In the year 1860 seven thousand dollars' worth of gold is said to have been washed from Plymouth brooks and ponds, but the largest single lump of gold ever found in Coolidge's home town was valued at only fourteen dollars. Plymouth made more money later when a gang of counterfeiters operated there.

Iron ore proved more profitable than gold at Plymouth and at a number of other towns, including Bennington, Tinmouth, Chittenden, Brandon, and Pittsford. Camouflaged by a dense

growth of birches, a large blast furnace still stands on Furnace Brook in Pittsford, as a memorial to the days when the iron industry gave employment to several hundred persons in Vermont, from about 1820 to 1860. Iron ore was first discovered in Vermont at Brandon in 1810, and bar iron was manufactured there for many years. Tyson Furnace, where stoves were made, is now only a memory marked by a ruined wall across the road from the schoolhouse of today.

The same Tysons, of Baltimore, who opened the iron furnace in Plymouth were also interested in copper mining and smelting in Vermont. The region of copper is mainly in Orange County, in the towns of Vershire, Strafford, Chelsea, and Corinth, and copper is one of the most fascinating of Vermont's underground stories, for some persons believe the opportunity of profitable copper mining here is still promising.

The first copper mine in the state was opened at Strafford in 1793, but it was used for some years only as a source of copperas or ferrous sulphate. Smelting was not begun until 1830. The ore for a time was considered the richest in the United States, but then came the discovery and working of the great Lake Superior deposits, eclipsing Vermont suddenly and completely.

George Westinghouse, of air-brake fame, was an owner of some of these Vermont copper mines for a time. During the World War the so-called Ely mines in Fairlee were reopened by a syndicate of New York and Western men, but work was barely under way when the war ended and the price of copper dropped below the point of profit. Former Governor Stanley C. Wilson, of Chelsea, is among a number of Vermonters who believe the state may yet take its place among the copper-producing sections of the country.

In the Strafford mines twenty-five holes have been sunk by diamond drill to a total of nine thousand feet of borings, and "based on the evidence of these drill cores," says a state geologist's report, "it has been estimated that there are at present some six hundred thousand tons of ore in sight."

A hole was drilled to a vertical depth of fifteen hundred feet in the copper mine at Vershire—one point in Vermont that is actually below sea-level, as may be verified in the state geologist's report of 1902. In 1880 there were one hundred and forty houses around this mine, accommodating a thousand workmen, and its annual production was 3,500,000 pounds of copper.

I have spoken thus far mostly of abandoned dreams and abandoned mines. But what is Vermont now taking profitably from the bosom of its hills? Mainly, as all the world knows, it is stone, and more kinds of stone than the reader is familiar with, I am sure.

Asbestos, more of a mineral than a stone, is at the head of the alphabetical list of Vermont's natural resources. This fibrous mineral wool which has come into widespread use for insulation is found more abundantly in Vermont, I believe, than in any other section of the United States. Vermont is particularly rich in the silken long-haired asbestos known as chrysotile, found and mined extensively in Lowell, Eden, Belvidere, and some other places in northern Vermont. The United States geological survey in 1912 reported: "Vermont continues by far the most important producer of chrysotile in the United States; in fact it was the only producer this year aside from the small supply reported from Wyoming."

There are some Vermont hillsides where tourists may see white clouds of dust arising from the wooded slopes. It is not a forest fire, but probably a talc mine. Soapstone, which we used to warm and take to bed with us on cold winter nights, is talc in a compact form. The Indians used soapstone because it was so easily cut, and from it they fashioned their smoking pipes and bowls. New York is a close rival of Vermont in the production of the easily powdered talc, and I believe the two states together produce more than two-thirds of all that is mined in this country.

Talc has a hundred uses, the chief of which is in the manufacture of paper. Who knows but that the paper in this book

may be bringing you a small sample of Vermont soil? Talc also goes into your automobile tires, and of course it goes on your face after shaving, and on my lady's nose. But, ten to one, that is French talc. At Johnson, Waterbury, Rochester, Chester, and other places in Vermont deposits are found—about forty deposits in all, of which half a dozen are being worked on a large scale.

Related to talc is marble, and that is where Vermont comes in in a truly big way. As I said at the outset of this book, the western portion of Vermont was once an inland sea, and deposits of sand and lime-producing shellfish began millions of years ago the work of building Vermont marble beds, all on the western side of the Green Mountains. Vermont owes million of dollars to those shellfish. Their lime has kept Vermont soil from going sour, and the marble has built for all the country countless buildings and monuments.

In Revolutionary days the Green Mountain Boys began splitting marble from open ledges for fireplace hearths and for tablets over graves (the oldest marble tablet is dated 1759), but a long time passed before the extent of the marble deposits was known and extensive quarrying began. In the days of Julius Cæsar white Carrara marble was quarried in Italy, and Pliny reported in his history that the stone was cut with bands of iron wearing down on wet sand into the marble—a method revived centuries later in Vermont.

The first marble was quarried in Vermont—indeed, the first in the United States—at Dorset in 1785, and almost every town on the west side of the state was later found to have deposits, most of which have been worked to some extent, but the center of the industry is in Rutland and Proctor, the home of the Vermont Marble Company, a corporation which has control of most of the marble resources of the state.

The company now owns 28,000 acres of land and operates quarries not only in Vermont, but in Colorado, Montana, and Alaska, with an annual output of approximately a million cubic feet. The Arlington Memorial—the largest cemetery

monument in the world—which was built within sight of the nation's Capitol at a cost of nearly a million dollars, is of Vermont marble. Here the nameless dead are commemorated by the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier.

At Proctor is a permanent exhibit of the wonders of Vermont marble, for there are about sixty varieties of this stone, in all colors. Red is found in Swanton. Up in the islands of Lake Champlain is found (on Isle La Motte) a black marble, and out of our green hills in several places comes a green marble—verd antique—a deep, lustrous green, known to the geologist as serpentine, as it is mottled somewhat like the skin of a snake; or perhaps the name is taken from the superstition that the application of this green stone to the body was a cure for snake-bite. Pliny knew of the same stone in Italy, and Italian sculptors have called it “ranochia” because of its likeness to the skin of a frog. All of which is good to remember the next time you visit your bank, undoubtedly trimmed with Vermont's verd antique. It is one of the hardest forms of marble known.

But it isn't as hard as granite—another basic Vermont stone. New Hampshire, to be sure, is known as “the Granite State,” and has in its mountains more obvious outcroppings of granite perhaps than Vermont. But when it comes to quarrying and fashioning the stone, it is Vermont that leads the country. As marble is the pride and profit of the west side of the Green Mountains, granite is the great natural resource of the east side, and not so widely scattered. Its chief center is in the neighborhood of Barre, but it is found as far north as Derby on the Canadian line, and as far south as Dummerston, near the Massachusetts line.

The largest granite-quarrying area in the United States is in Barre, where both light and dark-gray granite are quarried by eight concerns and turned into monuments or other stone by about one hundred and sixty manufacturers in Barre, Montpelier, Waterbury, and Northfield, all situated in Washington County. Some years the value of the product has run to about

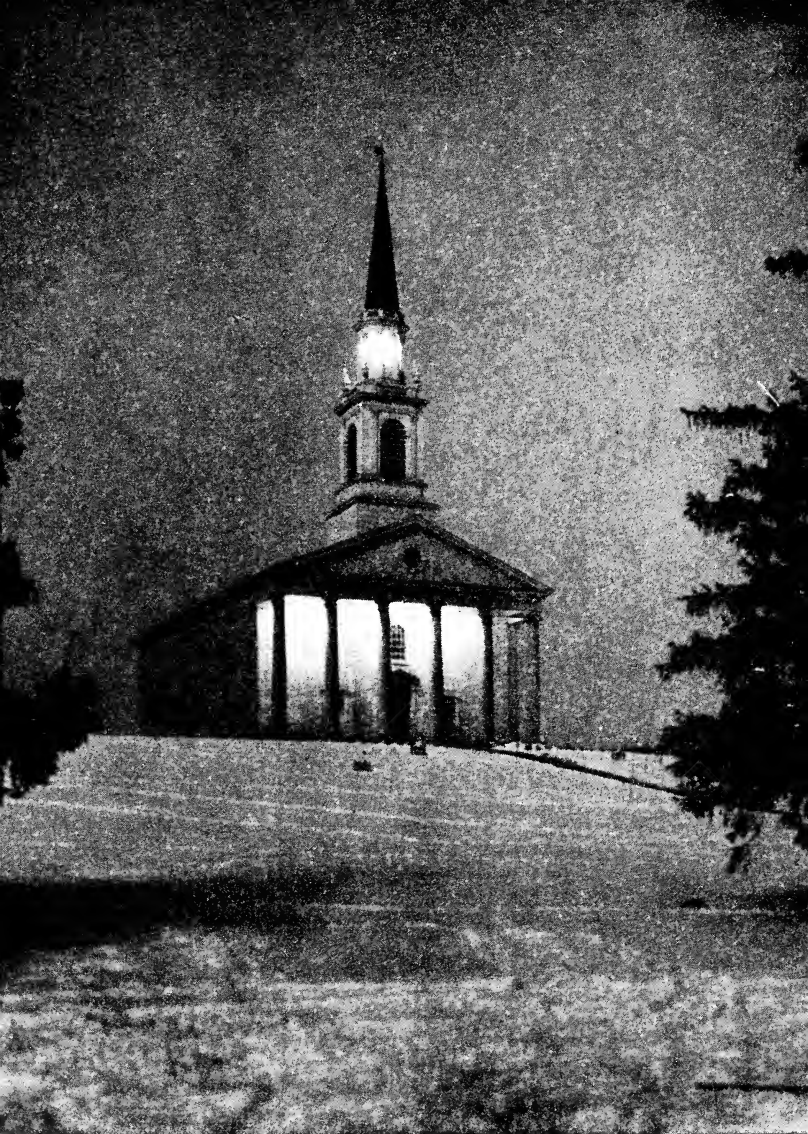


*Every state in the Union has some of Vermont's granite.  
Wetmore-Morse quarries, Barre.*

*Pillars of Justice—these columns turned at the Vermont Marble Company  
plant in Proctor now support the United States Supreme Court Building.*

O. W. HILLS





*"The strength of the hills is His also." The Vermont meeting-house was copied in marble in this Mead Memorial Chapel at Middlebury.*



ten million dollars. Light granite is used for finely hammered or rock-faced monuments, and the dark Barre granite, being susceptible of a high polish, is largely used in polished form. Monuments have been shipped from Barre to almost every quarter of the globe. Granite from the Bethel and Woodbury quarries has gone to build some of the finest public buildings in the United States.

Least known among Vermont's major stone industries is slate. The extreme western boundary, in the central part of the state, bordering on New York, around Poultney, Fair Haven, Pawlet, Rupert, and Wells, is the site of the great slate quarries, second only to those of Pennsylvania in their production. Long before Shakspeare's day slate was used for roofs at Stratford-on-Avon. A Saxon chapel there was so roofed during the eighth century, and the slate, now moss-covered, is said to be still keeping off the rain. It was for roofs that slate became in great demand, and Vermont slate has covered hundreds of thousands of homes; but today Vermont slate goes into many other things—switchboards, billiard-table tops, laundry tubs, and what not, its latest vogue being for flooring for porches and for garden walks. Here in the slate region the Welsh have their largest community in Vermont, founded as far back as 1877, when one hundred and fifty slate-makers came here from the Bethesda district in Wales.

To end my light digging into facts about Vermont's stone and mineral resources, I take the reader back to the beginning, to the days when Indians used Vermont as a sort of buffer state between the Algonquins to the north and the Iroquois on the west. Arrow-heads of flint were the thing in greatest demand in those days, and quantities of them have been picked up in Vermont. Where did the Indians find the flint? And where did they fashion it into arrow-heads?

Arnold Ross, pursuing Indian relics as a hobby, finds near St. Albans Bay (on the farm of H. K. Brooks) a large chert or flint knoll "rising up out of the Champlain lowlands like an eroded butte," and similar knolls are found in the vicinity of

Milton and Hathaway's Point, near by. The first-mentioned, however, was the scene of the most extensive Indian operations. The hill is covered with rough-shaped forms of arrow-heads—discarded seconds—with here and there a perfect one. Hammer stones, from those weighing a few ounces to huge mauls weighing twenty pounds, are found scattered about the quarry. It is easy to imagine the scene—the redskins breaking out the rough stone, and others, seated on some of the boulders in the vicinity, patiently hammering out the spear- and arrow-heads, centuries ago. Such was one of the earliest forms of quarrying and manufacturing in Vermont.

From that day to this, from arrow-heads to great grave-stones and granite building blocks, Vermont has chipped away at its green mountains, and generations of vegetation have covered up the many scars. Though we have in one instance, at Vershire, bored down fifteen hundred feet, we are still but vaguely aware of what is underneath us. We have no hopes of striking oil, but our latest bonanza is molybdenum, and who knows but that Henry Fox's abandoned gold mine at Plymouth may yet prove a strike? You are welcome to try it, or to pan our Vermont brooks for gold whenever the fever gets you.

## MADE IN VERMONT



WHEN I CAN'T SLEEP I do not count an endless line of sheep, but, with my mind's ear, I listen to the hum of industry in the old woollen-weaving mill which I knew in my youth. I can remember bird notes in that valley, too; and I can remember the noise of the wind in the trees when a storm came over Mt. Okemo and dropped down into our little bowl-like village; but of all the sounds, I think that I liked best, and certainly can remember most vividly, the noise of water going over the mill-dam and, on a summer day when all the mill windows were open, the drone of the shuttles, flicking to and fro, to and fro, usually from dawn till dark, and often, in those prosperous days, well into the night in the lighted mill. And the best-remembered smells were those of the greasy wool and the dye-stuffs.

My affection for the mill may be the greater because I never had to work in it, as some of my Black River academy mates did; but I am naturally fascinated by industry and invention and I am surprised every time that I take inventory of the many things made and invented in Vermont.

The tourist who comes tripping through our valleys is thinking of Vermont as a state for "recreation," little considering what part we play in "creation," and even if he considers the matter he is more or less at a loss to find in any one place any great signs of our industry. The fact is, and

fortunately, that our hills and our woods somewhat muffle the hum of our mills and screen our smokestacks, for none of them are very large ones. If Vermont industry were bunched on the Hackensack flats it would be more impressive, but not so interesting as it is scattered in respect both to its location and to its variety of product. "Diversity" has been Vermont's watchword, and it has saved the state from the worst of the depressions which more intensified industry has known. We have made almost everything in Vermont, from counterfeit money to clothes-pins and coffins.

We began with pot and pearl ashes. From that industry I imagine sprang the names which Montague Glass made famous—Potash and Perlmutter. Here and there you still find on Vermont maps "Potash hill" or "Potash brook" reminiscent of the pioneer days. When the first settlers came, the clearing of the land brought down more trees than they had any use for. They had wood to burn, and burned it in huge quantities, often merely to reduce it to ashes, then its most marketable form. Potash, chemically known as potassium carbonate, was prepared by leaching wood ashes to form lye. It was used in making soap, glass, and other things; while pearlash was a refined form, similar to baking soda. Ashes thus became Vermont's first money crop; and if driven to it, Vermont may go back again to ashes as a basis for currency.

The first patent ever issued by the United States government was granted, July 31, 1790, to Samuel Hopkins of Burlington. It was for a process of making pot and pearl ash and was signed by George Washington, President, and Thomas Jefferson, Secretary of State.

Here and there the tourist will find in Vermont a big doughnut-shaped granite millstone, or half of one, serving as a doorstep. These are reminders of the grist-mill days. First it was every man for himself in grinding his corn. A bowl-like place was cut in a tree-stump, a sapling hung over it, like a well-sweep, and a heavy stone lifted and let down to pound the corn. But it was not long before the waterfalls were

harnessed and made to turn the water-wheel and the upper and nether millstones to do the grinding—an enterprise which was encouraged by small subsidies offered to the miller.

The first saw-mills were “up and down” affairs, and when I began this chapter I was confident that Jeremiah Hall of Middlebury had rightful claim to the invention of the circular saw in 1806, as set forth proudly by Thomas H. McLeod in a paper read before the Vermont Historical Society in 1863. Mr. Hall did astound his neighbors by filing a few saw-teeth in a circular piece of steel, attaching it to a simple horizontal shaft, and setting it to work. He has been given a deal of credit for his magnanimity in handing this unpatented invention on to posterity, while he “died on the town.”

Surely the circular saw was a great boon to civilization and whoever invented it ought to be made famous in song and story. However, I am forced for the present to accept the claim that this labor-saving idea was born in the mind of a woman (though few women are mothers of inventions). This woman was Tabitha Babbitt, a Shakeress. In the records of the Shaker Museum at Harvard, Massachusetts, is an account of how Tabitha one day sat spinning and noticed the brethren sawing in the old-fashioned way. “She observed that half the motion was lost. She made a tin disk, notched it around the edges, slipped it on the spindle of her wheel, tried it on a shingle, found it would cut, and thus gave to the world the first buzz-saw. The first model made under her instructions is in the Geological building, Albany, N. Y.” As this exhibit (still to be seen) is dated 1803, it appears that Tabitha Babbitt was three years ahead of Jeremiah Hall, Vermonter, to whom we have been paying our respects as inventor of the circular saw.

The Vermont Guild of Old Time Crafts and Industries, a non-profit-making body incorporated in 1936, with Ralph E. Flanders of Springfield as chairman of the board, proposes to set up a museum of old-time crafts and industries and to maintain educational instruction by men who still know the meth-

ods and the spirit of these crafts. On the property adjoining the Farrar-Mansur Community House on the Common at Weston is an old wood-working mill powered by a waterfall. Here is to be installed an old-fashioned up-and-down saw, which will be run by the water-wheel, and the old mill will be fully restored to show a type of mill no longer in operation anywhere in America. Likewise an old grist-mill will be restored.

In the museum of the Vermont Historical Society at Montpelier may be seen an old wooden plow. It must have had many a strain in some of our stony fields, but by 1800 the Vermonter had learned the trick of taking iron from our mountains and making it into plowshares, stoves, kettles, and other utensils of which he had great need.

It was a Vermont blacksmith, John Deere (born in Rutland, in 1804), who, after migrating to Grand Detour, Illinois, invented the steel plow. The cast-iron plow, which was invented by Charles Newbold in 1796, worked poorly in the damp, mucky soil of the prairies, for the muck stuck to the rough cast-iron. The Vermont blacksmith, Deere, on visiting a saw-mill one day in 1837 saw a large circular saw of bright steel that had been broken and discarded. The idea came to him that perhaps the prairie soil would not stick to the shiny steel surface. He tried it and found he was right. The plow worked, and it went far toward the tilling of the prairie West.

A state which was once famous for the sheep it grew naturally became a woolen-mill state, and though Vermont now has few sheep, it still has many woolen mills—several in the Black River valley, some at Quechee and Hartford, Johnson, Northfield, and the largest at Winooski. Cotton mills flourish in Bennington, Chittenden, and Windham counties, but they employ all together but 2,000 hands as compared with about 4,300 in the woolen mills. Bennington, indeed, is said to have had a woolen mill in operation prior to the Revolution, and a cotton mill by 1811. A report made to the Vermont legislature in 1809 accounted for over a million yards of cotton and linen

and about a million yards of woolen cloth made in Vermont that year; and 261 tanneries, 312 grist-mills, 1,081 saw-mills, eight potteries, 17 paper mills, and two glass-factories were also listed in the state.

The late Governor James Hartness, of Springfield, when candidate for governor, visualized a factory at every cross-roads, but though he failed to get any such program through, he did make the town of Springfield famous as a manufacturing town and himself famous as an inventor. More than a hundred patents stand in his name, most of them having to do with machines which made machines. Through his leadership and that of several others who might with equal justice be pointed to, Springfield became world-known for its product of lathes, gear-shapers, grinders, and other tools known only to the machine trade.

Windsor, in the Connecticut valley, was not only "the Birthplace of Vermont," but early worked itself into real prominence in the mechanical world. The War of 1812 made it evident that America must rely upon its own ability to make textiles, and Windsor was one of the towns to take up the challenge with a woolen mill. But after the war the American market was again swamped with English manufactures, and the Windsor textile mill went out of business. Windsor had other irons in the fire, however. One Lemuel Hedge of that town invented a process for the rapid ruling of blank books, which came into universal use. And then he invented a device for dividing scales, which led to the later establishment of the Stanley Rule and Level Company in Connecticut. Hedge, by the way, was the inventor of the handy folding two-foot rule so universally used today.

The development of the modern repeating rifle may also be traced in part to Windsor. Asahel Hubbard made in Windsor the first Kendall rifles, examples of which are preserved today in the museum in the Tower of London; and one also, which was once owned by President Chester A. Arthur, is in the collection of the Vermont Historical Society in Montpelier.

Nicanor Kendall, the inventor of this rifle, was one day riding in a sleigh with his intended future wife, when he started to draw a rifle from beneath the fur robe to shoot at a squirrel. The gun accidentally discharged, sent its bullet through Kendall's hand, and grazed the head of his fiancée—an incident which led him to invent the Kendall rifle. And this was only the beginning of Windsor's work in rifle-improvement and manufacture, the steps in which are too numerous and technical for telling here. Later Windsor came to have boom days in the manufacture of other machine tools, bolts, screws, and nuts, under the National Acme Company, but this company later concentrated its manufactures in Cleveland, Ohio, and Windsor yielded to Springfield the leadership in machine-works.

If Vermont cannot claim invention of the circular saw, it can of the carpenter's steel square, along with the two-foot folding rule, as previously mentioned. Silas Harris, blacksmith at South Shaftsbury more than a century ago, came into possession of a heap of worn-out saws. Welding two of the saws together at right angles, he formed the first steel square, of marked advantage over the wooden square then in use. After 1814 Harris patented his invention and began making squares in great numbers, and in South Shaftsbury to this day about a hundred persons are employed carrying on the manufacture of such squares.

Scales of one kind or another seem to be a hobby among Vermont inventors. Indeed, Vermont became nationally known for the two large scale-works at St. Johnsbury and Rutland—the Fairbanks and the Howe companies, makers of lever and platform scales. We seem to have a leaning toward instruments of precision.

Vermont cemeteries bear evidence that it was some time before the early settlers thought to mark their graves with granite, as is almost universal in the state today. Slate and marble were first used. All three of these stones are most plentiful in Vermont, as described in another chapter. The



handling of stone products constitutes one of the largest industries of the state, as everyone is aware. Barre, a few miles from the capital of Vermont, leads all the United States in granite-production, employing about four thousand people and turning out nearly ten million dollars' worth of stone a year, mostly for memorial purposes. Rutland and Proctor are the centers of the marble industry; and Fairhaven and Poultney on the west side of the state are centers of the slate industry. The Vermont Marble Company, with nearly 3,500 persons on its payroll, is probably the largest manufacturing company in the state. The founder of the company, Redfield Proctor, was Secretary of War in President Harrison's cabinet, and after that he served as United States Senator until his death in 1908. There are marble shops and mills in Proctor, with other plants at Rutland, Brandon, Middlebury, Swanton, Roxbury, Danby, Dorset, and Manchester.

Sawing marble with sand and water and toothless saws in gangs, driven by water or other power, was the invention (so far as the Vermont marble industry was concerned) of a Middlebury boy, Isaac Markham, although it is said in Pliny's works that this method of sawing was practiced by the Egyptians more than two thousand years ago, and the art later lost. Today at Proctor the marble is sawed by a circular saw with 125 diamonds in it.

I have spent many an interesting hour in the Estey Organ shops in Brattleboro, watching the manufacture of both small reed and large pipe organs—the whole process from lumberyard to studio room where the instrument was played for the visitor's entertainment and the company's inspection. Jacob Estey, the founder, began business as a plumber and maker of lead pipe about a century ago, but switched over to the making of melodeons and himself peddled them around New England in the days long before the phonograph and radio. He and his son Julius built up such a business that for a time the Estey works were known as "the largest in the world," though they are not that today. But they did send their reed instruments

to all quarters of the world—upwards of half a million of them—and also manufactured several thousand pipe organs, which grace some of the fine churches of the country.

Woodworking is one of the cleanest and most fascinating of Vermont's many industries. The little village of Stowe used to be famous for its butter-tubs, but when Vermont quit making butter on the big scale of the old days, the Stowe industry had a slump, until in recent years it has readjusted itself and had a little boom in making wooden kitchen-ware, some of which is shipped abroad. I know a young man who set up a mill for sawing ash strips for tennis-racket handles, and, simple as his little plant is, it has made him rich.

According to the Commissioner of Forestry, 3,427,418 acres, or sixty-four per cent of the state's total area, is forested, and the hard growth represents about fifty per cent of the forest area. From our forests we consume annually some 400,000,000 board feet, it is estimated, the largest part of which goes into cordwood for fuel, but 127,000,000 feet go into manufactured wood products, 85,000,000 into building materials, 22,000,000 into railroad materials (mostly ties), and 24,000,000 into pulpwood for your newspaper. Lumber cut or manufactured in Vermont gives employment to over 8,000 in five hundred industrial establishments, and to over 2,000 men in the woods.

Here in Montpelier we turn beautiful white birch trees into clothes-pins by the millions upon millions. In Orleans is a plant where they make most of the piano sounding-boards used in this country. Vermont makes fifteen million board feet of veneer or plywood. Bellows Falls is the chief paper-making town of the state, and printing, a related industry, thrives particularly in Brattleboro, Rutland, Burlington, Montpelier, and some other places.

The tourist may bisect Vermont's nine thousand square miles of territory both ways in a single day, and scarcely realize that anybody in Vermont except the cud-chewing kine on our hillsides is producing anything, but from the directory

of Vermont manufactures issued by the Associated Industries of Vermont I have culled, and juxtaposed, the following items which are Vermont-made:

*Double-pointed tacks, tanks and penstocks.*

*Tents and flags and awnings.*

*Scales, maple sugar, and boring tools.*

*Brass and bronze and breakfast foods.*

*Ice cream and dye-stuffs.*

*Clothes-pins and coffins.*

*Gravestones and spinning tops.*

*Cow remedies and glazier tools.*

*Clapboards and all-wool trousers.*

*Can-openers and Christmas seals.*

*Pipe organs and pop soda.*

*Poultry feed and building brick.*

*Blankets and brush-handles.*

*Marble altars and wooden bobbins.*

*Toilet paper and cast-iron pipe.*

*Cotton goods and cement lime.*

*Mausoleums and knitting needles.*

*Baked goods and roofing slate.*

*Gear-shapers and dairy butter.*

*Lastblocks and fire-escapes.*

*Potato chips and reworked wool.*

*Steel traps and piano actions.*

*Motor valves and matrix paper.*

*Leather goods and picnic baskets.*

*Mattresses and cut slate flooring.*

*Refrigerators and housedresses.*

*Dressed lumber and calfskins.*

*Lock-corner boxes and men's shirts.*

*Gas engines and knit underwear.*

*Flour, feed, and butter-tubs.*

*Rakes, hoes, and toilet articles.*

*Auto tops and structural slate.*

*Wooden bowls and canvas mittens.  
Boom derricks and parcel-handles.  
Chairs and worsted fabrics.  
Tin cans and chuck grinders.  
Carving tools and pulpwood.  
Powdered talc and duck knickers.  
Granite garden furniture and wood heels.  
Crushed marble and time clocks.  
Nightgowns and bread-wrappers.  
Hosiery and brass castings.  
Oars, paddles, and croquet sets.  
Evaporators, axes, and scythes.  
Colored tissue and window-sash.  
Steel springs and overalls.  
Veneer and peanut butter.  
Patching plaster and pillow slips.  
Screen doors and toilet seats.  
Shingles and smokestacks.  
Stove lining and silverware.  
Opera seats and picture postcards.  
Juvenile vehicles and smoking-stands.  
Paving blocks and bed springs.  
Bowling pins and calendars.  
Fishing tackle and flavoring extracts.  
Furs and furniture.  
Grease and condensed milk.  
Mirrors and maps.  
Tallow and tennis rackets.  
Skewers and sap spouts.  
Pelts and penholders.  
Spices and salad dressing.  
Books and ball bats.  
Cream and confectionery.  
And bread and butter!*

*To say nothing of our newest venture in manufactures—  
rum from maple sap!*

Altogether Vermont has 1,290 manufacturing establishments, about 34,000 workers in them, and a payroll of about \$34,000,000. And the state has power. In the pioneer days it had man power. Then it had horse and water power. Then, just as steam was coming in, a Brandon blacksmith, Thomas Davenport, invented the electric motor. By the roadside in Brandon the tourist may read a tablet put up by the Allied Electric Industries of America to commemorate the work of Davenport (1802-51), "The Inventor of the Electric Motor." The young blacksmith bought an electromagnet which was used to separate iron from the ore over at Crown Point, New York, and after studying this magnet, he himself made others. His loyal wife tore up her wedding dress to provide silk to wind the magnets, and, lo and behold, Davenport did turn a wheel by electric power, very much as wheels are turned by all our motors today; but he had invented the motor before anybody had invented the generator, and a motor turned by batteries was too frail a thing to make much headway. He also invented the electric railway, and demonstrated it in several cities. He made his motor turn his own printing press, and on it printed the first magazine given up to electricity exclusively.

Vermont is today dotted with hydroelectric plants—so many of them that one of the chief industries of the state is the manufacture of power, which not only makes things in this state, but nearly half of which is exported to other manufacturing centers of New England. Fifteen Mile Falls, on the upper reaches of the Connecticut River, is one of the largest in the East. On this river also are notable plants at Bellows Falls and Vernon. There are many other developments, such as one on the Lamoille at Morrisville (which town boasts the lowest electric rate in the United States) and on the Winooski River; others in Somerset, Readsboro, Whitingham, and Springfield.

Dorman B. E. Kent of Montpelier in the new 1937 edition of his book *Vermonters* lists fourteen hundred native-born Vermonters who have attained some real achievement. From

his book I find Vermonters are credited, for instance, with inventing the "patent insides" for newspapers, the refrigerator car, pails and tubs of wood pulp, canning of meat, discovery of laughing gas, the electric motor, the electric locomotive, the steel plow, the lever or platform scales, the sleeping car and parlor car, gimlet-pointed screws, Hood's Sarsaparilla, the Otis elevator, the roller process for making flour, the time lock, the steamboat, and the steam calliope.

It all goes to show that Vermonters have been busy with their heads as well as hands, and versatile enough in both their industry and their invention. Indeed, Zephine Humphrey has told me of a man of my name down Dorset way who had the invention of the washboard and barbed wire both to his credit! A state which gives the world barbed wire and the steam calliope, and even has a hand in the invention of the sleeping car, has done enough, hasn't it?

## THE GODS OF THE HILLS



IT PLEASED ETHAN ALLEN to remind the Hudson valley government that "the gods of the valleys are not the gods of the hills." At the present time I find it hard, in a religious sense, to detect the difference. Vermonters are God-fearing in about the same degree as are Americans at large, and fear the same God. Vermont, however, has a religious history somewhat peculiar to itself, and oddly interesting.

Fear of the French and Indians kept the English from making any settlement of Vermont until about 1760. It was then that Vermont became, in a pioneering sense, the first western state. The earlier settlements of the Atlantic seaboard of New England had been established a century or more, and some of the younger blood of these states were looking for new worlds to conquer. In the expedition to Quebec many of these younger men had crossed Vermont and pictured it to the folks back home as a sort of El Dorado. Wealth, for one thing, seemed to lie in the abundance of beaver, and, for another, in the richness of the soil.

Voltaire died in 1778, undoubtedly ignorant that he had any particular relation to this settlement of Vermont. But the great wind of freedom and thought and religious liberalism which the French philosopher set in motion did rustle through our wilderness. It fanned the brow of Ethan Allen.

The eighteenth-century wave of liberalism and free think-

ing was at its height. Jefferson, Franklin, and Paine were intellectual followers of this movement, and Allen was an ignorant follower of these men from afar, doing by instinct and violently what they did by greater reasoning and intelligence.

"Deism," the English equivalent of the French "Enlightenment," was the religion of many progressive, educated people at the period when Vermont was founded. Since it was founded mostly by members of the younger generation, it was natural that they should seize upon the new thought and new freedom, in reaction to the strict severity in which they had been brought up. In the 1790's a Connecticut divine, the Reverend Nathan Perkins, made a horseback journey through western Vermont and in his amazingly frank diary reported that the young Vermont colonists were sinfully at ease about their salvation, enjoying life to a disgraceful extent.

Allen himself was author of a pamphlet, *Reason the Only Oracle of Man*. Though this same Allen took Ticonderoga "in the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress," it has been said he held no commission from either, certainly not from a personal God, for he did not believe in one. He identified his God with Nature, and argued that a religious formula was not necessary. "Few axioms common to all men are sufficient," said he.

But by way of interesting reaction, Ethan Allen's daughter Fanny was the first New England woman to become a nun! Indeed, the reaction to all this wave of Deism, which never swept but a small, noisy minority off its feet, was the eventual tightening of the orthodox faiths. Many of the early settlers brought their faiths with them. Particularly Puritanical were those who settled the Connecticut valley. Most of the settlers came merely because the West beckoned them, but some came definitely with a religious motive.

Such was the motive which led to the first church in Vermont, established at Bennington in 1762. It was established by a group from Hardwick and Westfield, Massachusetts, and



Norwich, Connecticut, under the leadership of Samuel Robinson. They came to escape an alleged persecution, and to effect, something as Roger Williams sought to do in Rhode Island, a separation of church and state, and to worship in their own simple way as "New Lights" of Congregationalism. From that day to this, although it now includes nearly all denominations, Vermont has remained strongly Congregational, and has more adherents of that church per capita than any other state in the Union. There are about two hundred Congregational churches in Vermont's 248 towns.

This First Church at Bennington, rebuilt in 1806, has now been beautifully restored. Many Green Mountain patriots listened there to the preaching of the Reverend Jedediah Dewey, the first pastor; five governors worshipped there, and now lie where the steeple casts its shadow near the placid Walloomsac River. The old Tichenor bell still rings as in the days of yore.

On the east side of the state, half a century before the church had been built at Bennington, the Reverend John Williams, who had been taken captive by the French and Indians, preached the first English sermon ever heard in Vermont, his congregation being his fellow captives from Deerfield, Massachusetts, and their captors. This was in February 1704. Twenty years later, with the establishment of Fort Dummer at what is now Brattleboro, one of the first requests of the garrison there was for a "person of gravity, ability and prudence" to be chaplain of the fort, and the Reverend Ebenezer Hinsdill held the appointment for thirteen years.

If you would visit the site of the first Christian worship in Vermont, antedating the English settlers by a century or more, you should search for traces of the Indian settlement on the Missisquoi River, near Swanton, in the extreme northern part of the state. Some time before the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock, the French Jesuits and Recollects in Canada are said to have come down to the Missisquoi River and preached to the Indians. But, more definitely, it is a matter of record that in

1665 the French established a fort on what is now Isle La Motte in northern Lake Champlain, and the next year built a chapel where the call to mass was first regularly heard in Vermont. Thirteen members of the little garrison there died of scurvy in the winter of 1667, and Father Dollier de Casson came down from Canada to bury the dead and say mass. Other priests visited the fort—Fort St. Anne, which is still a shrine, annually visited.

The French regime came to an end in 1760 and from that time on until about 1830 the Catholics had no parish in Vermont. The first Roman church was built in Burlington in 1831. The arrival of the Irish about 1845 to help build our railroads led to a great extension of the church, which was furthered by an influx of Italians, and a French-Canadian overspreading of northern Vermont has also made a wide rural as well as urban field for the Catholic faith. The Catholic population of the state is now about equivalent in numbers to the Protestant church membership.

Returning to the southwest corner of the state, where the first Protestant church was built, we find that just north of Bennington, in Dorothy Canfield Fisher's town of Arlington, the true Anglican or Episcopal church took root. Mrs. Fisher delights to recall that her ancestors were of a group "who left England because they considered the Archbishop to be interfering with their right to manage their own affairs when he tried to tell them where the Communion table should be set in their churches. History textbook writers, their minds full of Pilgrim Fathers, and Puritans, don't say much about these Low Churchmen in New England, but there were really a great many of them." Such a group founded Arlington.

"Although repeatedly fined (in Connecticut) for using the Book of Common Prayer," says Mrs. Fisher, "they continued stubbornly to hold Anglican services, to the stately decorum of which they were much devoted. They had not come to New England to be Puritans and, being British to the core, they saw no reason for giving up their ideas just because other

people disapproved. They wanted to celebrate Christmas and Easter and May Day, to say old familiar prayers out of the Prayer Book, to go to dances, to sing Christmas Carols—and they were very tired of living among people who considered such petty practices as heathenism.”

Such is the background of the beginning of the Episcopal church in Vermont at Arlington in pre-Revolutionary days. In a score of other communities in Vermont some Anglicans took root, but the Revolution led to a subduing of everything British. By 1790, conditions had improved somewhat, and the first convention of the Episcopal church, with twenty delegates present, was held at Arlington. Today there are about sixty Episcopal church edifices in Vermont.

The fact that the Baptists “settled” their ministers, while the Methodists moved them about, may have led to the encouragement of the Baptist denomination in pioneer Vermont, for the charters of most towns set aside property for the “first settled minister.” Under this clause the Congregationalists and the Baptists were first to spread. In Robert Frost’s town of Shaftsbury, next north of Arlington, the first Baptist church in the state was organized in 1768. Today there are 104 Baptist churches in Vermont, the oldest being the one at Wallingford.

In number of churches, the Methodists are tied with the Baptists today. These churches were at first members of “circuits,” with ministerial bases in the neighboring states, and it was not until 1845 that the Vermont Conference was organized.

The camp meeting, that mighty Methodist muster for preaching in the open air or under tents, flourished in Vermont for years at Barre, Northfield, Morrisville, New Haven, Worcester, and other places. They are no longer “tenting tonight on the old camp ground.” I remember as a boy that camp meeting made worship a sort of gypsy experience. That is doubtless why it drew such crowds—it afforded many persons an opportunity to get a change, and camp meeting has passed

out partly because life offers many other kinds of change in competition, and religion is not quite the dramatic, rousing thing which it then was. Vermont had fine grounds for camp meetings, in or on the edge of woods, and the circle of white tents in the grove made a picture I can remember well. The groves resounded not alone with the preacher's word, but with the fervent "Amen" of applause. I remember the Mourners' Bench, down front, where the new converts took their so conspicuous place. I never screwed my courage up to approaching it, but I do recall that inwardly I bitterly repented my sins and could almost feel the hot breath of hell which the preacher pictured so vividly awaiting the ungodly.

More than a dozen other denominations are represented in Vermont today. In Sinclair Lewis' town of Barnard the Universalists organized their first church in 1794, and now have about fifty churches in Vermont. Organized Unitarianism dates from 1810 in Burlington, where division in a Congregational church led to the erection of two meeting-houses, one of which became Unitarian. The Presbyterians took root especially in Ryegate and some other towns of Scotch settlement, and again among the Welsh on the west side of the state. Christian Scientists, Advent Christians, and Seventh Day Adventists have a number of scattered churches.

All together there are more than six hundred clergymen ministering now to the people of Vermont, and holding them in as godly ways as is possible in a day when the automobile, golf, and other Sunday recreation cuts greatly into church attendance. Still, Sunday movies are not permitted, and the Sabbath in Vermont is as fairly well kept, I dare say, as in any state.

What Vermont does to keep the faith is not as interesting as some of its heresies. It seems strange that a state so small, and so sound and sane, should have been the seed-bed of so many sects. Everybody knows that Vermont was the birth-place of Joseph Smith, founder of Mormonism. That birth, which seemed of such small account when it occurred on a farm in Sharon in 1805, is today commemorated by a tall

monolith of Barre granite, placed there by the flourishing Mormon church of Utah. Everyone knows of the fame and wives of Brigham Young, successor to the Mormon leader, whose birthplace was Whitingham, Vermont.

Although Mormonism never took root in Vermont, there is further Vermont connection with its origin than attaches to the births of Smith and Young. It centers around Nathaniel Wood, an excommunicated preacher at Middletown, Vermont, in 1789, according to the story told by John Parker Lee in *Uncommon Vermont*. Put out of the pulpit, Wood set up one of his own. He was exercising a powerful influence over a group, among whom he proposed to start a new faith and a new "temple" when there straggled into the community a stranger named Winchell, a water-witcher, using the forked stick not only to find water but to find gold! A group of gullible persons was led to subscribe to an expedition to dig for gold. Winchell and Wood led these treasure hunts to no avail, until it eventually turned out that Winchell was a counterfeiter hiding from justice. During his few years at Middletown he had lived in the home of a Cowdrey family and became an intimate of one of the Cowdrey boys, Oliver.

It was Oliver Cowdrey, versed in Winchell's magical tricks, who later became the associate of Joseph Smith in Palmyra, New York. It was in the acknowledged handwriting of Oliver Cowdrey that the *Book of Mormon* appeared, dictated by Smith, who said he translated it "by magic spectacles" from hieroglyphics on tablets of gold found buried in a hill.

Whatever the true story is, the *Book of Mormon* has led to surprising results in the civilization built around the Mormon church at Salt Lake City. According to some writers who have tried to get at the truth of the origin of the *Book of Mormon*, it was written by Solomon Spalding, a Presbyterian minister, as a religious romance to account fictionally for the presence of the Indian in the Western world. The manuscript lay, it is said, in a Pittsburgh printing office unpublished for several years. It finally fell into the hands of young Joseph

Smith, who, with Cowdrey, brought it into print, and there-with founded the new sect.

Smith was murdered by a mob at the Carthage, Illinois, jail in 1844. One of his last acts was to write *An Appeal to the Green Mountain Boys* to save him from a lawless mob in Missouri. "Rise," he wrote, "in the majesty of virtuous free-men and by all honorable means help bring Missouri to the bar of justice." But it appears that Vermonters turned a deaf ear.

More than a century ago Vermont was also the seed-bed of Perfectionism plus an experiment in Communism. John Humphrey Noyes, born in Brattleboro, became a theological student, and a brilliant one, greatly taken with the doctrine of Perfectionism. He founded at Putney, Vermont, an association of forty Perfectionists. He introduced also the practice of communal living, and this communism of property was extended to the communism of love. The non-Perfectionists at Putney would not stand for any tinkering with the marriage system. To escape a mob which threatened to take the law into its own hands, Noyes and his followers escaped to Oneida, New York. Changed as it now is, and returned to conventional monogamy, the Oneida Community is today a thriving corporation known for its large manufacturing business, especially for its steel traps, other hardware, and Community silver. Whatever flaws there were in the social order as conceived by both Mormons and Perfectionists, the two communities they founded turned out to be creditable to themselves and to Vermont.

Bernard Shaw in *Man and Superman* says of Noyes: "The Perfectionists were mightily shepherded by their chief, Noyes, one of those chance attempts at the superman which occur from time to time in spite of the influence of man's blundering institutions." Noyes planned that "complex marriage" should be an ingenious combination of polygamy and polyandry, discouraging the "exclusive and idolatrous" attachment of one woman to one man, as well as vice versa, for Christ had said: "In the resurrection they neither marry nor are given

in marriage." A "eugenic committee" inaugurated a sort of scientific propagation, after the best style of Plato's Republic.

Vermont in the 40's had its share of excitement in anticipating the millennium. William Miller, who learned from "prophetic numbers" in the Bible that the world would come to an end on February 15, 1843, used that lever for one of the most intense revivals New England ever knew. In many sections of Vermont he found fervent followers who believed with him in this second coming of Christ as imminent. The godly were to be snatched up to heaven while the ungodly and the world itself were to be consumed by fire. Some prepared their ascension robes. Some farmers left their crops unharvested in the autumn of 1842, and unbelievers made a haul. But the predicted day came, and the end came not, and even the end of Millerism came not, for it was still believed that the end was to come "soon," and the Advent churches in a number of Vermont villages show that the hold of this sect is not altogether lost. In spite of what seem to some gross absurdities in Miller's forecast, the movement had a deep religious significance, for it led many persons to a genuine endeavor to carry out Biblical precepts.

The Holy Rollers, a sect given to extreme emotionalism, originated in Hardwick, Vermont—the other extreme, I should say, from the simple quiet Quakers, who also found root in this state, particularly around Rowland Robinson's section of Addison County, and also around Montpelier.

But the odd sects I have mentioned are all offset today in Vermont by a movement, particularly in the smaller places which can support but one church, for unity instead of denominationalism. In the early days, the sects magnified their differences; today they tend to magnify their unities. The community church, united church, or federated church has come to be the order of the day in many Vermont villages.

On the road from Montpelier to Burlington, in the town of Richmond, stands the earliest example of a community church in the United States. Although called the "Old Round

Church," it is actually sixteen-sided, and it dates from 1812, when four local religious societies voted to unite in building it, each to use it in rotation. Seventeen men undertook to build it, one to build each of the sixteen sides and one the cupola. For many years the church was used with assigned hours for each denomination: the Catholic mass at one time, the Quaker meeting at another, and so on. Today the church is used as a town hall, but once a year the Universalists of New England meet there for an anniversary celebration. The unique character of the church is such that Henry Ford is said to have tried to buy it, thinking to move it to Sudbury, Massachusetts; but Richmond's first selectman told me Ford never made any definite offer.

Time has marched on, and the community-church idea inaugurated at Richmond in 1812 in a single building has taken a new hold on Vermont, for now not only do different denominations use the same building, but they unite also in services of worship.

In Proctor, Poultney, Williston, and nearly forty other Vermont communities the community or federated church flourishes in one form or another today, and even where unity is not a wholly accomplished fact, interparochial enterprises are common and the clergy of all churches stand together in many causes. In respect to general amity as contrasted with some of the old-time controversies, the church in Vermont is surely in healthful circumstances.

Elsewhere I tell in this book of meeting-houses themselves—for Vermont has a beautiful sign of its faith in almost every village, the New England type of meeting-house, white and usually sternly simple, with a slender steeple showing to artistic advantage among the maples, against the hills.

Percy Mackaye wrote of the old church at Rockingham:

*In Rockingham upon the hill  
The meeting house shines lone and still;  
A bare, star-cleaving gable-peak,*



*Broad roofbeamed, snowribbed, stark and bleak,  
As long ago their needs sufficed  
Who came from cottage fires to Christ,  
Sharing with frosty breath  
Their footstoves and their faith.*

## GRAVE MATTERS



*Let's talk of graves, of worms and epitaphs;  
Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes  
Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth.*

THIS QUOTATION from *Richard II*, which was a favorite with Jedediah Dewey, first pastor of the first church in Vermont, was placed a century and more ago on his tombstone at Bennington.

I have hinted in this book that Vermont is a good state in which to live, and it has its selling points, too, as a good state in which to die. I wonder that the State Publicity Department does not make more capital of Vermont's natural advantages in this respect. We have, much more abundantly than any state I know, all of the makings of a worthy grave, as well as a worthy home. The three stones used almost universally for grave-marking, be it humble or monumental, are all quarried in great quantities in Vermont: slate (first used by the pioneers) and marble and granite, to such an extent that Vermont probably leads the country in the tombstone, memorial, and mausoleum trade.

But more than that, Vermont has everywhere sightly places for cemeteries, usually rather elevated and well-drained ones, where one may rest high and dry. I have never given it much thought, but now that I do think of it, I'd somehow hate to

be buried in the Hackensack marshes; in fact, I'd hardly choose even Trinity Churchyard at the head of Wall Street—the one is too low and damp, and the other too noisy and crowded. Vermont cemeteries are at least one step up toward heaven, and usually in quiet corners of the landscape, disturbed by little except the fall of winter's snow or the buzz of summer's bees.

And where does the grass grow greener?

Lovely indeed are some Vermont cemeteries (I recommend Green Mount Cemetery in Montpelier), and rather interesting all of them. The conspicuousness of Vermont graveyards is often a matter of comment among visitors to the state. The approach to almost every village is sure to bring you by the cemetery, its stones usually far more numerous than the village inhabitants themselves; but the graveyard, if it be a century old, is, of course, the cumulative census of several generations.

In these cemeteries, if you take the time for a little examination of them, may be read the history of the state; here may be found the graves of pioneers, and soldiers of the Revolution, of the War of 1812, the Civil, Spanish and World Wars, still marked faithfully on Memorial Day with the American flag; here may be traced some early epidemics or later ones, like the flu of 1918, that laid many low; here may, in short, be read the heart-throbs of a people, affections, disappointments, and what not. And here are the changing fashions in thought and taste as reflected in the monuments and the epitaphs.

If we smile as we walk through the tall grass of some of these half-neglected old burying-grounds, it is not through any lack of sympathy with those who had their struggle even as you and I, but rather do we smile, as we would in life, at some of their little whims or eccentricities. Years help to assuage grief, and the cemetery gives one of the best of perspectives of life.

One of the choicest chiselings that I know of in Vermont cemeteries is to be found in Vernon, just north of the Massa-

chusetts line. There I have found some tuneful lines to the memory of Jonathan Tute, the fourteen-year-old son of Mr. Amos Tute:

*Here lies cut down like unripe fruit  
A son of Mr. Amos Tute.*

*To death he fell a helpless Prey,  
On April V and Twentieth day,  
In Seventeen Hundred and Seventy-Seven  
Quitting this world, we hope, for Heaven.*

*Behold the amazing alteration  
Effected by inoculation;  
The means employed his life to save  
Hurried him headlong to the grave.*

These are but the first stanzas of a longer lamentation, penned by the professional epitaph genius of that locality—the Reverend Bunker Gay, of Hinsdale, New Hampshire, the gloomy Mr. Gay. The “inoculation” complained of as causing the death of the young Tute means, of course, the crude vaccination for smallpox which had just begun its vogue in 1777. Johnny was one of the martyrs of science, and his tombstone is a milestone in the conquest of the pox, a plague which once was devastating, but which today is so subdued that it stands close to the foot of the list of fatal diseases.

At the time of Johnny’s death, 1777, the famous Dr. Jenner, an Englishman, was making the discovery that inoculation with cowpox (a milder form of the disease) was safer than the use of the scabs of an actual case of smallpox (such as Johnny doubtless was given). A century and a half later, however, many parents protest against the compulsory vaccination of their children, having in mind perhaps the lamentable case of Jonathan Tute, “cut down like unripe fruit.”

Mrs. Jemima Tute, Johnny’s mother, was, by the way, the wife and widow of three successive husbands, the first two having been killed by the Indians. She and seven of her children

were carried captives to Canada, but she returned and was later buried in the same grave with her son. Her stone says of her: "She passed through more vicissitudes and endured more hardships than any of her contemporaries."

Vermont has no sphinx, though some of its tombstones are riddles, and it has few mausoleums, although it makes them for many wealthy people living elsewhere. I can think of only half a dozen in the state. I know of one to Senator Morrill in the town of Stratford, one to the Cross family in Northfield, and one very lately erected for Daniel Cady, the well-known rhymster, on a hill overlooking Windsor, and one for the Lowe family in Montpelier. The nearest we come to a King Tut's tomb is, I think, a strange mausoleum to be seen close to the main highway in Cuttingsville in the town of Shrewsbury on the road from Ludlow to Rutland. It is such a strange memorial that tourists invariably stop here at Laurel Glen cemetery to inquire what it's all about. At the entrance of the mausoleum is a larger than life-size figure of a man about to enter the vault. It is the figure of John P. Bowman, who, until his death in 1891, lived in a house just across the road from the Laurel Glen cemetery. In this unusual piece of sculpture, he is shown about to enter the vaulted chamber to join his wife and two daughters, who had preceded him in death. He has the key to the vault and his top hat in one hand and carries a wreath in the other. Inside are the three caskets in addition to his own, and large mirrors, several chairs, and a mosaic floor. The inscription reads: "A couch of dreamless sleep. To the memory of a sainted wife and daughters."

The Greeks allowed the honor of epitaphs only to those men who died bravely in battle, or to women who were distinguished for their chastity. No such fine lines have been drawn in doing honor to the dead in Vermont cemeteries. At least it does not appear that one had to be distinguished to receive some rhetorical flourish on his tombstone, and, as Samuel Johnson says, "In lapidary inscriptions a man is not upon his oath." In general, the taste was as good as the times,

but the times had very different taste from what prevails today. As Rabelais jested on his death-bed, so it seems that some of these writers of early epitaphs did in making verses for the gravestone. I can scarcely believe many of the ludicrous sentiments that some of my friends report finding on Vermont stones, but I can scarcely visit all the graveyards to check up on them. Besides, there's an old superstition: "He who reads epitaphs will lose his memory."

Was anything better calculated to make a man want to stay dead than these lines reported in a Middlebury cemetery? "Faithful husband, rest in peace until we meet again."

Even when they tried to be touching, the epitaph-writers were awkward:

*Little Teddy, fare-thee-well,  
Saved from earth in Heaven to dwell  
Almost Cherub here below  
Altogether Angel now.*

That is reported from Burlington, together with this one:

*In memory of Elizabeth Taylor  
Could blooming years and modesty  
And all that's pleasing to the eye  
Against grim death have been a defense  
Elizabeth had not gone hence.*

Behind the Memorial Building in Stowe village is an old cemetery, where a widower erected a monument in memory to his two wives—a sort of commemorating two birds with one stone—and on it he had the stone-cutter engrave these lines:

*This double call is loud to all  
Let none despise nor wonder  
For to the youth it speaks a truth  
In accents loud as thunder.*

The two wives were sisters from Middlesex, Betsey and Abigail Hutchins.

It seems as though some of these epitaph-writers got their inspiration from a stock book, just as many persons get their humor from the joke book, and their personal greetings from the Western Union. On more than one stone in the Stowe cemetery are carved these admonitory words, imported, says Joe Lincoln, from England, and found in practically every old cemetery from Maine to Georgia:

*Behold and see me, as you pass by;  
As you are now, so once was I;*

*As I am now, you soon will be;  
Prepare for death and follow me.*

Another in the same vein found in several Vermont cemeteries is:

*Young friend, come hear a solemn truth  
For you may die, like me, in youth;  
Death is a debt to Nature due  
Which I have paid and so must you.*

In Windsor, which is the seat of the Vermont state prison, one wonders at the inscription one finds on a stone there:

*Behold! I come as a thief.*

As against such frank confession, there is to be found in the same cemetery this conceit:

*Death loves a shining mark  
In this case he had it.*

Mrs. Dionne might be interested to know that somebody in Stowe apparently had sextuplets, for the stone reads:

*Sacred to the memory of three twins.*

Another:

*Stranger, pause as you pass by,  
My thirteen children with me lie*

*See their faces, how they shine  
Like blossoms on a fruitful vine.*

In a Pittsford cemetery somebody bears witness to the ascension of Mr. Nathan Jenner, aged forty-three in 1824:

*This hallowed spot has proved the home  
Of one who bright in science shone  
I saw him on that fatal night  
With visage clothed in purest light  
And when life had fled I saw him rise  
To brighter worlds beyond the skies.*

At Ripton we have the grave of a German drummer boy who was in the battle of Waterloo; at Hubbardton the grave of a man who fought with the famous Light Brigade in the Crimean War; and in the town of Wardsboro, in Windham County, is the grave of a man who was a member of the Boston Tea Party. Here, turned to dust, are the very hands which helped to heave chests of British taxed tea into Boston harbor, on cold December 16, 1773. This man, Samuel Hammond, became one of the first settlers of Wardsboro.

All Vermonters know, vaguely at least, the epitaph to William French at Westminster—killed while “resisting the authority of New York,” which stood for the authority of Great Britain, March 13, 1775:

*Here William French his Body lies  
For murder his blood for Vengeance cries  
King George the third his Tory crew  
threw with a bawl his head Shot threw  
For Liberty and His Country's Good  
he Lost his Life his Dearest blood.*

In East St. Johnsbury there is a unique memorial to the Gates family, which for three generations ran a grist-mill on Moose River. An upper millstone, forty-six inches in diameter, makes the most appropriate and inexpensive memorial.



There's a fine sentiment shown in the old Arnold family cemetery in St. Johnsbury where an aged ex-slave Negress is buried in the same plot with the Arnolds. Jonathan Arnold, founder of St. Johnsbury, brought this slave with him from Rhode Island. Although he gave her her freedom, she preferred to serve the family, and did so for fifty-three years.

Charles H. Horton later wrote:

*Side by side in these quiet graves  
Long buried lie these faithful slaves;  
Both servants to eternal plans,  
Yet one served God's; the other man's.*

In the Lyndon Center cemetery, in the midst of many Christian graves, there's a large stone which an atheist granite-cutter, George Spencer, designed for himself, inscribed with God-denying sentiments from Ingersoll and others—so much of an irritation to some Christians that they have tried to erase the sentiments, though they still are legible.

Visitors to Montpelier are often taken up into the beautiful Berlin hills, where not far from the airport is the Berlin Corners cemetery, with several odd stones and inscriptions. One of the stones shows a man in a dress suit, with an angel at each shoulder, lifting him to heaven while his coat tails hang below.

The Reverend Arthur Wentworth Hewitt in his book *Steeple Among the Hills* reports that on an old slate slab in the Center cemetery at Plainfield is this:

*'ABIAL PERKINS*

*Drowned Aug. 17, 1826*

*13 yrs.*

*This blooming youth in health most fair  
To his uncle's mill-pond did repaire,  
Undressed himself and so plunged in,  
And never did come out again.*

And in the Plainfield village cemetery he copied this:

*Five times five years I lived a virgin's life,  
Nine times five years I lived a virtuous wife.*

Which puzzled Mr. Hewitt, because he found from the dates on the stone that she lived three years that are not accounted for in the epitaph!

But the interest in cemeteries is not all to be centered on these freakish things. The majority of stones are in good taste, and some of them recall noted men or their antecedents. In the Brandon cemetery, for instance, is a stone to Dr. Stephen A. Douglass (the father spelled it with two s's). He died at age thirty-two in 1813 when his son, who was to become famous for his debates with Lincoln, was but a few months old. On the Williston road, nearing Burlington, is the grave of Vermont's first governor, Thomas Chittenden. Ethan Allen's bones lie in the Queen City in Ethan Allen Park. The cemetery at Peacham includes the grave of Thaddeus Stevens's mother, to whom the great commoner was so devoted. But a catalogue of these pioneers would be too long here.

Many of the old cemeteries have been abandoned because they had become too crowded, or because more convenient and sightly places have been found to serve as "God's acre." Some of the old cemeteries have been returned to, as in Brattleboro, where the old Meeting House Hill cemetery, near the site of the first village, which is now gone, is again popular as a burial ground. The vicinity was once the site of Royall Tyler's farm.

As would be expected, Montpelier and Barre cemeteries, close to the largest granite quarries in the world, are interesting not alone for the beautiful sites, but because here may be seen some of the best in the stone-cutter's art. In Barre, particularly in the new Hope cemetery, these skillful stone-cutters are themselves laid to rest, sometimes under stones they cut, or under stones which fellow craftsmen shaped with special care. This cemetery is a sort of show-room of modern monuments, and has been visited by the members of the National

Granite Dealers Association when in convention in Barre.

The tourist ordinarily does not take time to browse in the graveyards, but it is a pastime that may be recommended on occasion. Robert Louis Stevenson argued for it in these words: "There is a certain frame of mind to which a cemetery is, if not an antidote, at least an alleviation. If you are in a fit of the blues, go nowhere else."

Many a self-exiled Vermonter revokes that exile when he comes to die and wills to be buried in Vermont.

*I gazed upon the glorious sky  
And the green mountains round,  
And thought that when I came to lie  
At rest within the ground,  
'Twere pleasant, that in flowery June,  
When brooks send up a cheerful tune,  
And groves a joyous sound,  
The sexton's hand, my grave to make,  
The rich green mountain turf should break.*  
—William Cullen Bryant

## LITTLE RED SCHOOLHOUSE



IN SCHOOL SEASON a "School Zone" sign is the most significant of all rural roadside signs to me. Not because the sign provokes sentimental sighs over school days that are far behind, but because the sign prompts me to pull the car over to a halt beside the school and to step inside the little gabled building to see how the country child of today is "bein' learnt." I never yield to the temptation. I wish I had the courage to, but it somehow seems awkward and I fear to embarrass the teacher with such intrusion. There is, however, no rule against it. Possibly if the tourist stopped more commonly for such inspection it would prove a stimulating experience to all concerned.

Although they are neither as numerous nor as conspicuous as filling stations, there are upwards of a thousand one-teacher and two-teacher schoolhouses dotting the hills and valleys of Vermont. *Little* these schoolhouses are, but they are no longer *red*. Off on some very back back road you may find a red one, or, worse, an unpainted one, dirty and dingy, but only nine per cent of all Vermont's eleven hundred rural schools are now on the black list as unimproved; the average rural schoolhouse in Vermont today is bright on the outside with white paint; and, instead of one or two murky windows, there is a massing of clean glass as big as a city shop-window or bigger

(a window area at least one-fifth of the school's floor space), and all on one side so that the pupil gets the light from the left, where his right arm cannot cast its shadow on his work. The modern rural school is bright with the light of day, if not with the light of learning.

Affixed to the lintel of the main door is the state label "Standard" or "Superior" in a metal plate, like an automobile license, attesting to the certification of improved plant, and improved instruction, too. Five or six hundred Vermont schools proudly bear the labels; and several hundred more are classed as "Improved." The work, begun a decade or more ago with some state money to match the local funds, is still going on, with parent-teacher associations and other organizations helping. If Vermont is unique in nothing else in education, say our educators, it is in a position to claim the finest rural schools of any state. Associated with that claim is the fact that the Commissioner of Education for Vermont at this writing is president of the Rural Department of the National Education Association.

But I was describing the school. Unfurled atop a white flagpole at the head of the gabled roof or on a pole in the schoolyard is the Stars and Stripes, for no matter how Vermont votes, its children must consider it still a part of the United States. Against the window-panes there are often paper tulips or other pieces of the pupils' own handicraft. Possibly there are homelike curtains hung. Surely there is "The Song of the Lark" or some other acceptable picture on the walls. There are smartly varnished desks of adjustable height; a jacketed stove with controllable heat; a sanitary drinking fountain from a spring-fed pipe, or a good old pump and individual cups; sanitary flush or chemical toilets; slate-smooth blackboards; often a phonograph, organ, or piano and occasionally a radio; a small but fairly modern library; a stage in many schoolhouses, where little plays may be produced; in some a kitchenette which the PTA's use at their meetings. In a number there are playrooms in the basement; and outside there is an enlarged

playground, with shrubbery as a first step in landscape gardening.

This accounts for almost everything except the pupils and the teacher. The "scholars" range from six to sixteen years in age, from tots to tall boys whose voice has changed, trying to master everything from the primer up to algebra. The one-room schools, of course, are not finely graded. There are fewer barefoot boys and girls, but in season still a plenty, and cheeks of tan haven't changed much. These boys and girls are mostly native, for nearly two-thirds of the population of Vermont is still in the native-born class, although this is true of only about one-third of New England's total population. Only eleven per cent of all Vermonters are of foreign parents on both sides.

The teacher, very likely a young woman not much out of her teens, is probably a Vermont girl, too, dedicating herself to teaching the three R's, reading, 'riting, and 'rithmetic; the two G's, geography and grammar; and certain modern additions to this elementary curriculum. For it she gets only a few hundred dollars a year, but she manages miraculously to keep fairly well up to the prevailing mode, often by making her own hats and dresses, fighting desperately to stem the run in her silk stockings and to keep some semblance of a wave in her hair. It's hard, but I remind the present-day teacher of a legend of a Newbury, Vermont, teacher in the old days. She had been to school but a day and a half herself, but she learned through her own efforts to read and write and teach. "As there was no mirror in the house where she boarded, it was her custom of mornings to go down to the Connecticut River, step into a boat, and look over the side to see, in the reflection, whether her toilet was properly made."

The Little Red Schoolhouse made a handy title for this chapter, but, as I have said, it is no more. Not only has the red paint been changed to white, but the very atmosphere about which some oldsters grow nostalgic has changed. The automobile, the improved road, the free-bus transportation of

many pupils, the plowed winter road, the new sanitation, the new administration, the new ideas in teaching, the displacement of the old-time male schoolmaster almost wholly by the female teacher, and a score of other influences of the times have tended to make schooling, even in the remotest rural district, a different process and a different product. Very certain are Vermont's educators that they are turning out an improved product; "how could it be otherwise?" they ask; but this can hardly be proved, because the child of today does not complete his test in life until a long time later. Certain it is that the schooling which Vermont boys and girls received under the crude handicaps amounting often to real hardships in the early days enabled them to cope successfully with life in and out of Vermont, as the record in *Who's Who* is ever ready to show. More than thirty American colleges and universities, by the way, have had Vermont-born men or women as their presidents.

Many persons write sentimentally about the old days, when they trudged long miles through drifted or deep-rutted, clay-mudded roads to school; when they suffered the tortures of hell-fire from a red-hot, unjacketed box or drum stove, when their faces toasted and their spines froze; when the authority was an autocratic school committeeman and a teacher who wasn't inclined to spare the rod and spoil the child; when pupils sat on high, hard, and sometimes backless benches, often too high for their legs to touch the floor; when they wrote on desks guttered canyon-deep with initials, intertwined hearts, and other carvings; when they brought cold lunches from home, ate them at the noon recess with never a hot drink from a thermos bottle or of the school's serving; and drank with unconcerned relish of germs out of a common tin dipper from an uncovered pail of water; when they toed the crack to declaim "Barbara Frietchie" or "Curfew Shall Not Ring Tonight," or for a spell-down; when they sang the multiplication table in unison; when they diagramed *Paradise Lost* for parsing on the crude blackboard; when they sang to

an old cottage reed organ's largo, if the school was lucky enough then to have one; and when teacher "boarded round" and like as not fell in love with her oldest pupil, a year her senior. In retrospect, those highlights of the old days are bright indeed, but they look brighter now than they did then, no doubt. To what extent the hardships promoted learning is debatable, but the fact that the learning was so hard to get made it the more appreciated. If the success of the old-time schooling needs explanation, it is to be found not alone in the school, but in the fact that those were sterner days in every sense. The Vermont home itself was a more exacting school than now—"each farmhouse got to be a darn good university," and life was the university of hard knocks.

Vermont was not one of the original thirteen states, but when it became a state on its own hook, it showed some originality. It was the first state to provide in its *constitution* for a complete and closely articulated system of education, ranging from the A. B. of the primary school to the B. A. of university graduation. That is, the character of Vermont's educational system was a part of the first charter of the state. This unique section of the state's original constitution is as follows:

"A School or Schools shall be established in each town by the Legislature, for the convenient instruction of Youth, with such Salaries to masters, paid by each town, making proper Use of School-lands in each town, thereby to enable them to instruct Youth at low prices;—one Grammar School in each county, and one University in this State, ought to be established by the Direction of the General Assembly."

Thus, by adoption of this clause as a part of the original constitution of the independent state of Vermont, fourteen years before it was part of the United States, Vermont contemplated at its very birth a town system of schools—such as it has today, with some state aid.



The tenth article of the so-called Bill of Rights (1789), added to the Federal Constitution, left education (as a matter not mentioned as Federal) to the states. The constitutions of many of the states, adopted from 1776 to 1789, had also ignored mention of education—but not Vermont. Of the twenty-three states forming the Union in 1820, ten had by that time made no mention of education in their constitutions, but this, of course, did not mean that they had failed to provide schools by legislative or local authority. Massachusetts, for instance, had made much progress in education long before Vermont was founded.

If it be necessary to startle the reader into an appreciation of Vermont's place in education, I can bring up the fact that the state has contributed two important factors—that it “invented” the professionally prepared teacher and the school blackboard. What school could operate today without such essentials?

It was in the hill-top hamlet of Concord Corner, in the northeastern part of Vermont, that the first school in the United States for training teachers was established, March 11, 1823. Samuel Read Hall, who had settled in that town as a minister, had a passion to teach, and primarily to teach teachers methods of teaching. The idea was unheard of in America. In the “Columbian School” which Parson Hall founded (whose spread-eagle name he later changed to Essex County Grammar School in order to conform to requirements for state aid) he had a “Model Class” of young pupils which he used for practice work by his teachers. He wrote *Lectures on School Keeping*, the first book of the kind in America when it was published in 1829, and of it the state of New York alone bought ten thousand copies.

That wasn't bad for a backwoods schoolmaster. His fame spread, his writings multiplied. It was he, incidentally, whom every school boy and girl may thank (or curse) for first using the blackboard as a school appliance—then a mere surface of boards painted black and written upon, not with a refined

school crayon, but with coarse lumps of chalk.

The claim is also made that James Wilson, a farmer at Bradford, made the first school globes in America. He was first eager to educate himself. When about thirty-six he had seen a pair of English globes and was eager to imitate them. Turning spheres from blocks of wood, he covered them neatly with paper and scientifically finished off the lines of latitude and longitude. He engraved plates showing the map of the world sufficient to cover his thirteen-inch globes. In all this work he was self-taught, and yet his product was so fine that it was equal to the imported globes of that day. His globes came out in 1814 and he personally presented to the people of Boston the first American globes which were seen there. In 1815 he established a large manufactory for them at Albany, New York. When past eighty years of age, he was still inventing and contrived a machine which finely illustrated the daily and yearly revolution of the earth, the cause of the successive seasons, and the sun's place for every day of the year in the ecliptic—a sort of crude planetarium. He was still doing fine copperplate engraving when past eighty-three years. He died at the age of ninety-two.

(Parenthetically, I like to mention that Thaddeus Stevens, "the Great Commoner," who fought for and won free schools in Pennsylvania, was born in Danville, Vermont.)

Although Vermont had the distinction of being first in teacher-training, the one sore spot in educational controversy in Vermont has been: "How shall we most effectively prepare our teachers?" It takes about three hundred new teachers each year to keep the Vermont schools going, such is the turnover. Though there are some states which complain of a surplus of teachers, Vermont usually has suffered from a scarcity. It is the policy of the school directors generally to employ the best teachers they can find, whether married or single, or from within or without the state. Quite a number of out-of-state teachers are employed in the town schools.

No quarrel in the legislature or in the state at large, unless

it was the Green Mountain Parkway controversy, aroused such bitterness of division as the matter of the preparation of elementary teachers. It is now accomplished through three small normal schools in three small towns—Castleton, Johnson, and Lyndon Center—and in the Education Department of the University of Vermont. Not many years ago Vermont educators were clamoring for one central teacher-training college, claiming that it would be more economical and more efficient. Along came the Carnegie Corporation with an offer of one hundred thousand dollars for the support of a central teacher-training college in Burlington; along came the University of Vermont with an offer of two hundred thousand dollars; but such was the temper of the farmer-controlled Vermont legislature and its antipathy for the city, and such was the temper of some leaders who declared that the several small normal schools served better than a city school to train for rural school-teaching, that the central-school idea never was realized, and probably never will be. The controversy, however, like the Parkway fight, has quieted down and educators agree that the state is doing very well with its three normal schools, succeeding in keeping Vermont elementary schools supplied with fairly competent teachers. On all its normal schools, however, the state spends less than it does to support its one school of correction—the Industrial School at Vergennes.

The “dee-strict” school is doubtless associated in the minds of many with Vermont particularly, but although many states of the Union still have the old district system, Vermont no longer has, strictly speaking, a district school anywhere within its borders. The last of the district schools went out in 1892, after more than a century of colorful existence. The town has now become the unit of school administration, although the “school district” (coterminous with the township) and the town are separate entities. By the original state constitution the unit of school administration was intended to be the town, but this was split up by the laws of 1782 so that every township had a number of independent school districts. There

were at one time twenty-three hundred such districts in the state, constituting actually twenty-three hundred independent states so far as sovereignty in school matters was concerned. Relics of those days were to be seen on most maps—"District School No. 10"—for the law required that each district be numbered instead of bearing a more appropriate local name.

The school committeeman in each district became an awesome autocrat around whom raged many a personal quarrel or even a local feud; districts were split up into fractional districts; and families were moved from one district to another for school privileges in order to bring about peace. This local district autonomy in school matters was democracy reduced to its smallest denominator, and while it had some merits, it really resulted in some twenty-three hundred school systems in the state, for every district went its own way in financing and administering and teaching in its schools.

Colorful, too, but somewhat drab in color, were the days when the teacher "boarded round." One teacher of those times left a diary which, for a single week, narrates in detail his items of nourishment, mainly gander, which appeared first on Monday and then for at least two of every three meals each day for all the rest of the week. "Tuesday, cold gander for breakfast, swamp tea and nut cake. Dinner, the legs of the gander, done up warm—one leg done away with; supper, the other leg"; and so on through the whole anatomy until Saturday, with the gander still holding out: "I had a talk with Mr. B. and concluded I had boarded out his share."

Another boarder leaves a pleasanter reminiscence: "I enjoyed the family life in the different homes. Usually they brought forth their very best for teacher. I had the friendliest relations with them all, and I feel sure that such human contacts were of great value to me in later life."

As soon as the law was passed requiring school districts to pay the board of their teachers, the practice became prevalent an auctioning off to the lowest bidder the business of boarding the teacher—just as the care of town dependents was auc-

tioned off—and in some places this parsimonious custom prevailed until 1890.

Vermont had only about fifty high schools when I was a boy; but it now has a hundred, and a high school is available to every boy and girl in the state, for in those towns where there are no high schools the town is required to pay the tuition of the pupil in some neighboring high school. Many of the present high schools are still called academies, for they are outgrowths of private or semi-private schools established a century ago. The academy and seminary era was a great one in Vermont. Thetford Academy, which still functions after more than a century of service, for instance had among its four hundred students "representatives from fifteen states and foreign countries"! Leland and Gray Seminary, of which the grandfather of President William Howard Taft was the first head, and Black River Academy, from which Coolidge was graduated, were each founded in 1834, both by the Baptists—one at Townshend, in the West River valley, and the other at Ludlow, in the Black River valley. In the early days these schools were so well known that they drew students from the Middle and Western states. Vermont Academy, at Saxtons River, recently revived with a new vigor, is another school of Baptist founding; while the Methodists established, among other schools, the old Seminary at Newbury, which later became the Boston University Theological School; and Montpelier Seminary, a school which took up some barracks built in Civil War time in the capital city, and which is today both a preparatory school and a junior college. Goddard Seminary, in Barre, has likewise become a junior college, and so has the old Troy Conference Academy, in Poultney, now the Green Mountain Junior College. Burr and Burton Seminary, at Manchester, St. Johnsbury Academy, and nearly twoscore others might be named if it were not wearisome to catalogue them. They all have their distinguished sons and daughters.

The school in the old stage stop of Brownington founded in 1829 by the Reverend Alexander Twilight is a monument to

the unconquerable will of its founder, for, when denied the money to build a dormitory, he planned and built one of granite, four stories high, largely with his own hands and one patient ox. He called it "Athenian Hall." He died in 1857, the railroad took business away from the hill, the school ceased to exist, and it is now a county museum.

There is no consolidation movement going on in Vermont, in the strict meaning of that term, to furnish one central school in each town to take the place of all others. Only two towns in Vermont, Waitsfield and Lowell, I was told, have effected such a consolidation, and it is not held up as an objective in other places, for our hills and our cold winters and deep snows make such consolidation rather impracticable in Vermont. There are consolidations in the sense that a shift in population requires two small schools to be combined into one, and such changes have been considerable, so that 2,700 teachers now serve in Vermont schools, whereas there were at one time as many as 4,500.

Some states have taken great pride in their consolidated schools—plate-glass windows, carefully graded rooms, marching crowds in the corridors, music departments, and so on, beyond the resources of the country school. But the eager progressives of education soon found out that there seemed to be some educational vitamins lacking when their children were put together in big groups, far away from their natural background, and that though the actual matter of imparting information about the subjects studied might proceed with more speed in carefully graded rooms, the matter of independence, flexibility of outlook, and character development seemed to languish.

Little by little the expensive modern progressive schools have tended to reproduce in a costly, elaborate, and artificial way, some of the things which the good, ungraded one-room school does. That is, the best and most expensive schools break the children up into small units, make sure that they have contacts with older and younger children, pay a lot of money

to have these small units in the country, expend much effort to see that the children have some chores to do about school—all of which, by the very nature of things, are just what a good one-room school offers—space, country air, a small group, plenty of independence, hand work to do (not just busy work).

The ungraded character of the one-room school means that a child may, for instance, be with the second grade in reading but with the fourth in arithmetic, if his mind runs that way, which is a natural, accurate way of placing him, far superior to the ball and chain of the grade system, which forbids him to move out of the fourth grade, say, in reading, history, and geography (in which he may be good, indeed) till he has passed the fourth-grade exam in arithmetic. The flexibility of the rather ungraded one-room school is what the best modern educators are struggling for dear life to get back into their consolidated schools. Many Vermonters feel that the one-room rural school is the ideal type for children under the seventh grade.

Vocational training isn't to be found in the rural school, of course; and progress in this line in the high schools of Vermont is not so advanced as in some states. But there are manual-training classes, subsidized by the state, in fourteen high schools; home economics is taught in sixty schools; and art and music have their place in most of the larger high schools, with a plan in mind to extend such instruction by itinerant teachers to the rural schools. Barre, with its Italian colony of granite-workers, is naturally an art center. A night school in designing is popular there. In Springfield, the machine-tool town, a vocational school is tied up with the machine shops; and a similar arrangement exists in St. Johnsbury in connection with the scale works. In many towns there are clinics for the examination of teeth, eyes, and tonsils and for repair work done through Red Cross funds or private donations; and in Windham County the greatest progress has been made through provisions of a large private fund.

Agriculture is now being taught in thirty high schools in Vermont as well as in the State School of Agriculture in Randolph; in all to nearly a thousand boys, which, with the training offered by the Farm Bureau and the 4-H Clubs, indicates that Vermont is trying to interest her boys and girls in staying on the farm. These high-school courses in agriculture are broad in nature. Many of them are courses Federally supported under the Smith-Hughes Act, and include farming projects carried on in summer months. The high-school teacher of agriculture is employed, in many schools, all the year round.

In the muck-raking era Vermont came in for its share of attention, even at the hands of men like Lincoln Steffens, who charged that "in two New England States, Connecticut and Vermont, there is all the appearance of political death—little vitality of any sort—but much evidence of degeneracy"; and a more recent writer in a magazine repeated that "it is safe to assume that there are at least thirty defectives per thousand in Vermont, and three hundred per thousand of backward or retarded persons. In other words, nearly one-third of the population is of a type to require some sort of supervision." If this charge were true, it would reflect on Vermont schools, but it is not true, and the magazine men will have to come forward with better evidence than they have yet shown to prove that Vermont is low either in intelligence or in character compared with other states of the Union. But that does not mean that there is not much to be desired, educationally, in Vermont. Among some satisfactions, however, it may be recalled that during the depression, when many schools in other states were closed and teachers were laid off or lost their pay, Vermont did not close a school for want of funds to keep it open, and not a teacher was defrauded of her wages.

Vermont now spends about five and a half million dollars a year on her schools, but nearly five millions of that is raised by the towns themselves. The remainder, which is state aid, is a small item indeed when compared with the millions put into state highways. But with the effort to get more state money



for schools there goes the effort to make the present budget serve as best it can, and every year scores some improvement in buildings, instruction, and programing the pupils' work.

Shakspere, if he wrote today, would revise his lines:

*the whining schoolboy, with his satchel  
And shining morning face, creeping like snail  
Unwillingly to school*

—for school life in Vermont, generally, is being made attractive enough so that most boys and girls like to go.

Even if they don't like to, they do go, for, as in days of yore, the truant officer is on their trail.

## SEVERAL KINDS OF COLLEGES



HARVARD WAS HARVARD when Yale was but a pup, and these ancient and honorable New England colleges had been turning out graduates for a century and more before Vermont concerned itself with higher education; but Vermont itself has venerable institutions—a college and a university which date back to the beginning of the nineteenth century, 1800, to a time when George Washington had just died and when the population of the United States was only 5,300,000. But, on the other hand, Vermont has a college so young that I saw it born at Bennington less than a decade ago.

Not only did Vermont provide early for higher education within her own borders, but a Vermonter, United States Senator Justin S. Morrill, a Strafford storekeeper who served for forty-four years with distinction in the United States Congress, was, while a representative, author of the Land Grant College Act signed by President Lincoln, July 2, 1862, which guaranteed to every state in the Union a college for the encouragement of agricultural and technical education under the auspices of state and nation. Almost every state in the Union, and even territories such as Hawaii and Puerto Rico, have important schools, colleges, or universities which owe their life to the act fathered by this Vermonter.

For her own part, Vermont, long before this, had cut out her ideas for higher education, even before she had finished

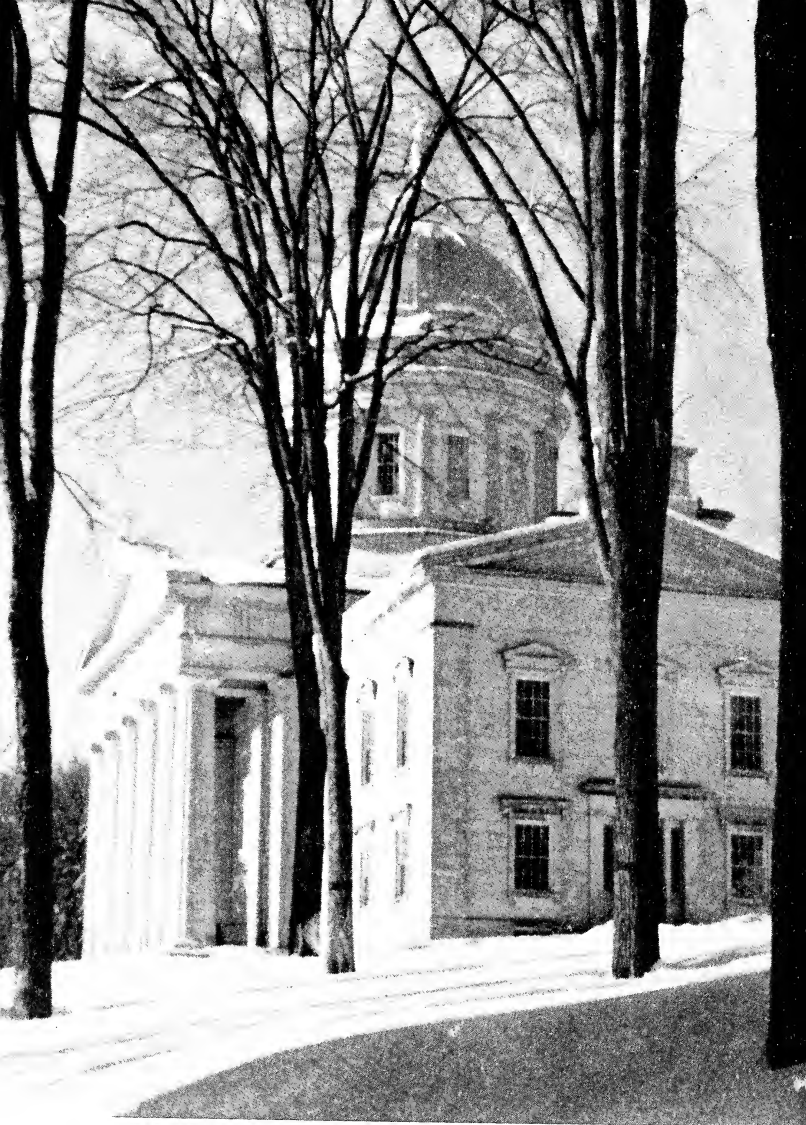


*Middlebury College campus is one of the ornaments  
of the Otter Creek valley.*

*University Row, Burlington. Lafayette in 1825 laid corner-  
stone of main building which students call the "Old Mill."*

HARRY R. STEVENS





*Vermont's gilded dome surmounts a classic little  
State House of granite.*

C. R. LOCKARD

cutting the primeval wilderness. During part of that period, when Vermont was a little sovereign republic, the towns just east of the Connecticut River, actually in New Hampshire, temporarily annexed themselves to Vermont, and this made Dartmouth College, located at Dresden, which is now Hanover, a pseudo-Vermont institution. Our state encouraged this association by setting aside the land of a whole township toward the support of Dartmouth College, and named it Wheelock. So it remains today, a township named in honor of the famous Eleazar Wheelock, first president of Dartmouth, who had penetrated the wilderness with his Bible and his drum, his *gradus ad Parnassum*, and his five hundred gallons of New England rum, with the purpose of converting the Indian—a process of which is still going on at Hanover.

The very year of Vermont's admission to the Union the first legislature to sit in the new state paid its respects to higher education by chartering the University of Vermont, November 2, 1791. But its respects were all it did pay, and there was a full decade of delay in getting under way the actual establishment of the university. This delay was due chiefly to the absence of Ira Allen in Europe, for Ira was one of the instigators and most enthusiastic promoters of the university at Burlington. The legislature had given the university the name of the state and selected the place where it should be built, but gave it no building or funds.

This fumbling gave Middlebury College, always Vermont's chief rival, a chance to make a forward pass, and, by getting a charter from the legislature in 1800, Middlebury was actually established and had turned out its first college graduate, Aaron Petty, in 1802, a little ahead of the university at Burlington.

If Vermont had Ira Allen as a patron, Middlebury is proud to have acted with the advice and aid of President Timothy Dwight of Yale.

Indeed, if the first charters of Vermont townships had been followed in letter and spirit, there would have been a college in practically every town in northern Vermont, for nearly all

of the charters at this time set aside land in each township for a college. Eventually these many tracts of land, amounting to twenty-nine thousand acres, were given over to the University of Vermont, and their sale or income from them aided in the establishment of the university. In addition, there were many private donors, so that the university falls in the class with Cornell and Rutgers, institutions supported partly by public and partly by private funds.

Ira Allen's name has been connected with the University of Vermont to the extent that he is called its founder. In 1865 the university was accorded the benefits of the Morrill Act and has since functioned as Vermont's State College of Agriculture and the Mechanic Arts.

The first college building erected at Burlington, a year or so after Painter Hall had been erected at Middlebury, was seized by the Federal government during the War of 1812 and used as a barracks and arsenal, so that education gave way for a time to war. On June 25, 1825, the Marquis de Lafayette laid the cornerstone of a new building, which, although later burned, may be considered the nucleus of the present university, situated beautifully on the crest of a hill overlooking the city of Burlington and Lake Champlain, across whose ten-mile width of water Vermont borrows the view of the Adirondacks, while behind the university lie the twin peaks of Mansfield and Camel's Hump and the gorge of the Winooski River.

The University of Vermont was the twentieth institution placed on the roll of American colleges and universities, and the third state university in the United States, if it can be strictly so called. It was preceded in such foundation only by the University of Georgia in 1785 and that of North Carolina in 1789.

It is impossible here to name the many men who have been presidents of Vermont colleges, but one of those particularly illustrious at the University of Vermont was President Matthew H. Buckham, head of the university for practically

forty years—from 1871 to 1910. Most of the principal buildings which make up the College Row at Burlington today were erected during his time, and it was early in his day that the university was thrown open to women as well as to men. In the university today there are four distinct colleges: the ancient College of Arts and Sciences, the College of Medicine, the College of Engineering and Mechanic Arts, and the Vermont State College of Agriculture. There are over twelve hundred students.

Thirty miles south of Burlington, in the valley of the Otter Creek, there was an unusual circle of notable and far-seeing pioneers in the town of Middlebury, who watched the delay in the founding of the university at Burlington, and who yearned, for the sake of their own sons and for the pride of their own town, to have a college or seminary established there. One muddy evening in early autumn Timothy Dwight, the president of Yale, who was making a horseback tour of New England, arrived in Middlebury and was entertained in the home of Samuel Miller. Gamaliel Painter, a man whose career had been spiced with service as a spy during the Revolution, Seth Storrs, Daniel Chipman, and others, met President Dwight at Miller's house and put up to him the idea of founding some institution for higher learning, call it seminary or college, as they would. The Yale president questioned his friends thoroughly and finally gave it as his opinion that "the local situation of Middlebury and various other circumstances render it a very desirable seat for such a seminary." In the building of the old Addison County Grammar School the college was promptly founded, and soon there was erected Painter Hall, still standing and beautifully restored on Middlebury's College Row, the oldest college building in Vermont.

W. Storrs Lee, in 1936, in a book entitled *Father Went to College*, has told the story of Middlebury, its close association with Yale, and the many ups and downs in its career, with a fascinating interest. Important to educational history in a broad way is the fact that college education for women vir-

tually began here as a rival to Middlebury College, when Emma Hart, a young Connecticut schoolmistress (later Emma Willard), established her "Female Seminary" in Middlebury, to the alarm and amazement of all, for the education of girls in the sciences and other branches of higher learning was then considered rank heresy.

Emma Hart had educated herself in geometry and mathematics and it was her rightful claim that at her Female Seminary in Middlebury "the stream of lady mathematicians took its rise." They had no apparatus, but they cut their geometric solids out of potatoes and, being alongside Middlebury College, they did what bootlegging they could in the way of knowledge, although Miss Hart and her pupils were positively barred from attending college lectures. For a time this female seminary was closed on account of Miss Hart's ill health, but she returned later, married to Dr. John Willard, who encouraged her in her liberal ideas of education for women; and in 1814 she reopened, in her own house in Middlebury, her female seminary. New York State was more alive to the importance of her work, and, with encouragement from the New York legislature, she moved her seminary to New York State, where it has since been revived under the name of the Emma Willard School, at Troy.

In 1883 Middlebury became a co-educational institution and it is still such, except for the fact that technically it has been divided into two colleges. Here also it is impossible to name the many presidents who have contributed to its growth, but in the memory of the present living graduates it was during the administrations of President Ezra Brainard and of Dr. John M. Thomas that the college took great strides forward, until it is now in the first rank among the smaller colleges of the country.

Unique is Middlebury's forest campus of thirty thousand acres in fourteen townships near by, left by the will of the late Joseph Battell, although much of this has been turned over to the Federal government for a national forest. Unique also



are the summer Schools of Languages—French, Spanish, and Italian—together with the English school at Bread Loaf Inn and the School for German at Bristol. Incidentally, Middlebury was the first college in this country in which the study of the German language was introduced.

As Justin Morrill saw after Civil War times the great need for colleges of agriculture, so did Captain Alden Partridge, one of the first superintendents of the West Point Military Academy, a half-century before Morrill's time, see the need of an education which included training not only for civil pursuits but also in military science, for the sake of health and discipline of the youth and for leadership in case of war. This fine soldier came back to his home town, Norwich, Vermont, in 1819, and founded the American Literary, Scientific, and Military Academy. He had success from the first and advertised effectively by taking his cadets on marching tours all over New England. The fame of the school was such that other places sought to attract it, and for a time it was moved to Middletown, Connecticut, but in 1829 it was back again upon its original site. In 1834 it was chartered and designated as "Norwich University," the first institution in the United States which was at the same time classical, scientific, and also military.

Upon the burning of the buildings at Norwich in 1866 and the offer of ground at Northfield, Vermont, Norwich University was removed to Northfield, its present location, about ten miles south of Montpelier. The buildings form a quadrangle around a drill ground on a little plateau near the village, and, unpretentious as the plant is, it has turned out over the years many competent civil engineers, army officers, businessmen, and other successful citizens. It is the boast of the school that its alumni have contributed to the construction of three hundred railroad lines throughout the world and have furnished such leaders in the navy and army as Admiral Dewey, Admiral Converse, Brigadier-General Williston, Brigadier-General Rice, and Major-General Dodge. During the

World War seventy-four per cent of Norwich graduates of military age were in the service, and eighty-six per cent of these were commissioned officers.

Norwich is particularly famous as a cavalry school, and its cadets annually take a ride of some distance around New England. Naturally, the college takes to polo. Under the present presidency of Porter Adams, former president of the American Aeronautical Society, the University has established a well-endowed chair of aviation, and in every way it is living up to the inscription to be seen on the gate entering the University grounds:

*This institution was founded upon the principle that a citizen soldiery is essential to the maintenance of free government.*

*Throughout a hundred years that principle has been cherished and men have here learned that obedience to law is liberty.*

*In centuries to come let all that enter this gate be faithful to the past.*

Although denominationalism figures in the establishment of some of Vermont's first schools and colleges, as Congregationalism prevailed at Middlebury and at Burlington, Vermont today has only one wholly denominational college: St. Michael's College, a Roman Catholic institution in the locality known as Winooski Park, a short way out of Burlington. The college is under the direction of the Fathers of St. Edmund of Canterbury, a religious community founded at Pontigny, in Burgundy, France. The college dates from 1904, and was incorporated by the Vermont legislature in 1913, when it was empowered to grant the usual college degrees. It has about a hundred and fifty students and a loyal body of alumni. There is also Trinity College in Burlington, for Catholic young women.

The youngest college in Vermont, interesting because it is one of the most advanced experiments in education, is the new

Bennington College. In conceiving this new experiment, which was for a girls' college with self-dependence as an objective, the Reverend Ravi Booth and other interested leaders called together in 1925 a conference of five hundred prominent educators. It took abundant faith and years of hard work to establish the college. I can recall that in 1930 I visited the present president, Dr. Robert D. Leigh, whose office was in a converted chicken-house on a Bennington estate which had been donated for the college grounds, and that a year or two later I saw the ground-breaking ceremonies held at the base of an old farm silo in a quadrangle of barn buildings, which were later converted into classrooms.

The college was opened in 1932 and from the very first started out to create a center of learning free from traditional methods of teaching. The girls live, not in large dormitories, but in cottage-type houses, having distinctively the New England atmosphere; and among the experiments is that of a vacation in winter as long as the one in summer, giving the girls opportunity to travel and to attend theaters and opera and other cultural activities in the cities. The situation is beautiful, looking toward Mt. Anthony and the Bennington monument; and the plant includes now a brick commons, leading from which are the green lanes lined with simple white houses conforming to the New England countryside. Dr. Leigh, who is still the president, believes he is proving his conviction that education can, like all things else, undergo desirable changes to adapt itself to the modern day.

Another new thing, the junior-college movement, is now astir in Vermont. Upon the old Troy Conference Academy at Poultney the Green Mountain Junior College has been superimposed with success; and the neighboring cities of Barre and Montpelier have followed with similar establishments: Goddard Junior College for Girls having been added to Goddard Seminary, which was formerly co-educational; and Vermont Junior College for both boys and girls having been established in the plant of the old Montpelier Seminary, overlooking the capital city.

## TOURISTS ACCOMMODATED



I HESITATE to try to tell my readers just where they should lay their heads or soothe their stomachs in Vermont. There are approximately two hundred and fifty places classed as hotels (though you may wonder how a few of them make the grade); there are about five hundred tourist homes, and cabins numerous enough except just when you want to find them, perhaps.

There are places I could mark with an asterisk as sleep-worthy or eatworthy, but they might change hands just as you got around to visit them, or circumstances might combine to make your impressions the reverse of mine. The ambition here is merely to tell some interesting things about places which dispense professional hospitality and to wish you well in your quest. If you find that you just have to put in somewhere, you are reasonably sure that Vermont is free from those pests which forced Montaigne to sleep on the table; that the place will, most likely, be the clean, wholesome, and comfortable sort of place you would expect of such a good housewifely state. Above all—it is likely to be quiet.

The most detailed information about *Vermont Hotels, Tourist Homes, and Cabins* available under one cover is the booklet of about a hundred pages, of that title, issued by the Vermont Publicity Service. It is a guide to places which furnish food and shelter, with one or two hundred words

about each, the information being furnished by proprietors, but generally reliable.

Many Vermont hotels are "built around golf," and some advertise "half a dozen golf-courses within twenty miles." Others are "built around fishing" or other water sport, within half an hour's ride of half a dozen lakes. Others are "built around the mountains" and accommodate the guest with a choice of half a dozen peaks to climb. Some Vermont hotels combine all of these attractions, with others. "Our weekly steak fries in the woods are famous." "Swimming near by in the ol' swimmin' hole." "Twenty-mile mountain panorama." "Abundance of fresh milk, cream, vegetables, fruits, and chickens." "Spacious breezy porches and broad elm-shaded lawn." "On hillock commanding fascinating view of Lake Champlain." "Cooking in charge of graduate dietician." "Five lakes and thousands of acres of spruce, fir, and cedar surround us." "Band concerts every week in summer." "Gravel side-roads make motoring a pleasure." "Special feature made of small boat sailing and motor-boating." "The good old New England atmosphere prevails." "No hay fever; no mosquitoes." "We cater to the lean purse." Such phrases, culled casually from the blurbs, reflect something of the character of the places.

"This professional tourist business," Harold Chadwick, our state publicity director, reminded me, "is no new thing in Vermont. I think it began in 1805. I have found that in that year many persons from Albany came over with horse and buggy to visit the mineral springs which were then thought notable at Middletown Springs in this state."

It is strange, with Saratoga Springs so near Albany, that these New Yorkers came to Vermont to take our waters. But for many years not only Middletown Springs, but Sheldon Springs in the northern part of the state and the so-called water cures at Brattleboro attracted many visitors; and there were minor spring resorts at Plainfield, Guilford, and Brunswick.

I do not know that visitors are now attracted by our spring water, although generally Vermont's water is good, and in some places it is superlatively so, as would be naturally true of such a well-watered mountain state. Try the great spring in Smugglers Notch some day. But water cures, such as were featured in the old days, are no more.

The story of one of them, established by Dr. Robert Wesselhoeft at Brattleboro in 1844, I know well. This hydropathic establishment was then in a sylvan setting by Whetstone Brook, now a polluted stream. The genius of Dr. Wesselhoeft attracted to Brattleboro many distinguished persons. There came Longfellow and his brother; Harriet Beecher Stowe; President Martin Van Buren, his son, and the two sons of John C. Calhoun; James Russell Lowell; Helen Hunt Jackson; Dr. Elisha Kane, the Arctic explorer; Fanny Fern, one of the earliest of women newspaper columnists; Charles A. Dana of the New York *Sun*; William Dean Howells; and J. N. Bales-tier, whose daughter Caroline became Mrs. Rudyard Kipling.

Dr. Wesselhoeft published the *Green Mountain Spring Monthly*, which had a circulation of over thirty thousand copies. But eventually the fashion in cures changed, the genius of the establishment died, the building on Elliott Street in Brattleboro was torn down, and no trace is left of this water cure today except that the spring still bubbles near Whetstone Brook.

It was Samuel Johnson's observation that "there is nothing contrived by man by which so much happiness is produced as by a good tavern or inn." I think private hospitality in Vermont is as genuine and as generous as anywhere. Vermonters are as mindful as anyone of St. Paul's advice to the Hebrews: "Be not forgetful to entertain strangers, for thereby some have entertained angels unawares."

The tourist home has become a definite feature of Vermont, and the number of such homes grows every year. From the profits of previous seasons many of these homes are improving to the extent that they offer serious competition to hotels. The



## RECREATION IN VERMONT

*Courtesy Vermont State Planning Board*





State Publicity Bureau tries to keep an eye on visitors and to lend an ear to what they have to say. They send questionnaires annually to several hundred and they get many replies to "What interested you in Vermont?" Some of these answers are:

"The lack, thank God, of commercialized stopping-places, the splendid farms to stop at, the high quality of food procurable, the friendliness of Vermonters, the scenery, the roads, but particularly the quiet.

"Scenery, climate, rural districts, and lack of maddening rush. We have enjoyed every place we have ever stayed at as well as our hosts and hostesses on such occasions."

Many keepers of tourist homes feel it is educational to come in contact with many of the fine people who are touring Vermont. They like to have their children meet strangers, and cultural satisfactions are considered by some to be the main motive in catering to tourists.

Vermont was born in a hotel. Green Mountain Tavern in Bennington, known as Catamount Inn, had as a sign a stuffed catamount grinning toward New York. Here the Green Mountain Boys forgathered. Here New York sympathizers were delivered for the high-chair treatment—hoisting in a chair of ignominy from the porch roof. Here Ethan Allen planned the taking of Ticonderoga. Here the pioneers drank, not only with their eyes, but lustily with rum to the new republic, as is evidenced by Allen's tap-room bill, still preserved.

In the old Walloomsac Inn in Old Bennington one may sit in a room where Allen and Stark talked over the fate of Vermont. For one hundred and seventy years the house has served as a public inn. Here, as in many another old tavern, one only needs to incite the imagination a bit to picture the days when guests sat by candlelight and fireplace instead of by electricity and steam. In contrast is the Hotel Putnam, half commercial and half tourist, today the chief Bennington hotel.

In the tavern kept at Dorset in 1776 by Deacon Cephas

Kent there assembled the representatives of thirty-five towns and voted that the district known as the New Hampshire Grants should declare itself free and separate. Today the Dorset Inn, which dates back to this natal period, caters to guests who have an interest in the art colony, the Dorset dramatic group, or golf.

In the old days tavern management was wholly a local enterprise, as it mostly remains today, but the Dorset Inn is one of four Vermont hostelries under the management of a small inn corporation headed by L. G. Treadway. The others are inns at Middlebury and at Wallingford, and the Long Trail Lodge. Though Mr. Treadway directs things from Williamstown, Massachusetts, the resident managers are local people.

The Barrows House is the other Dorset hotel, likewise close to the Dorset Field Club's nine-hole golf-course and to a marble swimming-pool, in the quarry from which the marble used in the New York Public Library was taken.

The Hotel Equinox in Manchester is generally called the finest in the state. Vermont doesn't entertain much in the grand manner. There is no hotel comparable in size to the Hotel Champlain at Bluff Point on the New York side, or the big White Mountain houses. Prohibition in Vermont, which became seemingly permanent at about the time some of these big hotel enterprises were launched, scared speculators away from this state. Vermont may be thankful for this. The reasonably small hotel has proved to be more fitting for the state.

The Equinox, owned by the Orvis family since before the Civil War, is one of the most beautiful hotels in New England, with its high-studded porches supported by columns that would do credit to Monticello or Mount Vernon. But the hotel is distinguished not alone for its beautiful white building in the spotless village of Manchester but for the quality of its four hundred guests. The Orvises have built up a clientele which comes year after year to enjoy the atmosphere, two picturesque eighteen-hole golf-courses, mountain bridle paths and the generally beautiful Vermont scenery in a town notable

for its many costly estates. The Orvis Inn, the Worthy, the Manchester Inn, and MacNaughton's complete the list of Manchester hotels. At Arlington are two inns and the Roaring Branch Camp with its twelve log cabins.

On the other side of the state Windham County is distinguished for the fact that this county was a Tory stronghold, for a long time opposing the formation of the state of Vermont. The first inn in Brattleboro was kept by a Major Arms, who was a sheriff under the authority of New York State. With the help of his spouse, Susannah, he kept a tidy and popular place located at the turn of the Great River road from the north over which came the post riders from Windsor and from here continued over the mountains to Bennington and Troy (near where the Brattleboro Retreat now stands).

The Hayes Tavern at West Brattleboro still stands today as a private residence. In 1815 the Brattleboro Light Infantry dined there, on the day that the mail-coach, decked with flags, brought the delayed tidings of peace after the War of 1812.

The old Snow Tavern in Marlboro and Averill's Stand near the present village of Wilmington serve as reminders of the time when these inns or ordinaries served as overnight stopping-places for the stages and six-horse freight teams that traversed the Molly Stark Trail over the mountains to Troy and the Erie Canal. There was Chase's Stage House in Brattleboro, where during the War of 1812 it was a common custom to roll into the big bar-room a hogshead of West Indian rum and dispense it direct from the tap.

There was many a place in the old days which helped to make noses red, for Vermont had upwards of a hundred distilleries and breweries. But about 1850 there came a wave of the temperance hotel. An example was the huge brick building, the Revere House, built in Brattleboro by James Fisk, whose caravan of nine peddling carts, drawn by six white horses and four bays, covered all New England.

Gone are these old places, and the Hotel Brooks, which

itself dates from 1875, and whose high-studded rooms have been modernized, is the dominating Brattleboro hotel. Two other hotels and many roadhouses and cabins cater to the modern tourist. Some make it a point that they are near "Kipling's old home."

Scarcely anyone would pick Bellows Falls, railroad center, as a famous summer resort, but from 1849 to 1868 one of the most popular hotels in the Connecticut valley was the Island House there, patronized by people on their way to and from the White Mountains. A fire a few years ago destroyed the old Hotel Windham, and Bellows Falls now has a new hotel of the same name.

Newfane is known for the beautiful, century-old courthouse and for two little hotels on the village green. One is unique, the Windham County House, because it serves both as a hotel and as the county jail. I have eaten there in company with lawyers attending trials, while some of the trusty prisoners were doing chores about the house, and while dinners were being served simultaneously to the guests and prisoners. The place is popular with all the court crowd, and so, too, is the hundred-and-fifty-year-old Newfane Inn nearby. Here one of the ornaments of the old hearth is the footstove which Eugene Field carried up the aisle of the local church for his good old Congregational grandmother.

Rutland city has a score of stopping-places, led off by the Hotels Berwick, Brock, Bardwell, and Crestwood, but these are probably not so much in the mind of the reader as the summer hotels in smaller towns. Lake Bomoseen in Castleton is particularly frequented by New York State people. The large Prospect House there is patronized particularly by New York City officials and Democratic politicians.

There are other Bomoseen resorts, and just north of the lake, in Sudbury, is Hyde Manor, which has been in the Hyde family for five generations, or for one hundred and thirty-six seasons. It calls itself "the first hotel in New England to cater to summer visitors."

The beautiful village of Brandon is a horsy town and the gathering-place for those who enjoy the Long Trail. The Brandon Inn, one of the good hotels, overlooks the village green.

The True Temper Inn at Wallingford is a large white building of the early American style, in which may be seen authentic copies of very old-style wall-paper. Paul Harris, who founded the International Rotarians, was brought up here in Wallingford by his grandparents, later moving to Chicago, where in a casual inspiration one day he launched the organization which has become so widespread. The inn is owned by the American Fork and Hoe Company, which maintains in an old stone shop near the hotel a museum showing a unique collection of Vermont-made farm implements. Incidentally, on a hill near by, Darius Green tried out his flying machine.

Other towns have hotel accommodations, but I shall have to conclude consideration of Rutland County with mention of Long Trail Lodge, one of the unique Green Mountain resorts, located in Sherburne Pass, one of the most unusual stopping-places in the eastern United States. This rambling rustic lodge, of which I have spoken in my story of the Long Trail, is under Treadway management. It is located on the Long Trail and on U. S. Route No. 4, a short distance out of Rutland, and is patronized not only by hikers on the trail, but also by the general public. Mr. Maurice Broun, a famous naturalist, has accomplished wonders here. Every plant, shrub, and tree is marked, that the lover of the out-of-doors may enjoy and understand. The bog garden contains a wonderful collection of plants indigenous to the elevation of Sherburne Pass, which is over two thousand feet.

Windsor County is second to Bennington in the historical distinction of its taverns, for it was in the tavern at Windsor, now preserved as the Old Constitution House, that the constitution of Vermont was adopted. A tea-room is conducted here today. The Windsor House is on the site of Pettes Coffee House, from which Lafayette spoke during his tour of 1825.

The county is most celebrated, so far as hotels are concerned, for the Woodstock Inn, one of the few places in the state where guests often appear in evening dress, though nowhere is this obligatory. The house has been given an unusual air by the large number of paintings by its manager, Arthur Wilder. The White Cupboard Inn, occupying two fine houses on the village green, is open all the year round and is the gathering-place for winter-sports enthusiasts.

The Adnabrown in Springfield is one of the good large village hotels, and there is the Hotel Coolidge in White River Junction, mainly a commercial house, the Fullerton Inn in Chester, Rowell's Inn in Simonsville, The Inn at Ascutneyville, and Echo Lake Inn at Tyson.

I remember the present Middlebury Inn when it was the old Addison House, under the management of John Higgins. But in 1926 this famous hostelry, which dates back to 1815 and was an important stage-coach stop, was remodeled and renamed. The job was done with more success than usually attends a remodeling, for the inn today preserves many of the charming old colonial features and yet has made a place for modern conveniences. Mr. Higgins would have turned in his grave to think that the inn today is one of a group of twenty-two inns and not a one-man hotel, but all this is in the modern tempo, and the inn answers the requirements of the present day better than it would under the old regime.

A short trip into the mountains of Ripton brings one out at the plateau under the shadow of Breadloaf Mountain where, years ago, Joseph Battell built the Bread Loaf Inn. Today this is the center of the Middlebury College summer school of English and the Creative Writers' Conference; but it is still a hotel. It is unique and close to the Long Trail.

In the deserted village of Brooksville, about three miles north of Middlebury, is one of the new places, the Dog Team Tavern, built under the direction of Sir Wilfred Grenfell of Labrador fame, and Lady Grenfell. For nearly half a century



W. LINCOLN HIGHTON

*Burke Hollow is typical of more than a hundred Vermont hamlets.*

*This White Cupboard Inn at Woodstock dates from 1794.*

ROBERT H. ROYCE





W. STORRS LEE

*From these roots come Vermont's sweetest product.*



Sir Wilfred has lived among and helped the fisher-folk of Labrador, and the Dog Team Tavern was established to aid by its patronage this work in Labrador. The tavern is a large white building with green shutters, bearing cut-outs of the Labrador dog. The French windows of the dining-room open over the tumbling waters of the New Haven River and give a view of the distant mountains. Rugs and other handicraft articles made in Labrador are exhibited, and an old church near by is being remodeled to serve as a Labrador museum.

Under the migratory management of Arthur Penfield Beach, who runs a hotel in Miami in the winter, a resort known as Basin Harbor Lodge flourishes on the shore of Lake Champlain in the town of Ferrisburg. Basin Harbor makes a fine anchorage for yachts and motorists. Lake Dunmore, larger than the average lake in Vermont, has the Lake Dunmore Hotel on one shore and Mount Moosalamoo on the other. It is a large hotel under the same management as the Prospect House at Lake Bomoseen. There is the Inn at Bristol, a little Vermontish hotel in a neat little Vermontish village, and the very old and respectable Stevens House in the tiny city of Vergennes.

Orange County has hotels in its largest town, Randolph, one in Bethel, and one in Bradford, but the county is chiefly celebrated for the places at Lake Fairlee and Lake Morey. The Lake Morey Club has a beautiful location close to the lake, a golf-course, and a riding stable. There, also, is Bonnie Oaks, a rustic resort made up of cabins and a center lodge. Dr. E. H. Page, a Fitchburg (Massachusetts) physician, who now runs this establishment accommodating over two hundred guests, fell into the hotel business by accident. An old Stanley steamer in which he was touring Vermont in the early days of the automobile, broke down at Lake Morey and compelled him to stay overnight. He bought a camp site there to which he invited his friends, who begged to come back another year as paying guests, and so the thing rolled up, like the proverbial

snowball. Today he has in addition to Bonnie Oaks a place called Gardenside, a large barn converted into attractive quarters.

Burlington, on Lake Champlain, affords sites for many tourist places. In the city there has been a long series of establishments dispensing hospitality. One kept by Richard Fittlock in 1797 sought to be popular with both the loyalists and the rebels. A swinging sign with painted portrait of Lord Nelson on one side had the portrait of George Washington on the other! The present site of the Hotel Vermont was occupied by the American House, built by Governor Van Ness about 1824. Here Landlord Royal H. Gould was host to Lafayette.

Opposite the Vermont stands the old Hotel Van Ness, which reminds me that this place took the fancy of the essayist, Christopher Morley. In his *Plum Pudding* essays Morley wrote: "To speak merely by sudden memory, for instance, there was the fine old hotel in Burlington, Vermont—is it called the Van Ness House?—where we remember a line of cane-bottomed chairs on a long, shady veranda, where one could look out and see the town shimmering in that waft of hot and dazzling sunshine that poured across Lake Champlain." Both the Vermont and the Van Ness have roof gardens overlooking Lake Champlain.

Closer to the lake are such places as the Allenwood Inn, former residence of a wealthy New Yorker, which has a Japanese tea-garden and a tea-house imported from Japan; Oakledge, where I have enjoyed a Lake Champlain sunset to cap the evening meal; Champlain Park, with accommodations for a hundred guests in lakeside cabins; and the Lake Champlain Club at Malletts Bay, with a private nine-hole golf-course.

Montpelier, the capital city now, showed its hospitality 'way back in 1793 when Prince Edward, son of George III, came trekking down from Montreal on his way to Boston and was entertained by Colonel Jacob Davis, the first settler. The

prince was so suspicious of Vermont hospitality that he brought twenty men to serve as a bodyguard and as food-tasters. Colonel Davis, however, persuaded him to be more trusting, and he sent most of the retinue back to Montreal.

Today Montpelier has a huge old-time Pavilion, which is the rendezvous of legislators and of those who pursue the legislators. The Governor, for whom the state provides no executive mansion, usually has a suite of rooms in this high, old-fashioned hotel.

Across the street is the new Montpelier Tavern on the site of the Montpelier House, which had been continuously open for a hundred and four years, but whose end was spelled by the flood of 1927.

Barre, the granite center, has a fairly modern hotel facing on the city park, close to the statue of Robert Burns, which is one of the finest bits of sculpture in Vermont, and next to the War Memorial, which is one of the worst.

The Inn at Waterbury has a considerable patronage from the Canadians who come down from Montreal.

St. Johnsbury has not only the St. Johnsbury House but also Maple Grove Inn, formerly the home of Governor Fairbanks, a fine old house of the Victorian era. Lyndonville has one of the most modern of Vermont hotels, well named the Darling Inn.

On Danville Green is the old Thurber Inn, standing since stage-coach days. If you thirst for such information, it still has the original bar from which the stage-coach drivers and passengers sought refreshment.

Lamoille County has no city within its borders, but most of its several towns—Stowe, Morrisville, Hyde Park, and Johnson in particular—have their hotels. Stowe, the stepping-off place for the drive to Mt. Mansfield, is a village of only a few hundred souls, but with the Green Mountain Inn in the village, the Fountain on the outskirts, with a fine panorama of the mountain, the Smugglers Notch Lodge, Barnes Camp, also in the Notch, and nearly a dozen other places in addition to

the hotel on top of the mountain, and the Lake Mansfield Trout Club, it is capable of taking care of more visitors than there are people in Stowe village.

The island county of Grand Isle has several stopping-places, including the beautifully located Island Villa fronting on the lake. Franklin County has its Tavern, which fronts on the St. Albans green, and summer resorts at Highgate Springs and Sheldon Springs.

Newport House on Lake Memphremagog is a modern place facing the lake, Barton, Troy, and Greensboro are also among places with accommodations. There are resorts at Westmore on Lake Willoughby and at Morgan on Lake Seymour.

The wilderness section of Vermont is in Essex County, where there are several townships laid out, with not a person living in several of them. There is no highway through some of these townships, but one of them, on the outskirts of the forests, produced Rudy Vallee and the late United States Senator Porter H. Dale. This is the town of Brighton, village of Island Pond, originally called the town of Random. But, strange to say, in this little township on the edge of the woods there flourished over the years a score of little hotels where gayety once reigned. I know of nothing in particular here today, but to the extreme north, close to the Canadian line, there are the well-known Quimby camps, commanding three lakes and many square miles of wilderness into which it is unsafe for anyone to penetrate without a guide. Here I leave the reader in charge of red-haired Hortense Quimby to meditate upon the variety of stopping-places which Vermont offers.

Have I failed to say much of Vermont cooking? I dare not discriminate. Appearances from the outside are not a trustworthy index to the quality of the table. Vermont women have much to do with the management of Vermont hotels and tourist homes—and Vermont women are usually good cooks. Most of the hotels and tourist homes have their own gardens, and some their own dairies. With the strides in transportation and refrigeration, Vermont enjoys most things, even

out of season, that the cities know; but its food is at its best at the height of the garden season. It is a memorable experience to eat telephone peas freshly picked and cooked with butter and cream (not merely served in their own pea water) or to have all the Golden Bantam corn you want, with the added seasoning of knowing it was growing in the near-by garden only a few minutes before it was popped into the kettle.

But I leave you here, with your mouth watering.

## GATEWAYS AND HIGHWAYS



THERE ARE FEW BILLBOARD BLURBS anywhere to advise the motorist that upon arriving in Vermont he is entering any Eden. There is no skywriting of welcome, except such as the heavens themselves devise. It would be out of character for a state which is so cautious about being spoiled to go in for anything blatant in the way of signs of its hospitality.

Nevertheless, Vermont does crook her finger, inviting the stranger in. Advertising in the magazines, newspapers, and state booklets has been going on at an increasing expense, well justified by increasing returns each year. "Vermont is Inviting" and such titles are telling and picturing the allurements of this rural recreational state in a way that leaves no doubt that Vermont invites all who appreciate what she has to offer.

There are at least sixty ways to get into Vermont by car, and sixty ways to get out if you don't like it. I have just roughly counted them on a wall-high detailed highway map, though they are not shown on any ordinary touring map. Along the state's four borders, almost every town large enough to boast a Chamber of Commerce advertises itself in some little illustrated folder as the "Gateway to the Green Mountains." There are about a score of such. I would not dispute the claims of any, for Vermont is such a small state and a car can travel so speedily that any of these many doors opens with

an almost sudden directness upon our green hills if not immediately upon our main mountains.

I am not sure that the traffic survey has shown for a certainty which is the most popular gate. The Pownal-to-Bennington entrance in the southwestern corner of Vermont may be called the New York door, and Bennington County, which once so vigorously resisted the authority of New York, now recognizes it in many ways. The Vernon-to-Brattleboro or Greenfield-to-Brattleboro gateway in the southeast corner are Massachusetts doors, and Brattleboro is a town which surely shows Massachusetts influences. But the whole Connecticut Valley is a sort of extension of Broadway, and the New York number-plate is always conspicuous in the traffic here.

Along the western boundary of Vermont there are several secondary cross-over routes, with a main one entering Fair Haven from Whitehall to Rutland. North of here Lake Champlain formerly offered a barrier, but this has been beautifully bridged from Crown Point, New York, to Chimney Point in Addison, Vermont, for entrance to Middlebury or going north to Vergennes and Burlington. Up in the broad portion of the lake large ferries, steering, the captains have told me, by the beacon of Camel's Hump, take fleets of cars from the New York shore to Burlington. The gangling but beautiful string of islands to the north are also ferry-joined to New York State, and those same islands are joined by the picturesque Sand Bar bridge to the Vermont mainland. To all these facilities on the west, there are being added now the new bridges from Swanton to Alburg and thence to Rouses Point.

As is remembered of the prohibition days, there are, along Vermont's northern border, many roads by which smugglers sneaked into Vermont from Canada. But such sneaking is no longer necessary. The main gateways, distinguished by custom-houses (please stop and declare yourselves!), are at Alburg, Highgate, Richford, North Troy, and Derby Line (interesting because several of its buildings are half in Canada and half in Vermont). Over in the very sparsely settled north-

eastern corner of Vermont are gateways from Canada at Norton Mills, Canaan, and Beecher Falls.

The Connecticut River, which forms the entire eastern boundary of Vermont, is crossed by more than a dozen bridges, at Windsor by one of the old covered ones where you are warned to "Walk your horses." Age and successive floods have now carried away most of these old bridges. The new Ledyard bridge, Norwich to Hanover, is a sorry substitute for the covered bridge which the Dartmouth men used to make tremble with their marching feet—one of many instances where cement or iron has displaced sentiment and wood. At Brattleboro, Bellows Falls, Springfield, Weathersfield, White River Junction, Fairlee, Newbury, Barnet, Waterford, Lunenburg, Brunswick, and Beecher Falls are other bridged gateways, a few of those at the northern reaches of the river still being the original covered ones.

Once within the gates, there are more than fourteen thousand miles of roads open to the tourist in Vermont, a labyrinthine network throughout the state. That mileage could scarcely be covered conveniently in less than a month's driving, and perhaps not then, for there are back roads which do not belong to the category of tourist drives. Of such "shunpikes" I have something in particular to say later. Only an eighth of Vermont's road mileage is commonly considered tourable, or commonly used for touring, for that is approximately the portion taken over by the state highway department and generally hard-surfaced. But seventeen hundred miles of such roads means more than one day's trip.

The "Freedom and Unity" emblazoned on the Vermont state seal should have the accent on the Freedom, for the tourist is soon aware that Vermont is much divided by its mountains. What Unity there is between one town and the next, between one county and another, is over winding roads, mostly, up hill and down dale, and sometimes right over the backs of mountains or through natural notches.

The tourist is not to look for any three-lane highways in







Vermont. They are hardly necessary as yet, for the two-lane ones are seldom congested. "No-passing-on-curves" may sometimes fret you with delay, but ordinarily the road is yours, and the sense of freedom is not alone in escape from urban traffic. The tourist may rejoice with Vermonters that Vermont roads are debt-free, for it has ever been the policy of the state to pay as you go in road-building. Thus it is that the few cents gas tax may be paid with better grace for future improvements rather than paying for a dead horse.

It is something for a state with only 360,000 men, women, and children (about the size of the city of Rochester, New York) to raise four and a half million dollars every year to put down permanent roads, but, with some Federal aid, Vermont has done that now for several years. If the state was later than some in getting its hard-surfaced roads down, the roads are the newer now for that delay. It is only here and there that a short link of washboard road, which is undoubtedly on the schedule for improvement soon, takes the edge off a tourist's enthusiasm for Vermont's main roads.

Like the hairs of our head, all roads everywhere in the country are numbered. Travel directions of the old Blue Book era are no longer necessary: "seven and three-tenths miles to railroad crossing and turn left with travel," etc. From any highway map, to be picked up for the asking at gas stations or state tourist information booths, a party may go into a huddle and soon call off their day's journey like a football signal: "5-30-7."

This book, not being precisely a guide-book, is not to undertake any such prosaic task as listing routes, mileages, or wayside information. Throughout these pages various aspects of Vermont life will be developed, hoping that they will give background to any or all touring the reader cares to make; but as for tours themselves I offer only some general observations.

Vermont may be toured up and down on either side and in the middle; and the state may be crossed at such points as

the mountains are "the least inclined" to let you.

I want neither the east side nor the west side of Vermont to charge me with any favoritism, so I will say that if you find yourself starting north on the west side and you wish you had chosen the Connecticut valley route instead, or vice versa, you can change your mind easily by taking the Molly Stark Trail. This is the southernmost cross-state road in Vermont (Brattleboro to Bennington), and it lifts you up 2,100 feet over Hogback Mountain for one of the best views to be had in the southern section of Vermont. I once had a New York guest who had come that way over Hogback in the late afternoon, and the next morning before the rest of us were out of bed we discovered he had got up and driven back twenty miles up Hogback to drink in that view once more.

The "trail" is a newly hard-surfaced road winding up the course of the Whetstone Brook from Brattleboro, passing through but one village, Wilmington, and dropping down through a densely wooded country into Bennington. There are fewer habitations along this route than on almost any other forty-mile stretch in Vermont. It was *not* over this route that General John Stark of New Hampshire crossed Vermont in August 1777, swearing before the battle of Bennington that he would repulse the British "or Molly Stark this night sleeps a widow," but it is after Molly (who didn't sleep a widow) that the trail is named. The route Stark took was by way of Manchester and Peru.

Just off the Molly Stark Trail the exploring tourist finds it interesting to visit Whitingham, just south of Wilmington, where "the highest earth dam in the world" impounds the Deerfield River and makes one of the largest lakes in Vermont; the little floating island in Sadagwa pond; Haystack Mountain in Wilmington; the nearly deserted village of Marlboro, named after the duke; or, by a side-road north of the trail, Somerset, a township of sixteen thousand acres of wilderness and less than twenty people.

When I asked the chairman of Vermont's state highway

board which route for the northern journey he would most heartily recommend, he said, without hesitation: "Route 30." That isn't one most commonly taken by the tourist, for it is neither the shortest nor best-surfaced—it is more of a secondary than a primary road; but in summer it is usually a very good twisting ribbon of rich brown gravel. The reason the chairman of the highway board favored it was clear—it was the road he chose to ride on his trips from his home in Londonderry to the capitol in Montpelier; and, of course, every Vermonter likes his own home road the best.

This route starts at Brattleboro, cutting diagonally across the state, up the West River valley through many charming little villages such as Newfane, the beautiful county seat; Townshend, seat of a century-old seminary and the birthplace of Alphonso Taft, father of former President William Howard Taft; Jamaica, scene of one of the few Indian raids in southern Vermont, (120-foot Hamilton Falls near by); and then over some of the Peru hills, skirting part of the National Forest, and dropping down into Manchester, Vermont's best-known summer resort and golfing center.

From Manchester one may be tempted to take U. S. Highway No. 7 north, but the chairman of the highway board prefers to stick to Route 30, as I have said. This takes you north and a little west up the Metawee valley through the art and drama colony of Dorset to Pawlet, which was settled as early as 1761, and thence along the shores of beautiful Lake St. Catherine in the towns of Wells and Poultney, the town which gave birth to George A. Jones, founder of the *New York Times* and which taught the printing trade to Horace Greeley, founder of the *New York Tribune*.

Route 30 also takes you by Lake Bomoseen, in the middle of which Alexander Woollcott and his associates have their island; by Hubbardton, where Colonel Seth Warner and eight hundred men fought against a superior force of invading British, July 7, 1777, and on to Sudbury, where there is choice of a detour (by 30A) up through lower Champlain valley

towns, or you may continue into the beautiful college town of Middlebury.

More commonly chosen routes for getting north are the cemented highways, U. S. 7 on the west and U. S. 5 on the east side of the state. The former is known as the Ethan Allen Highway, and for all its length it has some associations with the Green Mountain Boys and the early history of Vermont. The gateway is at Pownal, settled by Rhode Islanders ten years before the Revolution, and after a lung-filling and eye-filling view from the Pownal road you are soon in Bennington, never to be mentioned without the tag "historic." As the first place in the New Hampshire Grants chartered by Governor Benning Wentworth of New Hampshire, Bennington gets its name after that doughty old realtor. But history, as such, has place elsewhere. The battle of Bennington, August 16, 1777, has given Vermont excuse for an annual holiday (observed little except by the banks) and given Bennington the tallest battle monument in the world, 301 feet of Vermont dolomite to commemorate the repulse of the Germanized British army near by, an encouraging prelude to the final defeat of Burgoyne at Saratoga shortly afterwards.

Shaftsbury and Arlington, the homes of Robert Frost and Dorothy Canfield Fisher, respectively, lie just north of Bennington. At Arlington a notch which allows the Battenkill River to pass through the mountain range is said to give Mrs. Fisher an extra hour of sunshine, which is perhaps one of the secrets of her personality. Side-trips to Stratton Mountain, to the abandoned "ghost town" of Kelley Stand, to the tree-clad elevations of Wardsboro, Dover, and Sunderland (once the home of both Ethan and Ira Allen), are recommended by the state tour book, and I second the motion if you have the time.

Manchester, like Bennington, reflects New York influences, the fine estates there being costlier than those in any other Vermont town. For many years it was the home of Robert T. Lincoln, son of Abraham Lincoln. North of Manchester

there is the choice of Route 30 I have already mentioned, or continuance by U. S. 7 through a wilder section known as the Mt. Tabor area, part of the Green Mountain National Forest. The route leads on to Wallingford (the home of Paul Harris, founder of Rotary), and thence to the railroad and marble center, Rutland, second largest city in the state.

Still other ways of getting north include the Black River valley. Proceeding up the Connecticut from Brattleboro by the King's Highway, through historic Westminster to Bellows Falls, Route 103 takes a diagonal across the state. It is much in the direction of the first highway laid out in Vermont, the Crown Point military road built in 1759 by General Amherst from old Fort No. 4 at Charlestown, New Hampshire, to Crown Point, New York, on Lake Champlain.

This route takes you through the well-shaded village of Chester, by the public camping grounds of the Proctor-Piper state forest in Proctorsville, on to the mill town of Ludlow, nestling in a bowl at the foot of Okemo Mountain, up which a new road has just been built; and then on up the Black River course to Plymouth (changing to Route 100) to take in the birthplace of Calvin Coolidge. Here, too, is a camp ground and picnic area in the Coolidge state forest. Thence one may branch over to the charming well-preserved village of Woodstock, or bear to the west over Sherburne Mountain, dropping down the Mendon road into Rutland.

Lastly, the trip north can be, and commonly is, taken by way of the Connecticut valley to White River Junction, including the industrial but historic and beautiful village of Windsor, "birthplace of Vermont," with a side-trip, just south of Windsor, if you wish, by the new road three-quarters of the way up Ascutney Mountain.

There is some difference between northern and southern Vermont, for the up-state villages are more remote from the urban influences of New York and Massachusetts, and to the north Vermont's wedge-shaped area widens out and the

mountains, beginning with Killington at Rutland, become higher. So let us break the gazetteerish nature of this chapter by considering northern Vermont highways under a separate head: "Gulfs and Notches."



## GULFS AND NOTCHES



VERMONT IS A "GULF" STATE in quite a different sense from what Texas is; and Vermont is a much notched state. If you consider the highway from White River Junction to Woodstock and across the state by way of Rutland as Vermont's waistline, that part of the state above the belt is to be distinguished from that below by the greater number of gulfs and notches.

"Notch" in the sense of a narrow passage between two elevations is a word common to northern New England, meaning always a natural and usually deep V-shaped close pass, cutting a mountain range transversely. "Gulf," peculiar to Vermont, is a longer, less deep, and less rugged passage, usually a depression between two major or minor mountain ranges instead of across them.

I wonder that the poets who sing of Vermont woods and hills do not include an especial affection for our gulfs and notches. There is some trace of them in the southern part of the state, as I remember well from my youth the particularly seductive charms of Proctorsville Gulf, and the unconquerability of the Plymouth Notch road on a bicycle; but it is generally north of Woodstock that these mildly abysmal gulf roads and real notches become something to write about.

I recall no highways better air-conditioned on a hot day than some of Vermont's gulf roads. I have always been fond

of the one from Woodstock to Barnard, known as Barnard Gulf, on the way to the Sinclair Lewis place. Even when a drought threatens everywhere else, these gulf roads are refreshingly damp as well as cool. I do not mean damp in the mildewy sense, but damp because there is invariably a brook running by. Indeed, these gulfs seldom thoroughly dry up. They are so shaded that in them it is often but a short time from one winter snow to the next.

Motoring north from either Rutland or White River Junction toward Montpelier, the tourist has a choice of gulfs. The longest and one of the most beautiful gulf roads in all the state is Granville Gulf (Route 100), which can be reached from either White River Junction or Rutland for the trip to north central Vermont.

I recommend a return to New York from Montpelier by way of this fine gravel road through Granville Gulf rather than by way of the cemented and black-topped highways on the east or west side of the state. The Granville road lies like a dividing line between the breasts of the mountains on either side. It is only in the early spring of the year that this Granville Gulf route is to be avoided as too wet. Through the summer it is as cool as a grotto, and in the fall, with the many-colored leaves swirling from the wooded mountainsides upon your path, your progress is like a triumphal march with a myriad flower-girls strewing the way.

To judge from the few cars I have ever met on it, this Granville Gulf route is less sought by the tourist than it should be. It is largely a state reservation and hence comes near to being a Green Mountain Parkway. The last time I drove this route I saw a blue heron rise from the roadside brook and sail off gracefully down the gulf. There is a public camp ground near the highway, and at Moss Glen Falls a refreshing cascade brings a cold spring-fed stream to your feet by the roadside.

The road parallels the Long Trail for many miles, the trail along the summits of the main Green Mountain Range, and

for miles there is no opportunity to cross it. There is one pass, known as the Warren-Hancock Pass, but this is one of the steepest roads in Vermont and, not being improved, is seldom recommended to the tourist. The opportunity to pass over the mountains is finally afforded just below Rochester, or rather, if you are coming north from Rutland, you come up over Mendon Mountain and Sherburne Pass along by the Long Trail Lodge and then turn north at Rochester through the Granville Gulf. As the map will show you, you may also reach the gulf from the Black River valley route mentioned in the previous chapter.

Almost paralleling the Granville route there are two other gulf roads, even more popular because they are hard-surfaced, running north toward Montpelier. These are the Northfield Gulf (Route 12) and the Williamstown Gulf (Route 14), though neither of them has quite the "gulfiness" of the Granville route. The Northfield Gulf road takes you to the village of Randolph, to Northfield, the seat of Norwich University, and directly into Montpelier; the Williamstown Gulf road is routed by way of the granite city of Barre and thence to the capital city.

On the west side of the state, from Rutland north, cement or black-top can be had all the way to Burlington by way of beautiful Brandon, collegiate Middlebury, Vergennes, which claims to be the smallest city in the world, and up the Lake Champlain valley, although the main road seldom allows you to see much of the lake until nearly in Burlington.

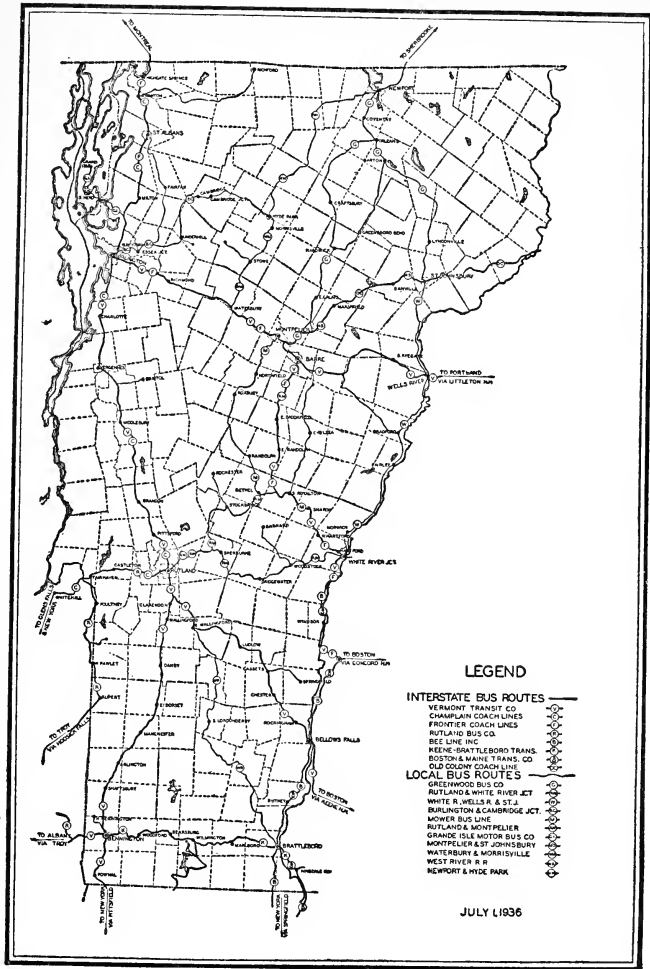
An alternate, but nearly all-gravel route from Middlebury to Burlington is by way of the charming Bristol village, past the Lord's Prayer cut on a rock, and north through the Starksboro plain to Hinesburg. Or, on the east side of the state, there is the easily followed Connecticut valley route past Dartmouth College (across the river from Norwich) to the Fairlee lakes and camps, to old Newbury, Wells River, and St. Johnsbury.

Having pushed north by any of these routes, you are now up where Vermont is broadest, and Lake Champlain is widest,

and the mountains are highest, and, perhaps, where Vermont is Vermontest. You are, in short, in the center of Vermont, cut through for much of the way by the Winooski River. Along the winding course of this stream, with falls at Bolton and Winooski, there is a million-dollar strip of cement connecting Burlington with Montpelier. Continuing eastward, there is an equally good hard-surfaced road cutting across the rest of the state to St. Johnsbury and thence to New Hampshire. This is the main cross-state road of Vermont, U. S. Highway No. 2, and the Burlington-to-Montpelier section is probably the most heavily traveled highway in Vermont. Here Camel's Hump to the south, and Mansfield to the north, always dominate the scene, and often with surprising majestic beauty.

Mansfield, the tallest of our mountains, is less conspicuous along this route than the Hump. But when time and inclination are in your favor, the swing from Burlington to Montpelier can be taken by way of Cambridge to the north, encircling Mt. Mansfield by way of Smugglers Notch. Of all the many notches in Vermont, this is the "notchiest," as I describe in more detail elsewhere. This route gives you a close-up of the whole face of Mt. Mansfield, and before you drop down from the notch into Stowe you pass the entrance to the toll-road going to the very top of the mountain. Perhaps you would do well not to pass it, but take the trip; it is well worth the toll. Returning to the state road, you roll on to the typical Vermont village of Stowe, and from there over cement to Waterbury and U. S. 2. On that leg of the trip, I might remind you, the Stowe-to-Waterbury road, now cement, was formerly one of the few all-plank roads laid down in Vermont. Years ago the Lamoille Country Plank Road Company laid down two-by-six planks side to side for all that stretch, and traffic rattled over them for some ten years before the planks rotted out and were taken up.

Having left you at St. Johnsbury, so far as the eastern part of the state is concerned, I should say a good word for the



BUS WAYS MANY WAYS

*Courtesy Vermont State Planning Board*



road from there north to Lyndonville. It leads later into an enchanting country, including the Burke Mountain area (with its road to the top and a state park), and the Lake Willoughby section, which is one of the exclamation points which punctuate Vermont drives, and on to Newport on large Lake Memphremagog. Popular with the children is the "roller-coaster highway," prosaically known as Route 114, from Island Pond north to the Canada line. Here, as on no other road I ever traveled, the car takes a succession of dips and rises, as evenly spaced and as endlessly continued, it seems, as the ocean waves. If there are youngsters in the car they are sure to shout with delight as each dip and rise is taken. For miles the thrill lasts, and yet it is not hazardous.

The reader must realize I am pointing to only a few of the many roads available in northern Vermont. I pass over, for instance, with mere mention the lovely Lamoille River drive through such fine villages as Hyde Park, Morrisville, and Johnson; and I have to leave it for you to discover the beauties of the road from Montpelier north by way of Hardwick, and thence to Newport by way of Craftsbury Common or by Greensboro. Craftsbury Common way is my favorite, usually, for the Common is an uncommonly beautiful setting for a Vermont village; but the other road takes you through Barton, which, with its Crystal Lake, is beautiful, too.

If Vermont isn't an Eden, it at least has a town by that name, and the road through it (Route 100 from Waterbury) leads to another of Vermont's famous notches—Hazen's Notch. It is (see map) between Lowell and Montgomery, far north in the state. It is a deep cleft in the rocks, and the road which runs through it is one built on orders of General Washington during the Revolution. It was the route from Newbury, on the Connecticut, to Canada—a road built by General Hazen to facilitate invasion of Canada. Westfield, near by, was the site of a blockhouse in the War of 1812, built in fear of an invasion from Canada which did not come.

From Burlington an all-cement highway runs north to St.

Albans, a city chiefly distinguished for its railroads and its sunsets. But, of all the drives in this section of the state, the island tour is the one I like best. Less than twenty miles north of Burlington, the St. Albans road offers a turn to the left, over U. S. 2, and this crosses to the islands by the unique Sand Bar bridge, at the mainland end of which is a newly developed state picnic area and bathing-beach. The sand bar, straight as a die for a mile or two, is an all-cement surface now, protected on either side by rough mountain stone. Lined with trees, except where it passes directly through the lake, the sand bar, as viewed from afar, looks very like a South Sea coral reef.

The islands are in Vermont jurisdiction, as the boundary line is fixed by the deepest channel in the lake, just west of the islands, and this is lucky for Vermont. They offer a considerable change in every way from the rest of Vermont. They are very sparsely wooded except for cedars along the shore. The roads here are straighter, and the whole scene flatter, but the lake laps, in places, close to the road, and in others it offers a beautiful distant view with the Adirondacks on one side and the Green Mountains on the other. On a hot day the dependable lake breezes are as much of a treat to the lungs as the scene is a treat to the eyes. You are likely to want to come back by the islands, to see and breathe them a second time, but if you like circuit-trips you may cross at the north from Alburg into Swanton and travel south by the mainland road to Burlington.

To tell the reader here much more about Vermont main roads would be to throw dust in his eye. Leaving whoever may complain that I have forgotten some favorite route, I make a hit-and-run dash to the woods and hills, to tell you in less prosaic strain something of Vermont roads which few tourists know.



## VERMONT SHUN-PIKES



IN THIS CHAPTER is chanted the theme: "Blessed be the back road." As may be charged against other beatitudes, the back road is not an unmixed blessing; it has ups and downs, and sometimes bumpy ones, but I know of no road in Vermont on which Jesse Douglas could hang his epigram:

*This road is not passable,  
Not even jackassable.*

Almost every Vermont road is Fordable; and, take it in season, at its best, in summer or early fall, and yourself in a mood to enjoy shun-pike-exploring, the back road is an attraction as alluring as any Vermont can offer to the unhurried visitor.

We Vermonsters delight in our shun-pikes; delight in spending a Sunday seeing what new ones can be found. It is an almost inexhaustible game, for the state has about twelve thousand miles of them.

Even after thirty years' experience I have by no means exhausted the possibilities of shun-pike searching. Now and then I find a new and exciting road within an hour or so of my own door. Exciting? Yes, much more so than riding up Fifth Avenue on top of a bus.

The word *shun-pike* is still in the dictionary, sometimes labeled "rare." It fits present-day tourist need. *Turnpike*, of course, is a term familiar enough, being still applied to some of

our old trunk highways, and it recalls days when road construction and repair were paid for, not out of gas taxes, but out of tolls collected at "turnpikes" or turnstiles, the word *turnpike* being later extended in its meaning to cover the corporation-owned road itself, not merely the toll-gate.

The last of such old-fashioned turnstiles in Vermont was on the Peru Mountain road leading out of Manchester. It stubbornly held its own down to 1917, or one hundred and three years from the date of its charter. It must have turned a pretty penny for its operators, for it was for a time part of one of the popular stage-coach routes from Boston to Saratoga Springs. I myself have paid the necessary fifty cents to be allowed to pass that big swinging turnstile. But it is gone now, and there are none such in Vermont today. All Vermont roads are now free roads, except for a private toll road that climbs Mt. Mansfield.

A century ago there were a score of turnpikes in Vermont, and when they were in their prime, taking tolls at frequent intervals, the back roads were called "shun-pikes" because, by the use of them, one might shun the use of the turnpikes and thus shun the shelling-out of the toll. Some of these back roads were built with this very purpose in view, to circumvent the tollkeeper—a trick which became so prevalent in some places that penalties were provided to prohibit the building of roads parallel to the turnpikes.

Today, though the shun-pike doesn't offer the old-time thrill of tax-dodging, it does dodge traffic, and as the back road offers certain delights peculiar to itself, shun-pike exploring is a game to be recommended. Ordinarily the main roads of Vermont are not crowded; but on a fine Sunday afternoon there may be a tedious number of cars either to pass or to trail behind. There's a monotony about the smooth cement, too, and I find myself instinctively turning the car off on some side-road—almost any road I happen to see.

On these trips there is nothing that "just must be seen." There is no seventh wonder of the world. It may be that the

highlight of a whole afternoon's trip is nothing more exciting than a fawn seen running through a sun-splotched patch of woods, inhaling some great draft of space, or drinking some memorable sparkling Adam's XXX ale right from the wood of an old log at a shaded watering trough, such as you may find on a back road in Wheelock. No, nothing worth an item to the Associated Press.

I suppose in some newer sections of the country back roads, if there are such, are few and far between; but Vermont is a lacework, a labyrinth of them; and a flat country, such as makes the floor of some states, does not demand such a tangle of byways as a mountain land does. Here in Vermont we have been building roads since 1759, when General Amherst commanded that the Crown Point military road be cut across the state; and in the one hundred and seventy-seven years since then our roads have reached such ramifications that they now cover the state as ivy covers a wall. From the main roots the trunk vines have reached out their tentacles in every direction, interlacing here and there and sending forth some solitary climber such as may end abruptly in a mountain wood or abandoned farm or quarry.

It is hard to realize that this comparatively small state has enough of these back roads to reach about half-way round the earth. Main roads will take you almost everywhere you need to go, and such roads are serviceable usually the whole year through. But Vermont has ten times the mileage in back roads that it has in main ones, and no tourist should think for a minute that he knows Vermont until he has explored some of these shun-pikes.

I do not mean merely the secondary roads, though they and the back roads are linked together. I might suggest out of Montpelier such roads as may be found over the hills into East Montpelier, to Curtis Pond, to the Horn of the Moon, up the Middlesex Center road and over the Hampshire Hill road; or up into the Berlin hills by way of the Northfield road; or to Calais No. 10 Pond; or to Woodbury Mountain

and its granite quarry. Out of Brattleboro I might suggest the road to Ames Hill and Shelter Lake or to Lake Sunset; to Pleasant Valley; to Black Mountain, where they quarry white granite; or to the Kipling place—and so on, ad infinitum. But I mean more than these when I speak of shun-pike exploring, and it would be ridiculous to attempt to give directions into the hills on these usually short jaunts. I should be as round-about as Dogberry in explaining how to get there. The only way is, as they do in Boston when asked a direction, just to wiggle your hand like a swimming fish and say: "That way."

The back road beckons you on the left and on the right of every main road, and once you've got your courage up, it's easy enough to get the car up. I have often precipitated family quarrels by taking some unheard-of route among our mountains, and have sometimes had the laugh rest heavily upon me for occasional difficulties encountered. But they were never really great difficulties—perhaps the backing out of a wood road for a mile because it was found to be a dead-end on Mount Hunger with no room to turn around in—but what is this ridicule compared to the more frequent occasions when I have had the family rise up and call me blessed for showing them some new road of new delight?

One answer, of course, to the question: "How can one find the back roads?" is to be found in maps. The common road-map which the gas companies scatter freely about may be helpful for a basis, and the one which the states of Vermont and New Hampshire put out jointly (free on request to the Vermont Publicity Bureau, Montpelier) shows more of the secondary roads and some of the back ones.

Anyone going in for shun-pike exploring would do well to equip himself with the maps of the United States Geological Survey, to be had from Washington at ten cents a section. There's nothing like them for a truly close-up study of these United States, and, fortunately, more than eighty per cent of Vermont is so mapped. For half a century government surveyors have tramped through the state, plotting bit by bit the

contour of every hill, the wriggles of every brook, the location of every road, however small, and every house (at the time of the mapping) on those roads.

I have long been fascinated by these maps and their detail, and own every one that has been issued for all New England. I never think of vacationing in any particular place without taking the topographic map for that particular sector along with me, for interest in the country is enhanced tenfold by specific spotlike knowledge of what surrounds me—the names and routes of the brooks and rivers, little hamlets I'd never heard named, hills and mountains and their elevations.

Such maps are a distinct social asset. When I ask some roadside farmer a matter of direction (and one should not use the maps without occasional consultation with the natives), I unroll before him my topographic sheet. He squints at it, this way and that, rather unaccustomed to it, but soon there's a gleam in his eye—he recognizes some old landmarks, his tongue is loosened, and I hear a lot about the land thereabouts and the people, both the dead and the living, as local names on the map suggest forgotten stories to him.

What a contrast to touring along the cement, compelled to whisk along with traffic, is this leisurely establishing of human contact on the back roads! You sometimes learn "how the other half lives"—these back-roads folks—and you are usually surprised and puzzled how it comes that with so little to do with as some have, they seem to have all that's necessary to develop strong character.

On the cement the family finds conversation as dull as the cement is monotonous. We have traveled the main highways too often to find novelty there; but once we get off into our back-roads country there's usually plenty to keep our minds and tongues occupied. After climbing into the hills and through some forest-sheltered quietness, there may be suddenly exposed to view a glimpse of some valley we had never seen before, or at least had never seen from this new angle. It may be a bird note that was not familiar to us in town. Why, I

heard a thrush at twilight on the Middlesex Brook road last summer that sang so sweetly I can hear it yet and half yearn to be back there at just such an hour for its brief solo.

The point at which to find thrushes isn't marked on the government maps. The cold mountain springs aren't marked, either. The banks of maiden-hair fern, such as you occasionally run upon in great quantity, as on the winding road to Windham; the haunts of the lady's slipper or wild orchid; the brook pools where the children may have a shade-sheltered dip on a hot day; and the best picnic places—they aren't marked on the maps; but what the government has done will give you a better key than any other how to find the back roads, and what you find upon them will vary so much that it's hardly fair to try to tell the secrets of them.

Even an old cellar hole may be full of curiosity, or full of wild roses or abandoned lilac bushes, where you may help yourself. And you may come upon old cemeteries with the dates in the 1700's half hidden by rank growths of phlox or grasses. Or you may mount to some sleeping Tibet-like village, like Dover Common, and from the plateau thereabouts get Walt Whitman's sense of "the earth expanding, right hand and left hand."

Back-roads exploring should not all be by car. That's the beauty of it. "A gleesome saunter over fields and hillsides" should tempt you, and as there is always plenty of safe parking space, just leave your car and troubles behind to penetrate the woods. Don't mind if you get lost. That evidently is the intention, for many of these back roads have no signposts even at the crossroads. It's rather good to have some part of the earth unlabeled, and a purpose may be this: the folks in the hills rather like to have you stop to ask them the way. It gives them, and you, a little chance to get acquainted.

Rudyard Kipling always got a great kick out of proper names in Vermont (as he did everywhere), and that, I might add, is an incidental part of shun-pike touring by government

map that piques my curiosity. For instance, in southeastern Vermont I find Blossom Corners, High-go Hill, and the Scallop. In Granville Woods is Codfish Corners. Over in Windsor County there's such a forbidding place as Hardscrabble Corner. Near Plymouth are the Kingdom and Frog City. In the town of Milton, Sodom and Gomorrah. Near Weston is Terrible Mountain. Near Montpelier, the Horn of the Moon and Adamant. Down in Barnard, near Sinclair Lewis's place, is Delectable Mountain. There's a settlement in Vermont named Texas, and down Dorothy Fisher's way there is a place named Kansas. In the Equinox region two mountains on opposite sides of the road are known as Minister Mountain and Swearing Mountain. Near Mt. Mansfield is Moscow. Near Randolph is Peth.

Vermont has numerous Bear Mountains, Hurricane Hills, Hogbacks, Moss Glens, Birch Glens, and such; but its departures from the commonplace are even more common. The names of schoolhouses, all found on the topographic maps, often excite curiosity. I have never yet learned the interesting story that must be behind a certain school in the rural section of Bethel, marked on the government map as Lost Nation school.

Van Loon, in his *Geography of Mankind*, makes the subject of geography of consuming interest in its large dimensions and in its cosmic relations; but, inversely, it may be of equal interest if viewed microscopically, and I like to take my own state bit by bit, as can be done only by way of the back roads. They are the kind of roads our forefathers knew, as noted in verse by Vermont's most prolific rural rhymster, Daniel L. Cady:

*The old-time roads, they used to run  
Right over the hills and rises,  
And make the shortest kind of cut  
To get to Benning Wentworth's prizes.  
They wasn't tipped with tepid tar,*

*They might have made a shofer cavil,  
But they were all the kind of roads  
Our settler fathers had to travel.*



## UNDER THE GILDED DOME



EVERYONE OUGHT by this time to know that Vermont is the one and only state in the Union which has been Republican in its vote for President in every election since the Republican Party was born, in 1856. Vermont has been, as it were, "the life of the party," for it has shown a lifelong loyalty—of eighty years. No one ever speaks of Vermont Republicanism without using the adjective "rock-ribbed"—the little granite Gibraltar of the G. O. P. Everyone thinks of Vermont as Republican not only in the past tense, but in the future, too. No Democrat or Republican ever speaks seriously of Vermont as a "doubtful" state.

The nearest Vermont ever came to being a doubtful state was in casting a forty-three per cent Democratic vote for Roosevelt in 1936. In that landslide election Vermont and Maine were conspicuous as the only states in the Union whose electoral votes were won by the Republican candidate, Landon. Some wag promptly put up a sign on the New Hampshire side of one of the bridges leading to Vermont: "You are now leaving the United States."

Similarly, when the smoke of battle lifted from the election of 1912 (complicated by Theodore Roosevelt's Progressive third party), Vermont and its Mormon cousin, Utah, were the only two states left standing on the burning deck of the

party's ship, but unlike Vermont, Maine and Utah have not always been Republican.

Having made it clear that Vermont is Republican to the core, or at least more than skin-deep, I have a shock ready for the reader:

Vermont has the forgotten distinction of directly helping the greatest of all Democrats, Thomas Jefferson, to become President of the United States. In the year 1800 Vermont had cast its electoral votes for the re-election of John Adams, the Federalist. In the electoral college Adams was topped by both Aaron Burr and Thomas Jefferson, anti-Federalist. The latter two were tied with seventy-three votes each. This tie threw the election into the House of Representatives.

For days the balloting went on without an election in the House. Vermont had two representatives. One was Lewis R. Morris, a nephew of Gouverneur Morris, United States Senator from New York State. The other was a pugnacious, swashbuckling, red-headed Irish Vermonter named Matthew Lyon. Morris was a Federalist; Lyon, arch-enemy of President John Adams and of the aristocracy, was an anti-Federalist or Jeffersonian "Republican" (the party label then used by what was the beginning of the Democratic Party). The Republic seemed threatened by its failure to elect a president. On the thirty-sixth ballot Senator Morris of New York persuaded his nephew from Vermont to cast a blank ballot. This left the jubilant Matthew Lyon free to cast one of the deciding votes which made the father of the Democratic Party the President of his country. Indeed, Vermont liked the result so well that at the next election it cast its electoral vote freely and frankly for Thomas Jefferson. The Vermont legislature even memorialized Congress in favor of Thomas Jefferson for a third term.

It would pervert history to give too much emphasis to the fact that Vermont was in the "Democratic" ranks in those days, for party labels and party policies have so changed that confusion is the worse confounded. Vermont is, however, as in

the beginning, still democratic in the uncapitalized sense, as will be seen.

The government of Vermont, now in its 160th year and conducted from beneath the gilded dome in Montpelier, began at Windsor only a year after the original thirteen colonies had subscribed to the Declaration of Independence. If what is now Vermont then belonged, as the two states claimed, to either New York or New Hampshire, Vermont may be considered as a part of the thirteen colonies. But the Green Mountain Boys, when they found the New Yorkers were determined to eject them from grants given by New Hampshire, straightway planned an independent state and conducted a little war of revolution within the Revolution. Preliminary meetings at Dorset and at Westminster culminated in the Constitutional Convention at Windsor, July 2-8, 1777.

It was at this very time that the Continental Congress was passing resolutions condemning the idea of Vermonters forming an independent state. Fortunately the Connecticut Yankees meeting at Windsor—for the pioneer Vermonters were mostly from Connecticut—hadn't heard yet of the protest of Congress. They did hear, however, during the debate on the proposed state constitution, that General Burgoyne was nearing the western border of their new state, and, as I have said before, the delegates were for dispersing at once to do their duty at the front. During a prolonged thunderstorm they listened to a final reading of the proposed constitution, adopted it as read, and named a Committee of Safety to govern the new state, at first called "New Connecticut," until a regular election could be held.

The constitution they adopted was not particularly original except in one thing, and that one thing was more important than they knew. For the most part the document was modeled after the constitution of Pennsylvania. But here was the new state in the wilderness, even before the Revolutionary War was half over, forecasting, in a sense, the Civil War itself. For Vermont was the first government on the American con-

inent to write the prohibition of human slavery definitely into its constitution. The state from that time forth played a large part in the anti-slavery campaign.

Nebraska boasts of making "a major political experiment" in changing just now to a one-house legislature. (It did so on January 1, 1937.) But Senator Norris, who fathered this reform, and the Nebraskans who are pleased at taking this "progressive step" are to be reminded that this is all old stuff to Vermonters. For fifty-eight years, from 1777 to 1836, Vermont had a one-house (compositor, please watch the spelling) legislature—the only state in the Union ever to give the idea a real trial. Pennsylvania and Georgia provided for such a plan in their constitutions, but promptly abandoned it. Vermont held on for nearly six decades. It doubtless felt some pride in not imitating the British two-house Parliament—the Lords and Commons idea. In those days of one Vermont assembly, there was no "passing the buck" between Senate and House on the responsibility for law-making, and many students of government in Vermont today rather wish that the old order was back. The one-house plan was not abandoned on account of any particular flaw in the system, but because strife resulted between the legislators and the Governor's Council. In those days Vermont did not put its executive authority in a Governor alone, but added to his office a Council of twelve men chosen at large. While they had no legislative function, they claimed and exercised a suspensory vote. It was finally voted by the state to dispense with the Council and to elect a Senate, which has now functioned along with the House since 1836. Vermont looks on with interest while Nebraska tries the "experiment" with which Vermont was familiar a century ago.

I have sat at a reporters' table in the Vermont State House completely through one legislative session, and my respect for this farmer-controlled assembly is great. Vermont legislators are not all wise, but they are earnest, conscientious workers. Not being afraid to ask questions freely on or off the floor,

they get a sufficient understanding of the measures proposed to act shrewdly and sensibly when the time for voting comes. Few jokers get by them. The record shows less "quack" legislation than in most states.

The decorum, even in the 249-member House, is so self-ordered that the speaker seldom has to use his gavel. Smoking is not permitted. Lobbying is confined to argument, never extended to "the long green." Modesty, incorruptibility, and honesty generally prevail. Sober, well-considered legislation is the average product.

It's a pity that Vermont holds its legislative sittings from January to March, and its town meetings in March, because in these months the tourist is seldom here. He misses the most characterful gatherings which Vermont can show. But perhaps there is reason in the madness, for Vermonters may prefer to be by themselves when settling their own affairs. Were these events summer pastimes, however, Vermont could treat its visitors to an impressive demonstration of democratic government.

Any outsider would, for instance, have got his money's worth if he had paid even as high an admission as to a prize fight to attend the legislative hearings which were accorded to the New Deal proposal for the Green Mountain Parkway. The idea of building a motor route through the full length of the Green Mountain Range, with the Federal government tossing some eighteen million dollars into the state, incited the best but bitterest debates I have ever seen or heard anywhere. I sat through several hearings until midnight. If anyone thinks the Vermont farmer is lacking in the art of oratory, or that the art is obsolete, he would have been refreshed by the evidence at these hearings. Though ranged on the Parkway side, I enjoyed to the full the fervor of the opponents. Their passion and patriotism were undoubtedly more characteristically Vermont than the argument of those of us who would have let down the bars. That Vermont refused the Parkway and tossed the millions back into the Federal lap is history that still

galls, but I am reconciled to it as "so Vermontish." The city papers all applauded us.

Each of the three jam-packed hearings brought out many gallant debaters and as fine a show of sentiment as one could hope to hear, in voicing the independence and the glory of "unspoiled Vermont." To them the Parkway would be as irritating as the Polish corridor to the Germans; this "alien" strip through the state, cutting it in half! They argued for Vermont's smug and Spartan sovereignty and, like Ethan Allen in the old days, denounced the Federal land-grabbings. Why, some farmers would not be able to go from one part of their farm to another without crossing Federal territory and doffing their hats to Jim Farley or making other obeisance to the administration. That's the way they talked, and felt. The same line on other issues is often to be heard at town meetings, the very roots of democracy in Vermont.

The first Tuesday in March is Vermont's Town Meeting Day. In Dorset, for one of a few such towns, the township is divided by a mountain, and the annual town meeting is held alternately on the east and west side of Green Peak. Zephine Humphrey, Dorset's delightful essayist, quarrels with the March date, for Vermont roads are at their worst the first week of that month, but bad as the roads may be, this seldom stops even the remote voter from getting down to meeting. She writes, in *Winterwise*: "The Town Meeting was some fun, however, though I imagine, not nearly as much as it used to be. I am afraid that is one institution the zest and flavor of which have been spoiled by Woman Suffrage. In the old days, the floor of the hall used to be prepared with a significant coating of sawdust; now it is left uninvitingly bare; sufficiently sad indication of emasculating change. And the flow of language is, I am sure, not anything as full and racy as it was. Too bad! The men, flocking to what was once their social high tide of the year, must hate us women intruding our decorum into the rude freedom of their intercourse.

"However, the tradition still holds that Town Meeting is an

occasion for the interchange of wit and wisdom, and that tradition is lived up to as well as possible. Trying to shut our petticoats from the tails of their eyes, the men do still rally and vilify one another; and I am chokingly able to say that they still smoke. The town buffoon, whose great day this is, still opposes every motion and cracks resounding jokes. The moderator still has real need of the gavel.

"Just to look at, however, they are a source of satisfaction, this assembly of real country people, met on their own merits, according to their own standards, with no contamination of the 'city people' influence that, in the summer, tarnishes them."

Someone, of course, is always on hand to cry down any proposed increase in taxes, for Vermonters are only human, after all. While some of the towns and cities have a debt large enough to be considered heavy, it is the policy of the state as a whole to "pay as you go." Outside of war purposes, the state has never indulged but once in any major borrowing of money, and that for reconstruction after the flood of 1927. Even with a flood, the credit of the state was then so good that it borrowed eight millions at 3.75 per cent when the prevailing rate was 4 per cent or more. Since then it has issued \$1,500,000 refunding bonds. From the Civil War to the World War the state was practically free from any indebtedness. It has never at any time approached its credit limit. The state treasurer tells me: "I have never found a single instance in the hundred and sixty years' history of our state in which Vermont has evaded payment of any obligation; and the records show no instance in which any of the cities and towns of Vermont ever defaulted on their obligations through inability to pay." The only default on record is a technical one in the case of St. Albans City in 1878, when the city floated an unauthorized bond issue; and bondholders lost only one per cent interest when the issue was later legalized by legislature.

The legislators, who meet every other January now, have made Montpelier their gathering-place for a century and a quarter, since 1808. Montpelier was chosen because it was

near the geographical center of the state, because the citizens here raised money to build a capitol, and—some say—because the green hills around the chosen site of the State House offered excellent pasturage for horses. In those days the legislators came, all of them, on horseback, and sessions were held in October, annually.

The present State House, whose gilded dome crowns a classic architectural structure, is the third capitol building erected in Montpelier, and dates from 1858. Architects and laymen seem to agree that it is one of the most beautiful state capitols in the country, not alone because it is such a masterpiece of granite building, but because of its beautiful setting against the everlasting hills. Every summer through its Doric portico there file hundreds of tourists.

The governor of Vermont, whose executive chamber is on the second floor, overlooking the large State House yard, sits in a chair which was made from timbers of the old frigate *Constitution*. The high-studded walls are hung with paintings of more or less illustrious predecessors as governor, and among these are many men of whom Vermont is justly proud. Farmers, lawyers, and businessmen have in turn succeeded to the office. In earlier years the business of the state required but part-time attendance at the executive office, but in more recent years the activities of the government have become so multiple (in spending about ten millions every year) that the governorship is practically a full-time job. Even so, the state offers the modest salary of only \$5,000 (now cut to \$4,750) and it provides no executive mansion. This does not exactly mean that only a rich man can be governor, but it usually means that he must be pretty well-to-do to afford the honor. This, however, has not worked to the disadvantage of the state. Vermont's governors and subordinate officers have been fairly well picked, though some are pretty small potatoes.

When William Allen White was visiting Dorothy Canfield Fisher in Vermont some years ago, she told him about the unbroken (but sometimes bent) integrity of our state officials.



When Mr. White came to write his life of Coolidge, he put all this in, saying: "This is what you are told in Vermont, and can't believe. Then you investigate and find it is really true. The point is that there are so few pennies in the state treasury that every Vermonter knows where every one of them is, all the time." He meant, of course, that our small cash does not tempt the really clever grafters, so that part of our virtue comes from lack of opportunity!

Vermont's first Governor, Thomas Chittenden, was, like some to follow him, a farmer. The term of office was at first for one year, and he served eighteen terms. It can't happen now; at least it never does. For nearly all its life Vermont has lived by an unwritten political law, "the Mountain Rule," whereby the governor should be chosen one time from west of the Green Mountain Range, next time from the east. But at times, lately, the state has put the old tradition aside and re-elected several governors for two years.

Years ago when the state was really divided by impassable roads for nearly half the year, the Mountain Rule had some reason behind it. Now, with good roads and the use of automobiles, there is no reason in the Mountain Rule, but in many things Vermonters cling to tradition like barnacles, failing to take advantage of the possibility of more united action in a state where every chance for working together is so sorely needed, because there are so few of us.

This slowness to change is highly desirable in some instances, but it seems silly in others. It seems silliest of all in the perpetuation of the "rotten borough" system of representation in the legislature. The term "rotten borough" came into vogue at the time of the Reform bill in England in 1832, when many boroughs which contained but a few voters still retained the privilege of sending a member to Parliament. That is the condition that obtains in Vermont today, the most conspicuous evil of the state system of government. Through inertia or pure conservatism for conservatism's sake, this evil continues to the extent that towns which no longer have more than a

handful of inhabitants have as much voice in making laws as the twenty-five thousand persons in the city of Burlington. Montpelier, a city of eight thousand inhabitants, for instance, has one representative in the House of Representatives, while the township of East Montpelier, with about one hundred voters, has equal representation in the legislature.

The State Auditor, Benjamin Gates, has long waged a campaign for reform, including the reorganization of the town unit system. He would reduce the number of towns from 248 to about 90, thus reducing the number of representatives likewise and giving representation more largely on the basis of population than on township lines. He also argues for the return to the one-chamber legislature, abolishing the Senate. The judicial system is also argued to be antique, with fourteen county court-houses within a few hours' ride of each other. The reform plan would abolish side-judges, two of whom are now appointed in each county to sit with the itinerant superior-court judges. The side-judges are usually laymen, not versed in the law, and are considered useless ornaments. But Vermonters are slow to make changes, and the several schemes of reconstruction do not succeed in getting anywhere.

Vermont's representation in Congress was reduced a few years ago by the Reappointment Act, so that the state has but one member of the national House of Representatives, and when he is absent, the state is without a voice. It has, of course, two senators.

Both in the House and in the Senate, in years past, Vermont had men who helped to make history. Here is no place to relate in any detail the record of these men, but the names of Senators Edmunds and Morrill are cherished by all Vermonters as great ones in American statesmanship. Senator Morrill, as has been mentioned, was author of the Land-grant College bill, which established so many state universities. I like to recall, too, that he was chiefly responsible for building that worthiest of all institutions at Washington, the Congressional Library. Senator Edmunds, a notable constitutional

lawyer and leader of the Senate on the Republican side, was enough of a party leader to be seriously proposed for the Republican nominee for President in 1880. He took up the gauntlet with respect to polygamy, being the author of the Act of Disenfranchisement of those who practiced it. He was also the author of the anti-trust law of 1890.

Stephen R. Bradley and Moses Robinson were the first Senators after the admission of Vermont into the Union. Mr. Bradley was five times elected president pro tem of the Senate, the third highest office in the government, and was regarded as the most potent Democrat in New England. And there was the Republican Redfield Proctor, who so distinguished himself as Secretary of War and in the Senate; and Senator Dillingham, who was author of the important immigration law.

But naming names in politics, even of the dead, is not desirable here; the list would be too long. I can only say, as I said in the beginning, that Vermont is Republican, and that in staying so for eighty years it has rather belied the dictum of Benjamin Disraeli when he said: "No government can be long secure without a formidable Opposition." Vermont Democrats are numerous, and some of their leaders have been outstanding, but their opposition has never been formidable enough to throw any great fear into the Grand Old Party.

## VERMONT WRITERS



THE RISK VERMONT PARENTS RUN of having a poet or other would-be writer born into the family appears to be about one in a thousand, which is considerably higher than the risk of having twins, and there's no company which insures against it. At least there are about three hundred and sixty native living writers of one sort or another in our population of three hundred and sixty thousand; and the League of Vermont Writers, which goes farther and includes many non-natives, has nearly five hundred names on its list. The majority of us may be pretty small potatoes, but we are pathologically interesting victims of the *furor scribendi*. To top the roster of Vermont's resident writers, if not native, we have names such as those of Rudyard Kipling, Sinclair Lewis, Dorothy Canfield Fisher, and Alexander Woolcott.

The first writing done in Vermont was done apparently in Brattleboro or Bellows Falls—the only two places in the state where the Indians left any of their records. On a rock in the West River at Brattleboro, about a hundred yards from the junction of that river with the Connecticut, there is "Indian Rock," now usually submerged because the dam at Vernon has raised the water-level. On this rock are pictured ten or a dozen crude figures of birds, mammals, and snakes. The only other Indian writing is to be seen (if the dumping of refuse

has not yet completely obliterated it) on two granite rocks near the Connecticut River at Bellows Falls. One of these rocks bears a rudely graven head, some twenty inches long, surmounted by rays. The other has twenty heads of smaller size, with smaller rays. Perhaps it represents some Indian chief and his redskin brain trust.

The first intelligible writing about Vermont, and that very brief, was in the diary of the discoverer, Champlain. Writing of Vermont in 1609, while Shakspeare was still living, Champlain told of setting foot on what is now part of Vermont—the islands in Lake Champlain—and of viewing our mountains from his canoe in the lake.

Among the Green Mountain Boys there were some as ready with the pen as with the sword. I have told of Ethan Allen's authorship of the philosophical, religious book, *Reason, the Only Oracle of Man*, and there was Ira Allen's pamphlet, *Some Reason Why the District of the New Hampshire Grants had Best Become a State*. But little is known of the fact that the Green Mountain Boys had a poet and that they paid almost as much allegiance to him as to Ethan Allen. This was Thomas Rowley—no parlor poet, but an active, robust, picturesque man, who had settled in Danby and who is called by Walter Coates, his biographer, "the pioneer minstrel of Vermont." Rowley joined with Allen in organizing the Green Mountain Boys, and his facility at rhyming (it is said he could extemporize a poem on any subject at a moment's notice) caused him to be heralded as the official bard of that band. He composed songs for their campfires and fired the settlers with enthusiasm by the wit and pungency of his rude ditties against the Yorkers. His influence on formative Vermont was tremendous, his lyrics being recited and sung among the remotest mountain hamlets during the War for Independence.

Samples do not serve well, but I offer one. The fact that Allen was, without trial, adjudged guilty of a felony and condemned to death by a New York court stirred Rowley to write:

*When Caesar reigned king at Rome  
St. Paul was sent to hear his doom;  
For Roman law in a criminal case  
Must have the parties face to face,  
Or Caesar gives a flat denial.  
But here's a law now made of late  
Which destines men to awful fate  
And hangs and damns without a trial.*

This Rowley was a member of the first Vermont legislature, first judge of the Rutland County court, and a punster unashamed.

Many rhapsodies have been written about Vermont, but an exception is found in the diary of the Reverend Nathan Perkins, a "missionary parson" who made a preaching tour up the western side of the state on horseback in the spring of 1798. Accustomed to refinement, a graduate of Princeton, living in Hartford, Connecticut, Mr. Perkins was a tenderfoot in the wilderness. He found Vermont pretty crude, and he laid about him in passionate disgust with his pen. "Words," he wrote, "cannot describe ye hardships I undergo or ye strength of my desire to see my family and be with them. No cheese anywhere, no beef, no butter. Far absent in ye wilderness—among all strangers—log huts, people nasty, poor, indelicate, and miserable cooks. Women turned tawny by ye smoke of ye log huts. Women more contented than men. Leave their doors unbarred. Sleep quietly amid fleas, bed buggs, dirt and rags."

Vermont had to make history before there was any call to write it, but the new independent state made history fast, and historians were soon raking after. The Reverend Samuel Williams, a grandson of the Deerfield, Massachusetts, pastor who was taken captive to Canada by the Indians, was Vermont's first historian. Member of the Meteorological Society in Germany, of the Philosophical Society in Philadelphia, and of the Academy of Arts and Sciences in Massachusetts, the Reverend

Mr. Williams was enjoying a distinguished career as a professor at Harvard when in 1788 he became involved in a prosecution for forgery—an unsavory affair of some kind which led him to remove to the then remote backwoods town of Rutland, Vermont. Here he lived down the past, re-established himself as a minister and devoted citizen, and wrote *The Natural and Civil History of Vermont*, in 1794. This and the later histories of Hiland Hall, E. P. Walton, Walter H. Crockett, Henry S. Wardner, and others are found in all our libraries.

For more amazing historical industry, there is the prodigious enterprise of a Vermont woman, Abby Maria Hemenway of Ludlow. She organized the town histories of the entire state through publication of a *Vermont Quarterly Gazetteer*, now available in five big volumes, known as Hemenway's, running to six thousand pages. Formidable as these tomes are, the Vermont visitor anchored for any length of time will enjoy the visit more for turning to see what Abby Hemenway collected of the local past. She lies now in the cemetery at Ludlow and ought to have as a monument five huge books cut in granite.

Many persons think that American literature began with New York's Washington Irving (1783-1859) forgetful that Massachusetts and Vermont shared the honor of having a candidate for the hall of fame in American letters twenty-five years before Irving wrote. This man was Royall Tyler (1757-1826), whom I have already mentioned in connection with Yankee speech and character. Of Boston birth, of a cultured, wealthy family, Harvard-educated, he was for a time engaged to Abigail Adams, daughter of President John Adams. However, as a young Boston lawyer, theater-goer, and man-about-town, he led too gay a life. Abby sent him back his ring.

At the age of thirty, Tyler had seen in New York a play of British pattern, for that was the only kind of drama then known to the professional stage in America. Disgusted that all plays should portray the British character rather than the

more robust American, Tyler dashed off his own idea of a play, a comedy called *The Contrast* (the contrast between Yankee and Britisher). The play was first presented at the old red wooden theater on John Street, New York, on a candlelit night of 1787. This indisputably was the first truly American comedy produced on a professional stage. It lacks much literary value; at least, it is in a style which seems stilted today. However it introduced "Brother Jonathan," supposed to have been the model from which we have drawn Uncle Sam.

At thirty-seven Tyler married the nineteen-year-old Mary Palmer of Framingham, Massachusetts (friend of his since her early childhood), and brought his bride to Guilford, then the largest town in Vermont, near Brattleboro. She proved a marvelous helpmeet in his climb to fame in law (to the chief-justiceship of the Vermont Supreme Court) and to national note in literature. Contributing to the *Farmers' Museum*, a weekly of national circulation published at Walpole, New Hampshire, in the 1770's, Tyler wrote columns of verse and comments which were regularly read by George Washington, one of his admirers.

The other day I stood in the Vermont State Library in Montpelier while Harrison Conant, the librarian, unlocked a case of precious books and handed me the first edition of a small novel called *The Algerine Captive* (1797). It was written by Tyler here in Vermont, one of the first American novels ever published, and the first American fiction to be reprinted in England. In this book Updike Underhill tells a thoroughly Yankee story of his New England life, and then of his captivity by the Algerine pirates—all fiction.

A century ago Zadock Thompson, who was working his way through the University of Vermont, established a practice that is now a country-wide nuisance, by calling at every door selling, not magazines, but almanacs of his own making. He covered all of the state and inquired so fully into each locality that he brought out *Thompson's Gazetteer*, describing Ver-



mont in amazing detail, including its animals, birds, fishes, plants, trees, and flowers.

Daniel Pierce Thompson, no relation to Zadock, was probably, next to Sinclair Lewis, the best-selling author whom Vermont has harbored. He wrote *The Green Mountain Boys*, a fictionized history, in 1839, and fifty editions had been sold before 1860. This and many less-known books he wrote while a lawyer and newspaper editor in Montpelier. He was one of the most eccentric yet most lovable of characters. His grandson, Charles Miner Thompson, who for thirty-five years was an editor of the *Youth's Companion*, is bringing out a new history of Vermont from 1760 to 1791. During a visit to Montpelier he told me of his distinguished grandfather's odd character. Daniel was uncouth, and went about the streets with one trouser leg inside his boot, the other outside. Often his shoes were tied with ordinary string. He always looked as if he needed a hair-cut. He was careless in his tobacco-chewing. A great fisherman, he was often seen going off to the brooks with a broad-brimmed hat on his head, a simple fishpole over his shoulder, walking through the streets in complete abstraction. His home was then on Barre Street, Montpelier, but this house was burned, and with it were lost most of his many valuable personal papers.

He was an untrained writer and crude in style, but he was a born story-teller and, having accumulated a great body of historical material about Vermont, he followed the example of Sir Walter Scott in Great Britain and of James Fenimore Cooper in America by using it as the background for fiction. No literary journal here or abroad gave his work the slightest note at the time of publication, but the story of *The Green Mountain Boys* caught the popular imagination, and the book went through sixty editions in several languages.

On the main road south from Burlington, on a little knoll in Ferrisburgh, stands Rokeby, the home of Rowland Robinson. A movement is afoot to keep the house permanently as a memorial to this skillful artist and writer who did so much to

preserve the spirit and the dialect of early Vermont. Here Robinson wrote *Uncle Lisha's Shop*, *Danvis Folks*, *Sam Lovel's Camps*, and other books in which we not only relive forgotten days, but respeak their very language.

Robinson was an artist for magazines—*Leslie's*, *Harper's*, and others. When blindness grew upon him and he found he could not draw, he returned from New York to his native place in Ferrisburg. He wrote by using a thin board with slots cut in it to guide his hand, and his stories of early Vermont are more vivid than those anyone blessed with sight has written since. The town of Danvis about which he wrote is really the town of West Lincoln. The Robinsons were Quakers, and long before Rowland Robinson wrote his books, the old homestead in Ferrisburgh had served as one of the "underground railway" stations where fugitive slaves were harbored in secret whenever, in escaping, they turned up on their way to Canada.

In my plastic youth John G. Saxe, poet and punster, was more than Homer to me. Born in Highgate in 1816, he became a Democrat, a Burlington newspaper publisher, a nationwide lecturer. His punning pieces led to his being called the Tom Hood of Vermont. Contemporary with him was Charles G. Eastman, also a Democrat, a newspaper editor, and a poet, of Montpelier, whose lyric verse led to his being called (with gross exaggeration) the Robert Burns of Vermont.

At Rutland still stands the Julia Dorr homestead, the Maples. Julia Dorr was the Dorothy Canfield Fisher of her day—but a poet instead of a prose-writer—for she was easily the most noticed woman in Vermont. Her fame, like Mrs. Fisher's, was in no wise parochial. She had a richly beautiful life, eighty-eight years long, the friend of Longfellow, Whittier, Emerson, and Holmes.

I must mention some of the quick as well as the dead, though I cannot name many in either class. I have visited the homes of about a score of the now living Vermont writers, but I hesitate to point them out, just as I would hesitate to broadcast the hiding-places of the wild orchid or lady's slipper, for, though



HAL PHYFE

*Dorothy Canfield Fisher—  
very much Vermont, but a  
citizen of the world.*

CLARA E. SIPPRELL



*Vermont's most militant  
"Red" is the lovable Sally  
Cleghorn of Manchester—  
now three score.*



L. F. BREHMER

*Yonder beside the old gray bridge      The lazy cattle seek the shade  
From which the path climbs yonder ridge,      By the umbrageous willows made.*

# PLYMOUTH

*"Vermont is a state I love"*—CALVIN COOLIDGE.

W. RICHARDSON



all writers may not be sensitive plants, I think they cannot thrive on too much interruption.

Dorothy Canfield Fisher surely puts up graciously with a great deal of it. At her home in Arlington, on the old Canfield farm, surrounded by the atmosphere of her Vermont ancestors, she has probably received more distinguished visitors than any other Vermonter. She has extended equal welcome to many undistinguished ones. To her own townspeople the latch-string of both her home and her heart is always out. *The Deepening Stream*, one of her later books, is in some ways autobiographical, and one who reads between the lines here will learn that Mrs. Fisher knows not merely how to write but how to live to the full, and that her life would still stand as notable for its happiness and service even without her distinction as a writer.

The Fishers own a good half of Red Mountain, at the foot of which they live, just off the Manchester-to-Arlington highway. Long ago John Fisher, himself a fine friend and host, planted much of the mountainside pasture to pine. It is now of mature growth, a private park in which the Fishers have their own tennis court, converted into a skating-rink in winter. The Fishers are ardent skiers. Indoors both are busy reading and writing, Mrs. Fisher prodigiously active, not alone in writing her books, but as a member of the selection committee of the Book-of-the-Month Club. With all this she finds time to render her community and state an intimate and invaluable service, yet she is so widely traveled and so well informed that she is at the same time a citizen of the world.

Vermont's most widely known author is a horse of another color—Sinclair ("Red") Lewis, who calls himself a Vermonter by adoption. Vermont accepts him, perhaps a little cautiously, wondering how the author who held Main Street in such contempt should have chosen the little town of Barnard, near Woodstock, as his favorite spot in all the world. Perhaps it is that Barnard is so small it hardly has any Main Street. Certain it is that Lewis, and his clever commentating wife, Dorothy

Thompson, both like their Twin Farms place immensely and spend all the time they can there. At the village store in Barnard you may buy the same run of eggs that the Lewises regularly have for breakfast—but eating them will have no marked results on your genius. A few years ago Lewis stopped incognito overnight at a number of Vermont farm homes, possibly gathering material. He hasn't, however, yet written much about the state of his adoption, though *It Can't Happen Here* has a Vermont background.

Alexander Woollcott I cannot claim quite so wholly for Vermont, but he is fast becoming deep-dyed, with his many-times-a-day dip in Lake Bomoseen, from his island cottage there. Proud to be an articulate Democrat, and proud to call himself a Vermonter, he has paid the state many a tribute on the air and the printed page.

Marriage to Caroline Balestier, a Brattleboro girl whom he met in London, made Rudyard Kipling for a time a Vermonter. The India-type bungalow, Naulahka, which he built near Brattleboro alongside the farm of his troublesome brother-in-law, the late Beatty Balestier, still stands, visited by many to whom Kipling was an idol. I have piloted a score of parties to the place. Here Kipling wrote *The Jungle Books*, *The Day's Work*, *The Seven Seas*, and *Captains Courageous*. He liked Vermont, especially in the winter (for he had never seen snow except in some Afghan pass), and the probability is that he would have remained here to the end of his days had not trouble with his brother-in-law arisen. Beatty was not always sober and was inclined to lean upon Kipling's purse. He was quarrelsome about water rights and other trivia, and provoked the enmity of his sister Caroline, even more than that of Kipling. But eventually, after Beatty's alleged threat to blow Kipling's brains out, the sensitive genius was so upset that he could not work, and he and his wife quit this country in 1896 after three or four years' trial. On the fireplace at the Kipling bungalow one may read today the motto which Lockwood Kipling, the author's father, placed there in plaster

—a prophetic pronouncement for all: "The Night Cometh When No Man Works."

Greater than most, if not all, of the Vermont poets is Robert Frost, although his poetry is of a further range than merely Vermont. But he still spends his summers on his farm in South Shaftsbury, Bennington County. Before finding recognition as a poet he tried almost everything, even to working in woolen mills, but in 1912 he decided to put all his energies into poetry, and with the appearance of *North of Boston* his place was made. From that time he marched on, "his oblique, suggestive style full of those overtones making us feel many things though they are left unsaid."

Frost, by the way, ends his long poem, "New Hampshire," by writing a final revealing line:

"At present I am living in Vermont."

Someone who has done a neat trick in giving us the real *Salt of Vermont* (as one of his books is called) is Walter Hard of Manchester. Well equipped with a fund of stories gathered by his father and himself over the drug counter of a store in Manchester, he has embalmed specimens of Vermont character in an exotic prose-verse style, with always a bee-sting of humor at the end.

A near neighbor in Manchester is Sarah Cleghorn, who has lived a life of most sensitive feeling for animals and human-kind, as I discovered when she enlisted me to serve on a committee for the abolition of capital punishment. I have said before that she is an ardent anti-vivisectionist, pacifist, and Socialist. The reader will recall her famous quatrain:

*The golf links lie so near the mill  
That almost every day  
The laboring children can look out  
And see the men at play.*

There has taken root at Craftsbury Common, in the northern section of Vermont, a writer of extraordinary physical

vigor combined with literary temperament—Elliott Merrick. Hardened to our climate by several years' service with Grenfell in Labrador, both he and his splendid wife, Katherine, who was an Australian nurse, are making an effort to live the kind of life they want on a remote farm, which has already furnished material for two books, *From This Hill Look Down*, and *Ever the Winds Blow*. This farmer-author is a man of big hands, drawling voice, and alert humor.

William Hazlitt Upson dwells in Middlebury. Though professedly a sufferer from ergophobia, Mr. Upson works. He has turned out thirty-seven stories about Alexander Botts, super-salesman of Earthworm tractors, familiar to readers of the *Saturday Evening Post*.

Down in Arlington is Arthur Guiterman, poet of the laughing muse, occupying one of the Canfield houses, coaching the local boys in tennis, and twinkling his eyes as a cordial host to those who call.

Frances Frost is no relation of Robert's, but this young St. Albans girl is gifted in a poetic way and has tried her hand also as a novelist in *Innocent Summer*. Sylvia Bliss, a rare and delicate flower, like a closed gentian, lives high on the hills of Calais. Some of her poems have a quiet, pastoral suggestion of the twenty-third psalm. Down in Dorset dwells the modest, philosophical Zephine Humphrey Fahnestock, essayist, who writes while her husband paints. The hill in front of her, the essayist calls her Buddha, for she is something of an Oriental cast of mind, transcendental, but humanly in touch with her community, as her books, *Winterwise*, *The Beloved Community*, and others, show.

Daniel Cady has gone, but his rural rhymes constitute the most concentrated raid ever made on Vermont farm ways and customs. Mr. Cady often wrote at his best when farthest from Vermont, extolling the old oaken bucket while sipping a highball on the Nile.

Professor Arthur Wallace Peach of Norwich University,



who has done much to promote the literary traditions of Vermont by his general editing of the Green Mountain series of books—biography, verse, prose, and song—is the author of poems which often find place in national magazines. Among minor poets I like well the work of Archie Stone, school superintendent in Essex County, whose poems in *North of the Nulhegan* have a fine, strongly masculine ring—almost (distantly almost) like Kipling.

Interesting always is a journey to North Montpelier to the home of Walter John Coates, an ex-minister of the gospel, who now publishes in a unique establishment the monthly *Driftwind*, devoted mostly to verse by contributors from all over the United States. Coates is an authority on Vermont poets, he is a poet himself, and he is proficient in running his amateur press, with its linotype machine set up and clattering away in the midst of a little general store.

In Weston, Vrest Orton conducts the Countryman Press, a publishing business, and also conducts a column for the *Rutland Herald*. He is a sort of unclassified genius. Of more eccentric breed, the Reverend J. Howard Flower, with a Byronic complex, has a Solitarian Press on which his own poems are printed, often richly done in color. Of the romantic, idealistic, radical school, in every way a non-conformist, even to hair-cuts, he is bringing up his large family to have a lusty contempt for the conventional. Verily there is contrast enough in the variety of Vermont writers.

The variety of Vermont writing includes, indeed, a digression here to the little-known fact that one of the earliest and most complete systems of shorthand writing was invented by a Vermonter, a system in which a sound was assigned to every letter and a letter to every sound. Phineas Bailey, a phenomenally pious itinerant jeweler, eager to earn enough money to educate himself for the ministry, published at Poultney in 1819 a book entitled: *An Important System of Stenography*. It gave, as some authorities later declared, "as complete an analysis of the elements of our language as exists in the work

of any phonetician," and it came out eighteen years before Mr. Pitman published in England his first book on stenography!

Does someone object that I have omitted many Vermont writers whose names occur to them? For instance, Anne Bosworth Greene, who writes beautifully of *The Lone Winter* and other seasons on her Shetland pony farm in Woodstock; Allene Corliss, a St. Albans girl, who has jumped into the headlines and money among short-fiction-writers in women's magazines; Charles Malam, a St. Johnsbury boy who has deservedly had acclaim for his two volumes of poetry; John Farrar, the New York publisher and writer, who is Vermont-born; Lois Montross, novelist, whose home is in Woodstock; Merritt P. Allen of Bristol, a prolific writer of boys' stories; Robert L. Duffus, of Waterbury birth, writer and crack book-reviewer on the *New York Times*; Mary Elkins Gardyne, who dwells up near the Canadian line, where she has turned to advantage a fine interpretation of the French-Canadian character and dialect; and many, many others—not great lights, but among the several hundred writers who have by birth or otherwise some connection with Vermont. I have to stop naming names, and may as well stop with Judge Wendell Phillips Stafford, orator, poet, and essayist, who has his home at Caspian Lake at Greensboro—who lectures on Dante, and who writes of his native state:

*My heart is where the hills fling up  
Green garlands to the day.  
'Tis where the blue lake brims her cup,  
The sparkling rivers play.*

*My heart is on the mountain still  
Where'er my steps may be;  
Vermont, O maiden of the hills,  
My heart is still with thee.*

## VERMONT ART WORKS



THERE'S NO BOHEMIA to be found in the Green Mountains—I doubt that even the art colony at Dorset would want to be dubbed Bohemian, in the sense that Provincetown is—but art flourishes among both natives and summer visitors to an extent “you’d be surprised,” and it has shown in times past some outcroppings of such distinguished talent that you are likely to interrupt my story with that common Vermont expression: “I want to know!”

Take Millet, the painter of the French peasant life—*The Sower*, *The Gleaners*, and *The Angelus*. He wasn’t a Vermonter by any means, but it was a Vermont artist, William Morris Hunt, who discovered Millet. Hunt, whose name is enrolled in the Hall of Fame, New York, was born in Brattleboro (1824). His father, Congressman Jonathan Hunt, died leaving the eight-year-old William and four other children, and an ambitious mother, from whom William had inherited an artistic temperament, took her whole brood to Paris, where William became a pupil of Coultre.

During Hunt’s early days in France he found Jean François Millet struggling with a family of half a dozen children, painting in a barn which was so damp that his canvases mildewed. Then sprang up such a warm friendship that Millet himself later testified that the greatest friend he ever had was this young Vermonter. Hunt bought several of Millet’s earliest

works, including *The Sower*, and forced them upon the market at a time when dealers and art critics scorned them as pictures of "clod-hopper countrymen." These were the very pictures which later sold for thousands of dollars and became popular the world over.

Hunt and Millet together donned the blue blouse of the French peasant, wore wooden shoes, and for five years lived in intimacy at Barbizon, the little village thirty miles from Paris, which was later to attract many other admirers of Millet's genius and to become the seat of a new school of painting, known as the Barbizon school. Hunt was later famous in his own right after returning to this country as a portrait-painter. For many years, nearly a century ago, Hunt, the Vermonter, occupied something of the same position in the art world as did John Sargent, of the past generation. His portrait of Chief Justice Shaw, in the court-house at Salem, Massachusetts, is one of the finest examples of American portraiture. The Boston Museum of Fine Arts has many of his paintings today, and the Metropolitan in New York shows his *Bathers* and *The Girl at the Fountain*. His pioneer murals, *The Flight of Night* and *Discovery* in the State Capitol at Albany show him a master at this art, also.

In sculpture, too, Vermont has two famous men of other days. Hiram Powers, son of a poor Woodstock farmer and ox-yoke-maker, found himself fatherless later in Cincinnati doing wax figures for Dante's Inferno in Barnum's Museum; but not until he was twenty-five years old did he so much as even see a marble statue, and then, standing before a bust of Washington, he took oath to himself to pursue seriously the career of an artist. A wealthy citizen, the father of the late Nicholas Longworth, agreed to finance the aspiring artist, and in 1836 he went to Italy to spend the rest of his life.

Although his busts and statues of great Americans became his chief works, he is famous principally for his *Greek Slave*—a young Greek woman offered for sale in a Turkish slave market. Many copies were made of it, and I judge that for a

time *The Greek Slave* became almost as popular as the armless Venus, even at a time when the nude was hardly considered respectable. This sculptor, born on a Vermont farm, ended his days well-to-do, internationally known, in a villa in Florence.

And then there's Larkin G. Mead, who spent his youth in Brattleboro as a hardware clerk. He was born, to be sure, just across the Connecticut River in New Hampshire (1835), but he came to consider himself a Vermonter. His brother William became one of America's most distinguished architects, and a sister, Elinor, became the charming wife of William Dean Howells, the novelist and editor.

But it was with the son Larkin that the Mead family genius had its most romantic turn. When he wasn't weighing nails in the Brattleboro hardware store, he chiseled away at a pig in marble. This particular object of art attracted the attention of a summer visitor, upon whose advice the boy forsook hardware to study drawing and sculpture in New York. Two years later he was back in Brattleboro conducting his own drawing school in the Town Hall, and then, on the last night of the old year, 1856, he fashioned *The Recording Angel* in snow in the streets of Brattleboro. It was such an exquisite snow image, and the weather so favored its preservation, that the fame of young Mead's angel spread far and wide, written up, as it was, by the city papers. The same angel done later by Mead in marble now stands in All Souls Church in Brattleboro; indeed, Mead received several commissions for replicas—one from Nicholas Longworth of Cincinnati, the patron of Hiram Powers.

A full-length colossal statue of Ethan Allen was made by Mead for the State House at Montpelier, and a similar one for the Hall of Statuary in Washington; and he ornamented the Vermont State House dome with a statue of Ceres, the most lofty woman and most graceful figure in the capital city. For two years during the Civil War Mead made war pictures for *Harper's Weekly*, and then went, with his sister Elinor, to Italy, where she married William Dean Howells, at that time

an attaché of the American consulate in Venice, where Mead himself met his love in a romantic way.

Walking in the piazza of San Marco, he saw a beautiful Italian girl who became the idol of his dreams. But he had no idea who the girl was. He finally moved to Florence, where both he and Hiram Powers had their studios, but still he could not work, for thinking of that beauty he had seen in the piazza of San Marco. Off he went again to Venice, determined to search until he found the girl, which he finally did; and, through arrangements of the American consulate, Mead made the acquaintance of her family. To Mead's surprise, the girl's love was quite as instantaneous as his had been, and soon the beautiful Marietta di Benvenuti became Mrs. Larkin G. Mead. Neither at that time could speak the other's language, but love surmounts all difficulties, and it even surmounted the disapproval of the Pope, who would not grant a dispensation for the marriage, which, accordingly, was a purely civil one. Directly after the wedding Mead brought his Italian bride to Vermont to visit his parents.

He died in Italy in 1910 after having established his name as a great sculptor. Of his many works may be mentioned the Lincoln statue at Springfield, Illinois.

I must still dwell on the past in mentioning Thomas Waterman Wood, Vermont painter (1823-1903), although Wood almost seems among the living because he left to his native city of Montpelier the Wood Art Gallery, where much of his work and that of other artists is seen. The son of a Montpelier cabinet-maker, Wood first showed his inclination to art by ornamenting the walls of his father's shop with pastel chalk; and he ended as president for many years of the National Academy of Design, and a truly eminent artist.

His earliest study was in the studio of Chester Harding in Boston, and he then went to Canada, where he became a peripatetic portrait-painter in the days before photographs were common, and thus he gained confidence, if not money, enough to marry Minerva Robinson of Waterbury, a woman,

fortunately, of some means. Ambitious, he and his wife made several trips to Europe to copy the old masters, particularly Rembrandt, and the Wood Gallery in Montpelier today has many of these skillful copies.

He established studios in both New York and Montpelier, and his portrait work became in much demand, as well as his character sketches from local Montpelier life. Some of his work is in the Metropolitan Museum, New York, and other museums of the country still call for loan exhibitions of his portraits and water-colors. He was one of the founders and for many years president of the American Watercolor Society.

The figures for Mr. Wood's pictures were usually persons living in or near Montpelier. *The Yankee Peddler*, for instance, had for its model a character known as "Snapping Tucker" of Calais. It is now owned by Walter Chrysler. When this painting was sold for a large sum, Tucker promptly claimed half the proceeds upon the grounds of his intrinsic worth and natural capacity as a poser!

*The Drunkard's Wife* is a familiar work of Wood's which has been borrowed from Montpelier for exhibition at the Whitney Museum of Art in New York and at the Carnegie Institute in Pittsburgh. *The Drunkard's Wife* shows a woman with a child in her arms upbraiding a corpulent, side-whiskered saloon-keeper (who doesn't look half bad) for the condition of her spouse, prostrate in the gutter, while the saloon-keeper extends his hands in an expressive gesture of blameless innocence. A New York paper characterized the picture as a "tear jerker" of the temperance school, but whatever you say of it, it is skillful painting.

Theodore Robinson, the first American impressionist, was Vermont-born. He left the little town of Irasburg and went to France, where he became the intimate friend of Claude Monet. He was the most successful American in the handling of "broken light" during his time. As he was reaching the full maturity of his power he died, in his forties.

"Art happens—no hovel is safe from it, no Prince may de-

pend upon it, the vastest intelligence cannot bring it about," observed Whistler. As art continues to "happen" in Vermont just as it does everywhere, while there is no experience table for comparison of statistics, it seems that Vermonters have their share of the temperament and talent, and some genius. Being mainly Anglo-Saxon, Vermonters may not be so warmly inclined to art as could be expected of a French or Italian people. The state, however, offers a proper environment. There is no seacoast; there are no quays, no sails, no wrecks, no sand dunes, no Indians, no canyons, no tropic isles; but there are red barns, and weather-stained ones; old mills and streams, rounded hills and lovely valleys, green pastures and village roofs; winter white, summer green, and autumnal color; and, above all, the covered bridge, and Vermont character.

At all events, many artists find in Vermont, not the Bohemia of the coastwise art colonies, but more desirable conditions for individualism and the quiet pursuit of life in their own way. There are colonies, such as that at Dorset in particular; there is a group at Burlington; there are associations of both the Northern Vermont Artists and the Southern Vermont Artists; and there are exhibitions such as the Manchester show (going on for ten years and notable because native amateurs are here exhibited side by side with the professionals from New York) and the splendid ones at Fleming Museum, connected with the University of Vermont in Burlington, as well as those in Montpelier. But for all of the organization and publicity, the artist, like the writer, largely works alone, and Vermont artists are too scattered to be found handily.

One of my favorites is Luigi Lucioni, of whom the magazine *Time* tells this story, a bit touched up, I fear:

Not far from Barre, the granite-yard of Jones Brothers lies in a pleasant valley of the Green Mountains. Morning after morning four summers ago the conductor and brakeman of a milk train which passed daily, noticed a brown-haired young Italian standing by the track before an easel, painting the granite-yard. Landscape-painters are no novelty in Vermont,



but this young man also happened to be roaring the finale of *Aida* at the top of his lungs while he painted. One morning the train stopped.

"Hey!" shouted the brakeman, "you doin' that for Jones Brothers?"

"No."

"Who fer, then?"

"Just for myself."

"Oh, I see," mused the brakeman, "you're doin' it just for the hell of it."

This Italian-born boy sees Vermont with Italian eyes and with a sense of color which gives a vividness peculiarly his own.

Critic Henry McBride has called him, according to *Time*, "already the most popular U. S. painter since Gilbert Stuart."

On the West Road in Dorset the barn of John Lillie, the house-builder, many years ago became a gathering-place for artists. John Lillie watched them at their work, and having a notion he could do as well, he painted a landscape with ordinary house paint on a smooth board and set it up among the canvases in his barn, and from that moment he was hailed an artist, though he tried to laugh it off.

But his neighbor, Zephine Humphrey Fahnestock, recalls how, when Lillie was fifty, Edwin Child, a distinguished Dorset painter, arranged for a New York exhibition of John Lillie's efforts. They were well received and magazines featured him, with the result that Dorset became famous as the home of Lillie, "the mountain painter." His work has been praised by Royal Cortissoz, and it is represented in the Metropolitan Museum and the Carnegie International Exhibition.

Paul Starrett Sample isn't strictly a Vermonter, but he is so by marriage and association, though he is now professor of art in the University of Southern California, Los Angeles. "Bill" Cunningham of the Boston *Post* recalls Paul "Pab" Sample and his brother "Din" at Dartmouth as two of the best saxo-

phone-players in college, when suddenly both boys went down to the very brink with tuberculosis, and "Din" passed over. In his long stay at Saranac, Paul Sample discovered he could paint. He could indeed paint so well that he won prizes in a score of American and international exhibitions.

Edwin B. Child took two old barns in Dorset and made them into as delightful a home and studio as any Vermont artist could wish, and here for many years he has followed the profession of painting with great success. Horace Brown has a beautiful place at Springfield which he calls the "North Mowing." He works in oils exclusively, and almost exclusively devotes himself to Vermont landscapes.

Edward Bruce, who was secretary of the Public Works art project which produced fifteen thousand works of art under a Federal relief expenditure of over a million dollars, employing some thirty-five hundred artists, has himself done considerable painting in Vermont, his *Landscape at Weston* being one I would pay more for than the several acres of Weston farm lands which it depicts.

Rockwell Kent lived for a year in Arlington and did some striking Vermont work, such as his painting of Mt. Equinox.

Henry E. Schnakenberg, who is both a New York and a Vermont artist, is one of the most prominent of our painters, and much of his work is Vermont landscape. His pictures find place in the Metropolitan, the Whitney Museum, the Chicago Art Institute, and the San Francisco Palace of the Legion of Honor. Herbert Meyer is another one of the southern Vermont artists whose work has had wide recognition.

In Landgrove is Bernadine Custer, whose work I have sometimes seen in the *New Yorker*; in Pittsford, Hilda Belcher, who is good enough to have made the National Academy; in Arlington, Harriet Miller who is a sculptor as well as a painter; in Dorset, Wallace Fahnestock, leaning mostly to landscape; in Burlington, Henry Holt, son of the publisher, Dudley Morris, and other young artists are making progress.

In Middlebury is A. K. D. Healy, son of the late proprietor

of the once famous Healy's restaurants in New York (what memories of meals I have!), who has married a Vermont girl and is drawing and painting in that beautiful town.

But I cease enumeration and sum up with an appeal to the jury: "Hasn't Vermont a very fair record in art, and, above all, isn't it a fine place for the artist to dwell?"

The Kodak people used to put up in Vermont signs: "Picture Ahead." I don't know where the signs have gone—but I imagine the thought struck someone that there were so many "pictures ahead" in Vermont that it was vain to try to label them!

## AMONG OUR BOOKS



IF THIS BOOK serves to slow up the tourist, I should realize one of my fondest hopes. I'm not speaking for the safer-driving campaign—though it might help that, too, if the tourist stopped now and then to read a book (say, some local history of the region he is visiting)—but for that leisurely thoroughness in touring that truly takes things in, rather than just speeds by. Surely it is not common for the motorist to make a tour of libraries, yet if you would thoroughly understand Vermont you ought to know something of her peculiar distinctions, not only in the writing of books (which is covered in a previous chapter), but in the reading of books, in which Vermont seems to have a rather remarkable record.

You cannot find in all Vermont the name of Carnegie attached to any library, for, with the exception of flood-time in 1927, when the Carnegie Foundation came generously to the relief of libraries which lost thousands of books, Vermont libraries are memorials not to the great Scotch-American philanthropist but to devoted local citizens of Vermont who, having accumulated some wealth (often elsewhere), have wisely made a public library, in a sense, their mausoleum—Bixby at Vergennes, Brooks at Brattleboro, Fletcher at Ludlow, Kellogg-Hubbard at Montpelier, Simpson at Craftsbury, McCullough at Bennington, Fairbanks at St. Johnsbury, Mor-

rill at Strafford—and a long list of others, given by or in the name of Vermont's sons and daughters. Thaddeus Stevens, for instance, founded the little library at Peacham. Vermont prides herself on such memorials, as she prides herself on her cemeteries.

As a result of this and an equally notable activity in state aid and local enthusiasm for community libraries, Vermont now has 228 public or semi-public libraries, giving the state the distinction of having more public libraries per capita than any other state of the Union. It has nearly four times as many books as it has either people or cows; about four public library books per person. Many Southern and some Western states have but one-tenth of a book per person. Vermont has a public library to every 1,550 of its population, whereas South Carolina, for instance, has such a library only to every 41,000. Perhaps Vermont's many books explain why the state is one of the leaders in literacy, although a chief reason for its high rank both in literacy and in libraries is that the state has a very slight foreign-born or colored population. When you stop to think that recent statistics gathered by the American Library Association show that a third of all the counties in the United States have no public library within county borders, and that some 43,000,000 people in the United States are considered outside the circle of public-library service, Vermont, with 228 libraries for its fourteen counties, or 248 towns, is not such a backwoods state in respect to books as many others.

The tourist may meet on the road an interesting closed car, whose sides are bookshelves and whose sleek enamel is lettered: "Vermont Book Wagon." The idea is not new, for fifteen hundred years ago there were book wagons in China; but Vermont has developed the idea to modern efficiency. This vehicle of culture is the gift of the Vermont Federation of Women's Clubs; and it annually takes its driver, an experienced librarian, and a changing stock of books on visits to all Vermont libraries and to many of the smallest hamlets, schools, summer camps, and even private homes, helping

libraries to better service and individual groups to better reading.

This is only one of the many functions of the Free Public Library Service of the Vermont Department of Education which, from a central library in Montpelier annually loans (by way of mail or express) to libraries, schools, and organized groups nearly fifty thousand books and pictures to augment local community or school libraries. About two cents per capita is the cost of all this; and forty-one cents per capita is the cost of maintaining all of the 288 libraries in Vermont. The latest development is the regional-library idea, already tried out in Franklin County, where the St. Albans library operates a book truck which goes out with a library-trained driver to help smaller surrounding libraries with books and training in library methods and in book-buying.

The state-aid-to-libraries movement began in this country in 1890, with Massachusetts the pioneer; New Hampshire followed in 1891, New York in 1892, Connecticut and Vermont in 1894. The Vermont law of 1894 established a state library commission, with one hundred dollars for books allowed to every town which voted to establish a free library and to support it with taxes. During the first year, under this law, forty-one towns established new libraries, and the following year nineteen. In 1875 there had been but seven public libraries in Vermont, compared with the 228 which exist today, many of them in very appropriate library buildings, though some, of course, are very small and a number of them are housed in private homes. But what they lack in buildings some of these small libraries make up in service, for in the homes they are open at practically all hours. I know such a library kept for years by Mrs. Jones in the hill town of Windham, for instance—a farmhouse literally overrunning with books and with folks seeking them.

But long before this era of free public libraries, Vermonters had cared enough for books to establish many circulating libraries. When it is remembered that it was in 1732 that

Benjamin Franklin, together with a group of other "artificers," started the first subscription library in the world, it is interesting to find that Vermont had fallen in line as early as 1791, with the first circulating library in the township of Brookfield, where the Brookfield Library Association was formed "to promote useful knowledge and piety," it evidently being thought at that time that these two things went hand in hand. Out of a population of less than four hundred, forty persons signed the agreement whereby books should be purchased and circulated and each paid down sixteen shillings for the privileges of the library. This was the first library in Vermont, and it will soon celebrate its hundred and fiftieth anniversary, for it is still continuing in uninterrupted service.

Montpelier, which now enjoys the convenience of several libraries, started a circulating library of two hundred volumes only a year or so after the one at Brookfield, but books of fiction were ruled out because of their immoral influences. Today Montpelier has the Vermont State Library of 130,000 volumes, law, public documents, Vermontiana, and miscellanea; it has the Free Public Traveling Library of 28,000 volumes of general reading for adults and children; the Vermont Historical Society Library of 17,000 volumes of Vermont and other New England historical works and a great store of genealogies. In addition, there is the Kellogg-Hubbard Library of 21,000 volumes, notwithstanding that a great number of its books were lost in the flood of 1927.

The Vermont Historical Society Library owes its origin to Henry Stevens, of the town of Barnet, who succeeded in 1838, after many years of effort, in getting the state legislature to incorporate the Historical Society for the preservation of things pertaining to Vermont history. Daniel P. Thompson, author of *The Green Mountain Boys*, was the first secretary, and Mr. Stevens, the first president, was the father of two sons who later became Englishmen, famous for their business in London, handling rare books and manuscripts.

Throughout its history the Society has had distinguished

men interested in its welfare. Dorman B. E. Kent, who was for eighteen years its most active secretary, purchased fifty thousand dollars' worth of books, bringing the genealogical library of the Society up to the point where it could boast of being one of the finest in the United States. Family and town histories running into the thousands are to be found here, and, through the services of the present secretary, information is available to those from the outside who write in to trace their Vermont antecedents. It is amazing how many persons seem eager to establish their Vermont background.

The largest library in Vermont is the Billings Library, connected with the University of Vermont, in Burlington, with a total of 137,000 books, accumulated since the first year Vermont was admitted to the Union, 1791. The Billings Library owes much to Professor Joseph Torrey (later president of the university), who prior to 1830 was sent abroad to purchase books. So successful was he that it was said at that time that "no other American college, with the exception of Harvard, has as good a working library."

The other colleges have interesting collections, that at Middlebury being distinguished for the Abernethy bequest of a very fine collection of 5,000 volumes (including many rare first editions) of American literature. Nowhere in the United States, probably, is there to be found such a complete exhibit of the works of Thoreau, there being here items which no other collection in the country possesses. There are manuscripts and first editions, including thirty-one different editions of *Walden*, with translations in French, German, Dutch, and Russian. Among personal items there are Thoreau's own notebooks and a tax book of the town of Concord with the modest tax assessment of \$1.50 therein, against which, it will be remembered, Thoreau protested, but which his friend Emerson paid. Various objects closely connected with the life of Thoreau include lead pencils made by Thoreau and Son, and it will be remembered that Thoreau also protested against the dull trade of pencil-making and went in for surveying, and



then the hermit's life and philosophy.

The Egbert Starr Library at Middlebury College is worthy of a visit for a number of other things than the Thoreau collection. There are first editions of *The Scarlet Letter*, "Knickerbocker's" *History of New York*, *Moby Dick*, *Ben Hur*, and *Ethan Frome*, and many others. There are manuscript lines of Holmes's "The Chambered Nautilus," Stephen Crane's inscription in *Black Riders*, Joaquin Miller's characteristic scrawl concerning his Whitman possessions, Whittier's letter explaining how the Quakers derived their name, and such fragments. Also the Sheldon coin collection, representing consecutively every ruler from 1500 years before Christ down to Franklin Roosevelt. And the French and Spanish volumes represent one of the finest collections of books in those two languages in New England.

One of the notable local libraries of Vermont is the Bixby Memorial Library at Vergennes. This is a spacious, homelike building with a fine pillared piazza which overlooks Otter Creek (where MacDonough built his fleet to fight the British in Lake Champlain) and which also commands a wonderful prospect of many mountains. William Grove Bixby gave eighty thousand dollars for the building and a fund for maintenance. The 16,000 books find a circulation of 40,000 each year, with service to forty-six schools in outlying districts, and with traveling libraries throughout Addison County. Here are to be found the complete works of Rowland Robinson (see the chapters "Our Ways of Speech" and "Vermont Writers") in first editions, and, since it might interest any visitor to Vermont, a complete bound set of the magazine *Vermont*, which is a veritable mine of information and pictures about Vermont. Here, as in most of the larger Vermont libraries today, is a delightful special room for children and their books; an auditorium for lectures and entertainments; and a large room given up to interesting museum material.

The little library is often more interesting, however, than

the large one—not so much for its books as for its atmosphere. In the hill town of Craftsbury there are now three public libraries for a population of about 1,500. One of these is in an East Craftsbury building which was once an old-time country store, dating back to long before the Civil War. Here, where the bewhiskered gentry used to sit around the cracker barrel and spit tobacco juice into a sawdust box while discussing the state of the nation or some morsel of local gossip, the shelves, which once held merchandise, are now filled with books; and the store's old show-cases display mementoes of local historical interest. Outside is still the old hitching-post, and above the porch the sign "John Woodruff Simpson—Memorial Library." Simpson was a Craftsbury boy who became a successful New York lawyer, and whose daughter founded this library in memory of him. Near by, the surviving members of the family still live in Brassknocker farm, whose every door is ornamented with some rare brass knocker which the late Mr. Simpson picked up on trips abroad. And the daughter comes up from New York every summer to help direct the little library in the old general store, owned by the family since 1847. It is a surprise for the tourist to run upon such a fine little library tucked away in the mountains; and there are many such surprises in other small towns, such, for instance, as Underhill, where a new little community library building—as chaste as a Greek temple—has just been built right under the lee of big Mt. Mansfield.

Not only are some of the Vermont libraries worth visiting, but the librarians are worth knowing. There was a time when Vermont sent more than its proportion of young men and women to far-off climes as missionaries, and it still sends some; but many young women now satisfy that same urge for service by staying at home as missionaries of good reading, spreading the gospel of good books, spending their entire lifetime behind a library desk, with long hours and small pay. They are worth meeting not alone because they are characterful young or old folks, but because they know the community to the very core;

so the public library is generally a better information booth than is the omnipresent filling station. Here, in these small libraries, is atmosphere, too. If you remember your own first adventures into the world of books, it is interesting to see present-day boys and girls in the juvenile alcoves (which you didn't have) finding books either with their own hands or with the help of the librarian—books that may remain with them all their lives, although some of them are very different books from those which meant so much to us. The public library in Vermont is a very democratic institution and nobody has to dress up to go to it. The farmer may stroll in with his working-clothes on, the woman with her house dress; or on a wet day with their books done up in papers or oilcloth to exchange them for another parcel for the week's reading on the farm under the old kerosene lamp—the best ever for reading, I think, though, of course, some Vermont farms are electric-lighted.

There really is no such thing as a "small library" if its possible circle of influence be considered. "I have often thought," wrote Thomas Jefferson 'way back at the beginning of our country, "that nothing would do more extensive good at small expense than the establishment of a small circulating library in every county, to consist of a few well-chosen books, to be lent to the people of the county under such regulations as would secure their safe return in due time." Vermont is truly Jeffersonian in this respect. Its libraries almost without exception are wholly democratic institutions, and throw their shelves open directly to the public. Indeed, it was a very distinguished Vermonter who led the country in this reform—this lifting of the library to a new plane of public service. This was the late John Cotton Dana, probably the most distinguished librarian in the country.

He was born in Woodstock, Vermont, in 1856. After graduation from Dartmouth College he became a surveyor on Western railroads. He also tried printing a country newspaper, preaching from a Unitarian pulpit, and writing prose and

poetry. But at the age of thirty-three he became librarian of the Denver, Colorado, Public Library. Frank Kingdon, president of Dana College at Newark, New Jersey, in a memorial broadcast, said of Mr. Dana: "Immediately [in the Denver library] his free spirit began to show its originality. He threw open the doors of the library so that it was no longer a cloister, but a forum. He opened up the shelves to the people, taking away from books their guarded seclusion and making their faces familiar to all who cared to look upon them. He broke down the stilted reserves of professional practice by advertising to the community the resources at its command. The fame of his enterprise rapidly spread so that within a few years he was president of the American Library Association."

But it was as librarian of the Newark, New Jersey, Public Library that his ideas had their full flower, and in this position he became internationally famous in his profession. In 1909 he founded the Newark museum and made it as democratic as he had already made the library. His constant theme was: "Read, read more, and read what appeals to you." In his thinking, there was very little reading that was positively trash, and he assumed no rule of censorship, but opened the books to all, on the theory that reading anything led to more reading, to a better understanding, and to a better democracy.

There are many testimonials to the influence of the small public library in Vermont. There is, for instance, the little library at Poultney, of which Horace Greeley once said: "I found good books abundant and accessible in Poultney, where I first made the acquaintance of a public library. I have never since found at once books and the opportunity to enjoy them so ample as while there." (These were the printer-apprentice days in Poultney when young Greeley was laying the foundations that made him the famous editor of the *New York Tribune*.)

And, speaking of New York and of libraries, did you know that the great New York Public Library building was once

located in Vermont? Yes, indeed, embedded it was in our marble quarries at Dorset.

Outside Vermont's public libraries, there are a few private libraries, especially those of collectors of Vermontiana, which are part of the story of "Among Our Books." Charles E. Tuttle, Rutland dealer in old books, undoubtedly has the largest collection in Vermont—some 100,000, including pamphlets; but the rarest assembly of what is strictly Vermontiana is in the possession of Hall Park McCullough of New York and Bennington. He has all of the early Vermont nuggets, such as the Ethan and Ira Allen pamphlets in their originals. The Wilbur Library, now connected with the University of Vermont, has probably the finest semi-public collection of Vermontiana, and the Vermont Historical Society in Montpelier and the American Antiquarian Society in Worcester, Massachusetts, have some rare Vermont books. Dr. G. A. Russell of Arlington has recently started a collection, and already has a most interesting library.

My Dartmouth classmate, Harold Goddard Rugg, now assistant librarian at Dartmouth, is the best authority on Vermontiana, and his collection includes about 2,300 books and 3,000 pamphlets. He has 360 different volumes of Vermont poetry! Mr. Rugg is now engaged in adding several hundred titles to Gilman's bibliography, compiled forty years ago, listing some 7,000 books and pamphlets by Vermonters or about Vermont and Vermonters.

There will come a time when this book will be laid away "in the dust and silence of the upper shelf," but I hope, as I said at the outset of this chapter, it will for the present remind the tourist that in many ways outside the beaten path Vermont has points of interest, and that its many libraries, librarians, and books are keys to the state.

Many a Vermont librarian will tell you I paint too glowing a picture of our library facilities, for most of the librarians feel the pinch of too small funds—and they are right. There is a

Better Library Movement under way, hoping for additional state and town aid, and, of course, private bequests. Perhaps you, gentle reader, would like to remember us in your will!

## VERMONT PAPERS



I COULDN'T HOPE to show you Vermont without showing you our papers. The tourist of a day or a week cannot expect to include an acquaintance with our Vermont editors and their grist of news and opinion, but anyone who makes a whole summer's stay in Vermont ought to take the local paper, and to take it rather seriously. The reading of everything in it from the obituaries down to the trivia of the personal column or the cards of thanks and legal notices is sure to be rewarded with that growing sense of neighborliness necessary to taking root in the community. You might do well to write an occasional letter to the editor.

There was a time when the local reporter met all trains, and comings and goings were chronicled quite completely, but now that everyone is on wheels of his own, many interesting visitors escape the Argus-eyed editors. It is not immodest for the tourist to make himself and his trip known at the local news office, and I drop that hint in hope that visitors to Vermont will more commonly do so and thus contribute to our common fund of interest.

There are some curiously fascinating things about country journalism, and Vermont papers in particular. Although there are many country news-gatherers or editors who regard with some awe and yearning the adventures in reporting known to the war correspondent or the newshawk of the big city papers,

the yearning, if not the awe, seems to be mostly in the other direction. I know many big-town newspapermen whose sweetest dreams are of buying a little country newspaper of their own—preferably, I suppose, in Vermont. Seldom do they try it, and some who do find the dream turns into something of a nightmare of hard work to make ends meet—for “the power of the press” isn’t always equal to the payroll. I tried it—tried both the city and the country, each for many years, and found both interesting. But the yen for the country is stronger, I should say, than the yen on the part of the country newspapermen for the city. Vermont has ten dailies and sixty weeklies; but with all of these seventy papers it’s hard for the city man to buy his “little paper in Vermont,” because the owners, even though the going isn’t always good, do not want to sell.

Only recently I entertained a scout who was sent up here from New York City with plenty of big money back of him, looking for an opportunity to buy not one, but a string of three Vermont papers. It took only two days for the scout to learn that his visit was in vain. Not for a moment did any of the three publishers think of parting with their property.

Yet Vermont is obviously over-papered. Think of the city of Rochester, New York, which is nearly as populous as the whole state of Vermont, having ten dailies and sixty weeklies, and other publications to a total of ninety! During the century and a half of Vermont journalism the state has seen two or three hundred newspapers started, only to twinkle for a time and drop like falling stars. But in the past quarter-century the list hasn’t greatly changed.

The first Vermont newspaper has a romance connected with it that is one of the headlines in American newspaper history, for the first Vermont newspaper (although by no means among the first newspapers in this country) was actually printed on the first printing press brought into the United States. In 1638, eighteen years after the Pilgrims landed, the Reverend Jesse Glover was making the slow passage of the



Atlantic from England with a printing outfit, full of ambition to set up business on these shores. He died on the voyage. On the same boat, coming to help the Reverend Mr. Glover, was Stephen Daye and his son Mathew, aged eighteen. The Dayes took charge of the printing press and set it up in Cambridge, Massachusetts, that year, 1638, to print for Harvard College (then three years old), whose first president, Henry Dunster, married the Reverend Jesse Glover's widow.

The first thing printed on the press was *The Freeman's Oath*, 1639. The press later passed into the hands of Samuel Green. Daye had printed about fifteen works on it, and Green produced about the same number. Green also produced nineteen children, the last of whom, Timothy, became state printer for Connecticut, and he took the old press there. Timothy Green's son, Samuel, married Rebecca Spooner, sister of Alden Spooner of Windsor, Vermont. Alden Spooner, in association with his brother, Judah Paddock Spooner, and Timothy Green, moved the press to Dresden, Vermont (now Hanover, New Hampshire), on the invitation of President Wheelock of Dartmouth College, who wanted a printing press and printers. (In those days several towns east of the Connecticut River had annexed themselves to Vermont and, like Dresden, had their representatives in our first state assembly.)

In 1781 Judah Spooner and Timothy Green moved the press to Westminster, setting it up in the old court-house, which had seen the first bloodshed of the Revolution when William French was killed there in the so-called massacre. Here the British-made printing press helped proclaim the liberty and independence of the American people in the first issues of Vermont's first newspaper—*The Vermont Gazette or Green Mountain Post Boy*.

Yellowed with age, a copy of issue No. 8 of this first Vermont paper, dated April 2, 1781, is preserved by the Vermont Historical Society rooms in Montpelier along with the famous wooden press—the first press in the United States—on which it was printed. It is believed that the first issue was dated

February 12, 1781, although no copy of it is known to exist. The motto of the paper is one of the most interesting things in it:

*Pliant as Reeds, where streams of Freedom glide;  
Firm as the Hills, to Stem Oppression's tide.*

Vermont papers continue to be somewhat like that, although their character is changing.

Anthony Haswell, a sturdy pioneer of Bennington, started the second newspaper, in that place in 1783, with a slight variation of motto:

*With generous freedom for our constant guide,  
We scorn control and print for every side.*

Haswell, by the way, was appointed Postmaster General of Vermont in 1784, in the days of the Vermont republic.

In 1783 also, the Daye press was purchased by George Hough and Alden Spooner and moved to Windsor, where they published the *Vermont Journal*. With the exception of nine years, 1835 to 1844, the *Journal* has been published (now in Bellows Falls), so it qualifies as the oldest paper in Vermont; although the *Rutland Herald*, established in 1794, has the longest record of continuous publication; and the *Free Press* of Burlington, established in 1827 and made a daily in 1848, is the state's oldest daily.

Many men achieved some fame and had some fun if not much profit in the making of Vermont papers—so many that it is possible to trip but lightly over such names as the Fessendens of Bellows Falls; Charles G. Eastman, poet and newspaper editor in Johnson, Woodstock, and Montpelier; George Grenville Benedict, who rendered half a century of service in Burlington; the poet John G. Saxe, who also ran the *Burlington Sentinel* as a Democratic paper for many years; Daniel P. Thompson, author of *The Green Mountain Boys*, who was a picturesque character as an editor in Montpelier; and Hiram Atkins, of whom more later; and on down to the recent time

of the late John L. Southwick and the present Howard Hindley, of Burlington and Rutland respectively. This list is as long and as honorable as the journalism of any state can show. Like the items in an auction, our papers and their makers are too numerous to mention.

Mirrors, Mercurys, Herald, Globes, Repositorys, Banners, Reformers, Phoenixes, Arguses, Patriots, Couriers, Repositorys, Timeses, Free Presses, Advocates, Clippers, Suns, Stars, Galaxy, Sentinels, Independents, Republicans, Democrats, Anti-Masonics, Messengers, Inquirers, Telegrams, Leaders, Registers, Tablets of the Times, Sifters, Unions, Journals, Opinions, Citizens, Monitors, Records, Statesmen, Journals of Temperance, Eagles, Yeomans, Enterprises, Observers, Palladiums, Bulletins, Protectors, Thunderbolts, Watchmans, Posts, and Acrons are some of the great variety of names which reflect somewhat the character of the Vermont papers over the century and a half.

There was a time, as these names indicate, when these papers, despite their independent or liberal mottoes, were mere organs of personal opinion or of some party. Personal journalism, such as was practiced by old Hiram Atkins of the Montpelier *Argus*, has largely passed out, though there is some flavor of it left when occasion demands. Atkins, taken for instance, was a determined Democrat, so outspoken in opposition to the Civil War and to all its leaders, from Lincoln down, that the windows of his office were stoned, and efforts were made to deny him a pew in his church. Yet he was a first-rate newspaperman, possessed of a courage that won him some admiration to season the scorn, and the circulation of his paper ran high. With the passing of such men as he, and Mr. Shanks of the Londonderry *Sifter*, changes have gradually come over the Vermont press, as over all others. The newspaper in the larger places has become more of a business vehicle—more of a publishing than an editing business.

Up till the end of the Civil War no papers concerned themselves much with local news; they took it for granted that the

folks would hear such news by word of mouth, and the absence of gossip in the local paper must have played nicely into the hands of those who liked to be personal tale-bearers. So far as Vermont is concerned, it is said that one C. M. Chase, who founded the *Vermont Union* at Lyndon in 1865, was the first to specialize in news letters from surrounding towns—which Hiram Atkins in Montpelier afterwards used with alliterative headings such as "Braintree Babblings," or "Local Lumps."

Trivial as such items are, they have become the life and soul of many of the weekly papers—in fact, about their only reason for existence, for the daily paper and the radio bring all the big news. Many Vermont papers are enriched by their local correspondents, spinsters many of them, whose style of reporting is full of a certain homely philosophy as well as local gossip. They breathe a sense of neighborliness which is sure to start a good case of nostalgia in the heart of Vermonters away. Aunt Abbie Felcher of Felcherville (Hyde Park) was such a country correspondent, and had, in a superlative degree, the knack of writing sympathetically about her neighbors. Her contributions to the *Morrisville Messenger* were so good that the *Rutland Herald* reprinted them as "Home-town Heart Throbs." She was even written up in the *American Magazine*.

Some of these country correspondents, like Mrs. Caroline Pember, of Saxtons River (for the *Rutland Herald*), continue to write when past eighty years of age, in tremulous script, to the end of their lives. Some are aggressive about town affairs and national politics, ringing their opinions in with the local items. Altogether these country correspondents are very vital and enthusiastic persons, and the success of the country paper largely depends upon them. I remember a stranger who once subscribed to my country weekly (a man who had never been in Vermont) because, he said, he so relished the human touch of personal items even though he didn't know the people. So those who establish either a temporary or a permanent home

in Vermont should not fail to live closer to their community by reading, and perhaps writing for, their local newspaper.

It may not seem to matter much at first who's drawing logs for whom, or whose house has been newly shingled, but in the end it gets you, and you are one of us. Make yourself known by friendly visits to the newspaper office. In only a few back-town newspaper and job printing offices will you still find the hand compositor, for the linotype has become almost universal, but the old drum cylinder press still turns every Thursday or Friday in many small towns and the fly flops the printed sheet off the drum just as proudly as the rotary super-speed presses of the *New York Times* deliver their bulkier product.

There's an anecdote about D. W. Hildreth, former editor of the *Newport Express and Standard*:

"What did you think of that leading editorial?" asked Editor Hildreth when he met Theophilus Grout.

"What editorial?"

"Why, didn't you read my leading editorial in the *Express and Standard* this week?"

"Young man, I'd have you know," said Mr. Grout, "that I subscribe to your paper as a matter of public duty; but there is nothing in that duty that requires I should read the damn thing!"

There's still a flavor about the country printing office, despite the fact that some of the smaller papers have now been centralized in local syndicates. More than half a dozen such groups under one editorship are now going concerns in Vermont, one of the finest and ablest editorial examples being that of Luther B. Johnson in Randolph. But neither Mr. Hearst nor any of the other big owners of newspaper strings has as yet bought a newspaper in Vermont. And one other distinction: Vermont is the one state of the Union that publishes no Sunday paper. One was tried some years ago, but the proprietor shortly afterwards got religious and stopped it.

Some of the papers in Vermont today are run by men with city experience. The *Rutland Herald* was published for some

years by the late Mr. William Field (who established the great tabloid, the illustrated *Daily News* in New York) and is now run by his son. But Vermont papers have never been made too much after city patterns. They are, generally, characteristically Vermont in their conservatism, and though they claim an independence in politics, they are as overwhelmingly Republican as the ballots are on election day.

Several Vermont editors have served over half a century, while in the city, I think, they seldom last as long as that. There is L. P. Thayer of fifty years' connection with a score of Vermont papers, and other veterans. The state has but one magazine, the *Vermont*, published by Charles R. Cummings at White River Junction, and to its files I am indebted for many statements made in this book.

I have said that many a slave on the copy desk of the city yearns to own a little paper in Vermont, and I ought to add that one of the most amazing facts about Vermont papers is that they have been the training schools of some of the greatest journalists in the country. Horace Greeley, founder of the New York *Tribune*, learned the business more than a century ago in the office of the *Northern Spectator* in East Poultney (in a building now owned and saved as a shrine by the Vermont Press Association). Another Poultney boy, George Jones, who worked with Greeley, became a partner of George W. Raymond in founding the New York *Times*. For forty years he was the publisher of the *Times*, and after Raymond's death he was the editor. James Reed Spaulding, a native of Montpelier, founded the first New York *World* as a religious paper! Three of the greatest metropolitan papers thus had some Vermont background. And the list of those Vermonters like George Harvey, Stephen Winslow, Philip Hale, Harry H. Conland, Clifton Hemingway, Burton H. Albee, Eugene Field, Bert Leston Taylor, and dozens of others indicates a wide range of newspaper talent and success, partly traceable to Vermont blood or training.

But our own Vermont papers were the topic of this chap-

ter, and I cannot close it better than by mentioning the sacrifice some of these Vermont editors have shown for their communities. Take the case of the four Wilson brothers of Bristol, who published the little Bristol *Herald* for fifty years. No printer, no newspaperman, can help being affected to see in the Bristol cemetery the unique headstone on the Wilson family lot. The tombstone is in part made of the iron arch from an old Washington hand press on which the Wilson brothers first printed—a press known to be one hundred and twenty-five years old. Forty-five years ago they set it in the cemetery with an inscribed marble slab inside the arch.

Sinclair Lewis in *It Can't Happen Here*, wove his story around a Vermont editor, Doremus Jessup. Lewis lives not far from Rutland, he has been on terms of intimate acquaintance with Howard L. Hindley, the editor of the Rutland *Herald*, and the belief gained currency that Lewis's hero editor was Hindley himself. It's not so, as both Lewis and Hindley declare. "I'm not at all like Doremus Jessup. I am six feet tall, weigh a hundred and ninety, smooth-shaven, not given to philosophical remarks such as are put into Jessup's mouth by the author, and certainly I wouldn't have the guts to go through what Jessup did"—that's the way Mr. Hindley puts it.

## WINGS AND RAILS



JUST AS THE EAGLE is becoming extinct in Vermont, though it may still be rarely seen over the great cliffs of Mt. Horrid in Brandon, the airplane has become an everyday bird of passage between three Vermont points and Boston. Wings over Vermont have become a part of our picture.

Even as I write this, the Boston-to-Burlington plane, with passengers, mail, and express, is audible in its arrival at the plateau-like Montpelier-Barre airport in the hills just behind my Montpelier home—one hour and fifteen minutes out of Boston. Commonplace as this has become after three years of air service, I am stirred by the motor I now hear to a bit of reminiscence.

Early of an October morning in 1909 I was one of a handful of newspapermen and army officers who helped Wilbur Wright pull his biplane from its hangar on Governors Island in New York harbor and place it in position for the seemingly impossible feat of flying up the Hudson River over the fleet of warships of all nations assembled there for the Hudson-Fulton celebration.

It was the final morning of the ten days which had been set aside for the ten-thousand-dollar prize contest for the first flight in New York City, and, notwithstanding the fact that it was still windy, Wright decided to venture it. After pulling his plane from the hangar we tied a little silk flag to



one of the supports. We watched him warm up the motor. With misgivings we shook his hand as he mounted to the pilot seat in the old-time exposed position on the front of the lower wing. We cheered as he took off. We stood in amazement as we saw him soar above the wildly whistling ferry-boats and above the hundred and fifty warships anchored up river. He covered the ten miles up to Grant's Tomb. Coming back, he circled the Statue of Liberty, and landed safely on the very spot from which he had taken off, though we gave him, I assure you, plenty of landing-room.

Now, with the memory of these and other pioneering days of aviation still fresh, I hear the arriving daily Boston plane up here in Vermont with so little concern that I do not even trouble to look aloft.

But the plane puts Vermont in a different light from that in which I have discussed the state in other chapters. I have written of the valley roads, the shun-pikes in the hills, the bridle paths, and the Long Trail, which all afford different angles for viewing Vermont. In the plane you take almost everything in at once, and I think Vermont offers you quite an eyeful.

The mountains of the state were something of a barrier to the earliest experiments with airplanes. The Wright brothers chose the sand dunes of Kitty Hawk for their first minute-long flight in 1903, and the flat lands of the South and West were the later scene of the more rapid development of the art and business of flying. But if you ever embrace the opportunity to fly over Vermont, you may be interested to know a few of the highlights of the state's aeronautic history. The industrial village of Springfield, in my own Black River valley, was first to show a faith and interest in air. The late James Hartness, distinguished inventor, astronomer, and later Governor, was Springfield's first citizen, and through his leadership was organized, on July 6, 1916, the first Aero Club of Vermont. He was the first Vermonter to be granted a pilot's license. And at that time, twenty years ago, he declared:

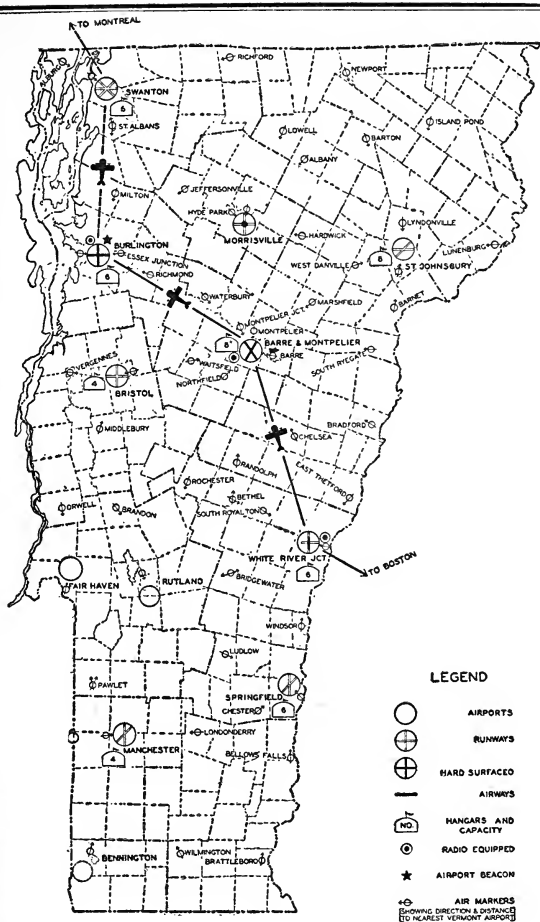
"Every Vermont town should think in terms of landing-fields. If there is a stone wall that is not necessary, it should be opened up."

The World War was then in progress, and the need of airports in Vermont was stressed, for many then thought that Germany, with nine thousand men in her air service, might attempt to cross the Atlantic. In his home town of Springfield Mr. Hartness laid out a four-way field, about two miles north of the village, marked it with a hundred-foot circle, and presented it to the town. Here it was that Mr. Hartness had his great reward on the afternoon of July 26, 1927, when Charles Lindbergh, after his famous New York to Paris hop, landed at Springfield (his only stop in Vermont) amid the acclaim of thirty thousand persons.

Next to Springfield in early aeronautic interest came Brattleboro, where Nason H. Arnold and William Richardson as early as 1909 had made some balloon trips, in those days when that sport was a major one in western Massachusetts; and where Fred H. Harris, a Brattleboro man who founded the Dartmouth Outing Club, was first to take to piloting a plane, and made upwards of one hundred flights until his enthusiasm was crushed for a time when his only sister, Evelyn, was killed in a crash.

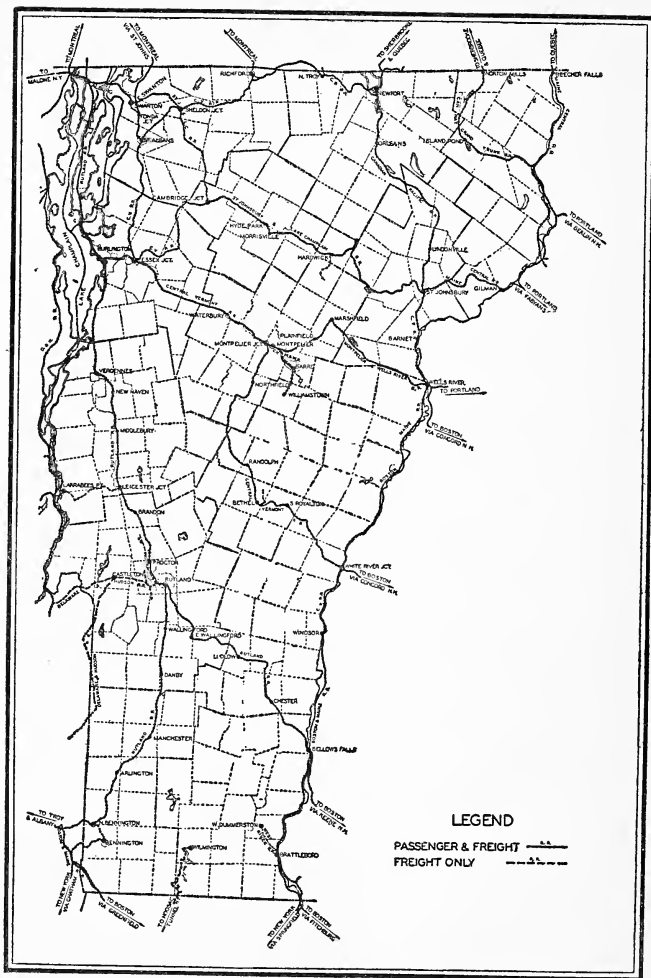
It was the flood of November 1927 that brought Vermont to its first full consciousness of the practical importance of the airplane. Montpelier, Barre, Waterbury, and other places found that their first pinch after the unprecedented flood was the lack of a little but important item—yeast cakes. But it was perilous landing then in the vicinity of these places, and planes made a practice of dropping the yeast cakes from the air to the bread-famished communities. A representative of the Department of Commerce, delegated by Secretary Herbert Hoover to visit us, lost his life in attempting to land in Montpelier.

But there was better luck in Barre, near the capital, and the first real visitor from the outside world to this section after



# AIRPORTS AND AIRWAYS IN VERMONT

*Courtesy Vermont State Planning Board*



## THE RAILROADS OF VERMONT

*Courtesy Vermont State Planning Board*

the flood was a newspaper reporter in an airplane. That very day the Barre city officials met and bestirred themselves to provide a landing-field on Wilson flat on Millstone Hill, in the granite-quarry section, two miles from the city. It was this field that was used by an air-mail-carrier from Concord, New Hampshire, who provided Montpelier, Barre, and Burlington with the only mail they had for some weeks after the flood. Governor "Al" Smith of New York sent over a whole squadron of military planes with supplies—a gesture which won a lot of Vermont votes for the wearer of the Brown Derby at the next election.

This invaluable aid made Barre and Montpelier so air-minded that steps were soon taken for the joint ownership of an airport in the Berlin hills, just south of Montpelier, first owned by private citizens, but now a municipal airport. With Federal aid, this airport has been made one of the finest in the East.

In August 1933 Wiley Post, round-the-world flyer, landed in Burlington with the *Winnie Mae*, the same big monoplane he had twice taken in arrow-like flight round the earth; and addressing a gathering at a luncheon that day, he declared that the airport, on the hill back of the University, overlooking Lake Champlain, was one of the finest locations he had seen in all his world-girdling. Burlingtonians, who cherish many compliments to their city, are not to be blamed for believing this one true, for the arrival or departure from the Burlington airport, with the full sweep of Lake Champlain in view when in the air, is certainly a delightful beginning or end to your trip over Vermont by plane. The city affords a landing also for seaplanes, as well as landplanes.

Captain Byrd's Bellanca monoplane used in his Antarctic expedition of 1928, incidentally, had its try-out on the ice of St. Albans Bay, Lake Champlain. Igor Sikorsky, designer of the plane which bears his name, visited Burlington in his amphibian in 1928; and Amelia Earhart Putnam, enthusiastic about Vermont, has twice paid Montpelier and Burlington visits by plane—for this most famous woman aviator is vice-

president of the Boston-Maine and Central Vermont Airways Corporation, which provides the present daily service out of Boston to Concord, New Hampshire, White River Junction, Montpelier-Barre, and Burlington.

Not only has Vermont had these and other distinguished air visitors, but in the past decade or two many of her own sons have made names for themselves in aviation history. Probably the best-known Vermont aviator was Charles S. (Casey) Jones of Castleton and Middlebury College, who for a time was called the best-known commercial pilot in this country and later became president of the Curtiss Flying Service. Among other Vermonters having notable association with aviation is President Porter Adams of Norwich University, who was for a time president of the American Aeronautical Society, and member of other important organizations in this field. He has also aircraft inventions to his credit, and has recently established at Norwich a chair in aviation.

Vermont has contributed, too, to the tragedies of the air; but I will recall only one. In October 1932 I saw Clyde A. Lee and Julius Robertson take off from the Barre-Montpelier airport for a proposed flight to Oslo, Norway, in the plane, *Green Mountain Boy*. But they were never heard from after leaving the Newfoundland coast. Many a Vermont parent mourns the flying ambition of some promising son which brought him to fatal grief, but these tragedies are no more common among Vermont mountains, apparently, than elsewhere, and it never seems to dampen the enthusiasm of the coming generation to try their wings. A number of young Vermonters now own their own planes. There are now seventy-one pilots licensed and thirty-seven planes registered in Vermont.

The opportunity to look down on Vermont in its white dress of winter, its green of early spring and summer, its colorful foliage in the fall, is something which makes the last half of the ninety-four minute flight from Boston to Burlington memorable.

The route is up the Merrimac valley to Concord, New Hampshire, and thence to White River Junction, Vermont, on the Connecticut River. Just before making this first Vermont landing the Baker Memorial Library tower at Dartmouth College is seen a little to the north.

To those who know the Green Mountain terrain thoroughly, there are landmarks of river, village, lake, or mountain to be glimpsed as you wing diagonally northwest across Orange County after leaving the Junction airport. This airport, by the way, is on the site of the big fair grounds where were formerly held the famous Twin State fairs. Often at the Junction there are independent planes with licensed transport pilots ready to whisk you wherever you wish to go, if you have some destination other than the cities of Barre, Montpelier, or Burlington.

The most conspicuous characteristic of the landscape you look down upon is woods. You are relieved of any fears that Vermont will soon be denuded of her forests, and you are ready to believe that the Vermont woods cover 2,750,000 acres—or more than half the whole area of the state. If you would visualize the exact route usually followed, take a Vermont-New Hampshire map (for the two states are usually mapped together) and draw straight red lines from Concord to White River Junction, thence to a point midway between Barre and Montpelier, and then straight down the Winooski valley to Burlington.

The most prominent landmark of the sky trip, as it is of the motor trip, is the mountain Camel's Hump, to be seen close to the west as you approach Montpelier; and as you leave Montpelier for Burlington and possibly hover over the capital city, you get a glimpse of the gold-leaf dome of Vermont's State House, like an orange on a great green lawn. The route to Burlington takes you over the main Green Mountain Range, between the Hump and Mt. Mansfield, and you look down upon the Long Trail (without seeing it), where some foot-weary hiker may be preferring to plod while you soar.

It was less than a century ago that travel in Vermont by rail was as novel as it may be to some today by plane.

To Arthur F. Stone, St. Johnsbury author of a set of four large books, historical and biographical, entitled *The Vermont of Today* (1929) I am indebted for many facts, and especially lean on him for some of the early history of railroads in Vermont, or enough to give any present journey through Vermont by rail a little historic color.

In Northfield ground was broken for the first railroad in Vermont on January 28, 1846. Northfield was chosen because it was the home of Charles Paine, who had been Governor of Vermont (1841-2), and it was he who led in the plans for the Vermont Central Railroad, chartered in October 1843.

In the Norwich University Museum at Northfield is an old shovel bearing a silver plate to testify that it was used by Governor Paine, president of the company, in breaking ground for the railroad. The frozen ground just north of the present depot in Northfield had to be thawed out, and after the ceremony had been performed two old cannon boomed out a salute. Some say a hundred charges were exploded.

The choice of Northfield as a station on the new railroad was what cut Montpelier off the main route; so to this day the capital city is reached, as many travelers sigh to learn, only by a shuttle train from a bleak point known as Montpelier Junction. We have Governor Paine to thank for that.

The big idea was to get a railroad from Boston to Burlington, and the Vermont Central Company, first to conceive the plan and first to lay its rails, was beaten to it by the present Rutland Railroad (incorporated as the Champlain & Connecticut River Railroad in November 1843), which completed its line to Burlington by a more southern diagonal two weeks earlier than the Vermont Central. Indeed, this system was used some time before it was completed, stages being used at Ludlow to carry passengers over the then unsurmounted mountain.

When the first train arrived, January 14, 1849, at Bellows



Falls from Boston, the weekly *Times* reported: "The engine came up in Grand Style and when opposite our village the Monster gave one of the most savage yells, frightening men, women and children considerable, and bringing forth deafening howls from all the dogs in the Neighborhood."

In June of that year the Vermont Central put on a bigger celebration; a train carrying three hundred passengers from Burlington, and another from Boston with a thousand aboard, met at Windsor. There was great optimism as these and other smaller railroads opened up in Vermont. When ground was broken by Thaddeus Fairbanks at St. Johnsbury for a railroad which was to run from St. Johnsbury to Lake Champlain, connecting with Portland, Maine, Bliss N. Davis of Danville oratorically declared that the ladies present would soon be sniffing tea fresh from China, on its way to Queen Victoria's table via St. Johnsbury and Danville.

The number of railroads chartered in Vermont in those early days makes a long list. Many companies failed, and consolidations and other changes have occurred over the years. Today the old Vermont Central, cutting diagonally across north central Vermont to the Connecticut River is owned by the Canadian National, the largest railway system in the world; and over it every night roll the well-appointed through trains from Washington and New York and from Boston to Montreal; and the Rutland road is owned by the New York Central, also operating through trains from Montreal to New York and to Boston. The Boston & Maine operates much of the Connecticut valley route, in connection with the Central Vermont, and airplane service from Boston to Burlington in association with the Central Vermont.

Some of the little railroads in Vermont have ceased to function, bus and truck transportation having made them unprofitable. The line of the West River Valley railroad out of Brattleboro has become nothing but a streak of rust. But other small lines, after many difficulties, have been taken over by small but strictly Vermont corporations and made to func-

tion with some success, as is the case with the St. Johnsbury and Lake Champlain, and the Montpelier and Wells River.

Rail service generally has been brought up to better standards, and fares have been lowered. Checking gas expense against rail fare, many travelers are again finding it both profitable and pleasant to ride upon the rails. Vermont affords picturesque country, full of curves. For instance, in the thirty-eight miles of railroad from Montpelier to Wells River, there is only one full-length mile of straight track—and that is in Plainfield!

However, with almost every family in possession of an automobile, and with nearly fifty bus routes operating in Vermont, the railroads have to rely more upon freight than upon passengers to pay their way. Of more than a dozen electric railways once established in the state, there now remains only one, which connects industrial Springfield, Vermont, with Charlestown, New Hampshire.

We are now nearly a century away from the days of the first railroad boom in Vermont, and far, too, from the days when John G. Saxe, the Vermont poet, wrote:

*Singing through the forests,  
Rattling over bridges,  
Shooting under arches,  
Rambling over ridges,  
Whizzing through the mountains,  
Buzzing o'er the vale,  
Bless me! this is pleasant,  
Riding on the rail.*

## AMONG OUR RELICS



THIS CHAPTER IS INTENDED to save the reader from getting museum feet. If you count the attics, Vermont has hundreds of museums; but private attics are generally inaccessible to the public, and if the tourist gains admission to one he is likely to find either that an antique-hound has preceded him and already purchased the choice pieces, or that things are just not for sale at any price.

But Vermont has several public museums, and in them is a rather amazing accumulation of things. It was only when I felt the responsibility of reporting on this state for others that I went for myself to see what our museums have in the way of relics. I hope the visitor to Vermont will do some looking on his own account, but possibly this chapter will save his time and feet by giving him some clue to things that may appeal to his curiosity.

Please do not expect me to have a cataloguer's or curator's classifying mind and to put down everything in order. I shall jump, for instance, from the Nobel prize medal in literature awarded to Sinclair Lewis—which is in the Vermont Historical Society museum in Montpelier—to the sparkling glass and silver shoe-buckles which Ethan Allen wore when he wanted to shine with the ladies in the early Green Mountain days—also in the Vermont Historical Society museum.

In visiting this museum I pass over the innumerable birds

and animals and minerals which make up the so-called "State Cabinet," and pass over, too, the books, to light upon the snuff-box, the powder-horn and saddle-bags which Royall Tyler owned in the early days when he was writing at Guilford, near Brattleboro, that early American novel *The Algerine Captive*. This very snuff-box undoubtedly helped him support his official dignity as the first chief justice of the Vermont state Supreme Court.

There are other snuff-boxes, among them Ethan Allen's, together with Allen's gun, perhaps the very one with which he took Fort Ticonderoga right out from under the pillow of the British without firing a single shot. There is even a brick from the cell in which Allen was confined when taken a prisoner by the British later. Mrs. Allen leaves us a snuff-box, a silk shawl, and her ear-rings.

Here is to be seen the desk once used in the old Catamount Tavern at Bennington, at which Ethan Allen, Governor Chittenden, and other Revolutionary leaders sat to write those potent proclamations of the Green Mountain Boy days. Here, too, is the highboy once owned by Jonas Fay of Bennington, secretary of the early Vermont conventions.

There is a model of the first steamboat—not Fulton's familiar one; the *Clermont*, which puffed up the Hudson from New York to Albany in 1807—but one that chugged faintly on Lake Fairlee in 1795, the invention of Captain Morey, from whom Fulton is alleged to have snatched his idea. And, speaking of boats, there are two large, elaborately carved gangway doors from the battleship *Oregon* which Admiral Clark, a Vermonter, took round the continent of South America in Spanish War days at sensational speed to participate in the battle of Santiago; along with an oil painting of Admiral Clark by Thomas Wood.

And, still speaking of boats, there is the elaborate silver service and the big brass bell from the only battleship ever named *Vermont*, which I saw launched at the Quincy yards of the Fore River Ship Building Company in 1907, but which

has become a museum-piece even before I have.

George Washington is remembered in the Vermont museum by a life-sized portrait, by centennial medals, and by a slab from the Cambridge elm under which he took command of the army, while growing on the State House lawn is an elm planted by the D.A.R. from roots taken from Cambridge.

Colonel Jacob Davis, the first permanent settler of Montpelier, leaves us his watch and fob and warming pan; and there is a saw used in building the first Vermont State House. Governor Chittenden, the first Governor of Vermont, is remembered by ten waistcoat buttons marked "T. C.," and his silver watch. The early days of the Windsor-Cornish toll-bridge, still in existence, are recalled by the metal passes used at that time. The Order of the Cincinnati, founded by George Washington, is represented by a badge which is said to be quite rare.

But it is the Marquis de Lafayette who gets most of the attention. There are several places in Vermont still cooing over the fact that the distinguished French general, who visited Vermont in 1825, slept in certain beds or ate from certain china. Here in the museum in Montpelier is the platter from which Lafayette was served while a guest in the capital city. We have even saved the bell which was used to call him to dinner, along with the fife that was played at an entertainment in his honor, and a key to the Cadwell house, where he was entertained.

Vermont coined its own money in the days when it was a sovereign republic, and, if worst comes to worst, Vermont can do it again; for here are the dies, the money scales, and all the paraphernalia necessary—at least all that was necessary in the early days, when one Rupert Harmon, Jr., of Rupert was granted a license to coin copper into Vermont money. There is also an exhibit of the first Vermont shinplasters, or paper currency, made in the various Vermont towns, along with one of the very first cents coined by the Continental Congress.

The Johnses of Huntington never figured prominently in

Vermont history, but they are commemorated in our museum. One of them, Jehial, who was the first settler of Huntington, has left us his leather wallet, his powder-pouch, and two grains of powder, interesting because powder in those days wasn't fine, but every grain of it as big as a calomel tablet. Here is Jehial Johns's steel and flint for striking fire, one of the first experiments in patent lighters—which probably still works as well as the majority of them.

James Johns, his brother, became Huntington's famous pen-printer, and with most painstaking hand-lettering he published a little paper of miscellany called the *Autograph and Remarker*. Several copies are to be seen, kept under glass because some of Johns's puns were very foul.

Reminiscent of old-time handicraft, we have a copperplate quilt, an art now lost; tools for carding flax, for braiding straw, for stretching stockings; and a J-jack, invented for fat men to pull their boots on by. There is a very quaint old sewing-machine, a collapsible dark lantern, an old-time foot-stove, smoking-tongs for pipe-smokers, an antique bread-toaster, printers' wooden letters, with handles to stamp them by, and a variety of home handiwork, such as handkerchiefs, lamp-mats, sewing-bags, veils, and rugs.

There is a black dress made by Mrs. Clarinda Stearns of Williston, who raised the silkworms, spun and wove the silk, and made the dress, which she wore a century or more ago.

But one cannot start to enumerate museum pieces without stopping somewhere to conclude like an auction poster, "and other things too numerous to mention."

Why you should find Lord Byron's sword in the Vermont Historical Society museum, as it is, is one of the things I'd like to leave unanswered, hoping that curiosity will lead some readers to go to see the sword and read its history. I have neglected to mention, too, the many Civil War relics, but, oddly, we have in our Vermont museum a sample of Lincoln's blood. It is pretty faded now, but it is in a cloth affectionately bound up. Along with it is a piece of one of the famous rails that

Lincoln split. As an accompaniment to the Lincoln relics, there's the candle which is said to have been used at Lee's surrender.

There's an iron chest used by the Hessian regiment and brought to America about 1777. It was sent to one Lewis R. Morris at Springfield, Vermont, with instructions to this British sympathizer to use the chest "to secure your valuables from that dishonest and reckless population of the Green Mountain State, who have held out against the just and true claims of New York." There is also a wooden chest taken from a pirate vessel on the high seas by the well-known John Paul Jones.

And the chief of all the attractions at the museum I have purposely left to the last and for only a mention—the first printing press used in the United States (1639). Hundreds come to the museum every year to see this old wooden press, from which, many years after, the first Vermont newspaper was printed. I have told of this more fully in the chapter on Vermont papers.

Jumping from Montpelier to Bennington, we have to thank Edward H. Everett for having invested more than one hundred thousand dollars in the gift of the Bennington Historical Museum. To it other public-spirited persons have contributed until this collection, under the direction of John Spargo, the president of the Vermont Historical Society, has become a rival of the state museum itself. Here may be seen encased between two sheets of heavy plate glass the oldest Stars and Stripes known to be in existence. (Breathes there a man with soul so dead?) This flag was the one raised over General John Stark's company in the battle of Bennington, and it was given to the museum by the descendants of Nathaniel Fillmore, a relative of Stark's and grandfather of President Fillmore. The public finds at the museum a book giving the complete history of this flag, which rivals Barbara Frietchie's famous flag in historic sentiment.

The John G. McCullough collection of Bennington battle

relics and historical manuscripts, which includes some of the most important documents relating to the early history of Vermont, the John Spargo collection of Bennington pottery, and many other things are worthy of more attention than can be granted here. There is, for instance, the writing-chair of Ira Allen, upon which he wrote the constitution of Vermont. This Windsor chair, with writing-arm and drawer for papers was, for a time, part of the office equipment in Ira Allen's residence in Sunderland, virtually the state capital at the very beginning of Vermont.

The fact that more than eight thousand persons pay annually for admission to this Bennington Historical Museum indicates that the tourist is interested in this sort of thing. The museum building is midway between Bennington and Old Bennington, which is to say, midway between the Bennington post office and the battle monument. The building was formerly a Roman Catholic church, built in 1850, and is of native stone, with high-arched windows. It has all been beautifully restored and made very modern inside. The equipment is precisely similar to that built for the Metropolitan Museum in New York and the Corcoran Gallery in Washington.

The scale-making town of St. Johnsbury has also distinguished itself for museum activities, originally set afoot by the scale-manufacturer, Colonel Franklin Fairbanks. In December 1891 he presented to the town a specially designed building of brown sandstone in which he placed a remarkable collection of natural-history specimens. There are over eighteen hundred species of birds, and the mammal collection includes every Vermont species together with many from the outside. The group of paradise birds is called "the best in America."

Henry C. Ide, of St. Johnsbury, who was Governor General of the Philippines, brought home with him a priceless collection of things from those islands, which are housed on the upper floor; and here, too, are other exhibits of special interest—miniature Japanese villages, and other exhibits of foreign climes.



Many of the animals are shown in their natural habitats, especially the beavers at work building dams. There is a humming-bird collection, and there are eleven North American birds that are now extinct. There are thirty-seven pairs of Vermont horns, and surely few people realize that there are thirty-seven varieties of animals in Vermont that wear or ever did wear horns. There are eight hundred species of plants known to have been growing within a five-mile radius of St. Johnsbury, and six thousand varieties of plants known to America and foreign countries.

Altogether, the museum is not a mere repository of musty collections, but a real living, working institution, for the curator keeps in constant touch with the schools. There is a classroom for monthly lectures to the children, with three hundred or more such lectures given in a single year. There are story hours for children, there are contests in taking bird censuses, and a race to see what children will bring in the first of the wild-flowers and the most of them.

Considering that the attic is a very popular Vermont institution, there are, as I have said, museums everywhere around the state, though I cannot undertake to give specific instructions to the tourist who is on any such attic hunt. But there is a museum at Middlebury, the Sheldon Art Museum, which is called a "glorified attic." It stood for years alongside a weekly-newspaper office that I owned, and at that time it was such a clutter of unorganized exhibits that there was no room for the public to move about, and for years the place was closed. Only recently has it been taken in hand and made one of the most curious places in the state to visit. The collection was begun by one Henry L. Sheldon of Middlebury on his own initiative over half a century ago. He went about from place to place in Addison County collecting local mementoes of every kind and description, crowding them away into the big three-story brick building, which has now been renovated. After more than thirty years of hiding, the chaotic collection has been made unusually attractive.

In one room there are dozens of lanterns and lamps, from which can be traced the whole history of illumination in America—candle sconces, punched lanterns, whale-oil, lard-oil, and kerosene lamps, and Middlebury's first electric light, of 1884. Each has some local connection, the two sconces being those that illuminated the town hall for generations.

In the same room are scores of hats worn by Middlebury celebrities during the 1800's. There are more than fifty muskets and rifles, war saddles, century-old sewing-machines, warming pans, fire buckets, and heaps of trinkets. One room is fitted up completely as an old-fashioned kitchen. There are dozens of Windsor chairs, several spinning-wheels—in fact, enough furniture in the house to outfit a dozen rooms in the manner of some of those in the Colonial or American wing of the Metropolitan Museum in New York. There are fifteen grandfather and banjo clocks; there are highboys and lowboys. There are half a dozen cupboards filled with old teapots, platters, trays, glassware and pewter, once used on the tables of early Middlebury residents. There is a complete file of Middlebury newspapers from 1802 to the present day, and an assortment of Bibles ranging from one in Latin printed at Nuremberg only a few years after Columbus discovered America down to the modern thin-paper editions.

The work of arranging things is still going on, with town and college people participating in the arrangement and the remodeling of some of the rooms. There is, for instance, a large collection of books, and a library room has been provided of unusual character, with a fireplace mantel of local black marble, flanked by two sunken arches in Pompeian red. Mr. Sheldon, who for years snooped around at Addison County auctions, would be proud to see the interest now being taken in this "glorified attic."

The Fleming Museum in Burlington is the finest one in the state, but it is not given up so much to relics as to art, books, geological and ethnological collections.

Many of the counties of Vermont are now organizing

historical museums, there already being a fine one at Brown-  
ington in the town of Orleans, where the old stone dormitory  
built by the Reverend Mr. Twilight has been made a most  
interesting place to visit, with each room fitted up in old-time  
manner. At Newfane the Windham County Historical So-  
ciety has just obtained funds with which it is to build a  
museum which will be notably rich in relics connected with  
the life of Eugene Field and especially his Newfane parents  
and grandparents.

I am amazed at the ramifications, when it comes to account-  
ing for Vermont relics, as it has just occurred to me in the  
very midst of this chapter that a good portion of Lake Cham-  
plain is a Vermont historical museum. I do not mean the  
fossils which abound there in some sections, but every little  
while something is raised from the lake bottom to remind us  
how important this great inland waterway was in both Revo-  
lutionary times and the War of 1812.

There was raised recently, for instance, the bones of one of  
the Revolutionary ships in Benedict Arnold's fleet, which en-  
gaged the British fleet off Plattsburg. This ship, the *Philadel-  
phia*, is now tied up at Burlington, and a movement is afoot  
to try to raise another of these American ships which had to  
sink themselves or burn themselves to escape like fate at the  
hands of the British.

There is, too, a movement afoot to convert the *Philadelphia*  
into a national naval museum, in which might be housed many  
other trophies of Lake Champlain history.

I have said nothing about the Vermont State House, where  
innumerable relics are kept, especially a host of Civil War  
battle flags, historical paintings, and a brass cannon captured  
from the German mercenaries who fought for the British in  
the battle of Bennington, in 1777. These State House relics,  
however, are fully catalogued and described in a new book  
issued by state authorities, which may be had at the State  
House. Especially interesting is a painting, ten by twenty  
feet, showing the battle of Cedar Creek, in which more Ver-

monsters were engaged than in any other single battle of the Civil War. This painting was made while some of the officers and men engaged in that battle were still living, and the artist, Julian Scott, who was paid nine thousand dollars for his work, painted many of the faces from life.

While I have said that the attic is generally inaccessible to the public, there is an exception—auction time! Many tourists find some of the best touches of Vermont local color in attending an auction, and it is well worth while watching the posters to see where the next good one may be. Now and then the accumulations of many generations of some fine old Vermont family are for one reason or another sacrificed on the auction block, and it is one of the saddest of knells to hear the auctioneer's hammer ringing "Gone" and to see the heirlooms scattered to the four winds.

If you are not sentimental, you may find courage to bid for some of the many things offered, ranging from tools that are no longer in use and which you can hardly tell the use of, to melodeons and quaint four-posters and canopied beds. Folks bring their lunches, usually, or the auctioning folks serve one, and whether you buy or not, the auction is a show in itself, for now that the country fair has run down, the auction provides the best opportunity to study human nature.

The latest word in Vermont relics is yet to be written, for there has recently been made in the town of Orwell, at the southern end of Lake Champlain, opposite Fort Ticonderoga, a discovery of mysterious significance. Mr. Godfrey Olsen, an archæologist, from the Museum of the American Indian, in excavating a camp site of Indians at Orwell, has come upon the graves of people he believes much more ancient than the Indians. He calls them "the Red Paint people," for the many graves he has uncovered show that along with the bodies (all but the last traces of bone are gone now) were regular hand-placed deposits of red ochre. One theory is that these people, noticing that when one of their number died, blood was lost, deposited red ochre to be used for blood in the next world.

The graves are lined with birch bark, and some contain as many as eighty perfect flint arrowheads, but of a different type than those used by the Indians we know. The story of these Red Paint people is yet to be told, if, indeed, it is ever known.

## SOME SAMPLE YARNS



AMONG MY FEW TREASURED HEIRLOOMS is a graceful amber glass flagon, to which, for the sake of posterity, I have affixed a small printed label: "This is authentically Dr. 'Thunderbolt' Wilson's Flask, purchased at an auction of his personal property, May 22, 1847, by Judge Charles Royall Tyler; handed down by him to his granddaughter, Helen Brown Tyler; purchased from her by Miss Mary R. Cabot, author of the *Annals of Brattleboro*; and presented by her to me July 25, 1929."

When I feel in my most murderous moods I imbibe from this century-old decanter and recall, in much fuller detail than I can record here, Thunderbolt's story. Once upon a time he and a companion nicknamed Lightfoot were bandits of the Robin Hood type operating in Ireland and on the Scotch-English border. Now and then they killed a man. Hunted, they finally escaped to the Western hemisphere, but here they separated.

About a century ago a strange but distinguished-looking man turned up in Brattleboro, and being rather learned for the times, he had no difficulty in passing himself off as "Dr. Wilson." He taught school with success; indeed, with such success that the little town of Brookline, up the West River valley, permitted him to draw the plans for its new schoolhouse, which he ordered to be built wholly circular in form, like a fort, and made of brick. Here he taught. He also practiced medicine up

and down the valley. He grew in the esteem of all who knew him.

But murder will out. Lightfoot, continuing to live an irregular life on this side of the Atlantic, killed a man, and found himself in the state prison at Charlestown, Massachusetts, awaiting death by hanging. When the end came, there was released, as one of the thrillers of the day, Lightfoot's written confession, describing the career he and Thunderbolt had shared. The *Confession* was one of the best-sellers of the day, the sensational pamphlet being circulated all over New England.

Up in the West River valley in Vermont, folks noticed that Dr. Wilson was hardly the same man after that pamphlet got around. He was seen to throw copies of it in the stove. His friends began looking sharply, thinking they saw some of the marks of the man whom Lightfoot had described in his confession as "Thunderbolt," his companion in crime. Suspicion spread up and down the valley, but old Dr. Wilson had won enough of a place in the hearts of all not to be easily dislodged. Nothing definite was known until the "doctor" died. Then it was found that he had a wooden heel. (The *Confession* had told how Thunderbolt's heel was shot off.) His body was found to bear telltale scars. The identification was deemed complete. The cane he carried was found to have a long stiletto concealed in it. The schoolhouse he built, round and of brick, was planned, apparently, for his own protection from surprise. So some of our Vermont forebears in Windham County owed their education and their doctoring to a reformed Scotch-English border bandit and man-killer. I like to recall all that and more about Thunderbolt when I quaff from his old flagon.

There are two other stories of Windham County which I must mention. One is *The Mystery of Edwin Drood*. Everyone knows that this mystery story was Charles Dickens's last work. He died leaving the mystery unfinished. Dickens, a good friend of Wilkie Collins, the mystery-story-writer, had felt

challenged to try his own hand at mystery, and *Edwin Drood* was his one attempt in that line. If you have read it or seen it in the movies, you know it was good, but nobody knows how Dickens intended to finish it. Back in the early 70's there drifted into Brattleboro a tramp printer, T. P. James. Suddenly he retired to his boarding-house room on Oak Street, announcing that he had been visited by the spirit of Dickens, with a command to complete by means of Dickens's spirit pen, the mystery of *Drood*. He did complete it, in an astonishing manner for a tramp printer, so well imitating Dickens's style and working out the plot so well that everyone was puzzled. Long after, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, knight-errant in the land of spirits himself, took much notice of this claim that James' writing was done through the spiritual dictation of Dickens. I have the *Drood* book on my shelves, and, I admit, it is a puzzle to me.

Then there is the well-authenticated story of James Fisk, the famous Brattleboro peddler, whose caravan of nine peddling carts made a veritable circus parade covering New England in the early days—a caravan with a brass band mounted on a truly sumptuous wagon, which had some marvelous circus gadgets, including two automatic bugler boys, jumping out like a cuckoo from a clock and trumpeting the arrival of the Fisk outfit, in case the band was not alone. It was this colorful character who fathered the infamous Jubilee Jim Fisk, who became owner of the Erie Railroad, who fought with Jay Gould for a corner in gold, who bought an opera house in New York, who lived high, wide, and handsome, and who came to a tragic end when, over the love of a woman, he was shot down and killed by Edward S. Stokes on the grand staircase of the Broadway Central Hotel in New York.

Not many of Vermont's legends are concerned with Indian days, for the Indians were never permanently settled in Vermont. But Indian Joe and his wife Molly are remembered up in Caledonia County, where they lived. Indian Joe had some grievance against his fellow tribesmen and the French in



Canada, and he was a great friend of the white men in Vermont. Though he seems to have lived happily and long with his wife Molly, one story has it that, stirred by jealousy, he finally put her in a canoe and watched her float to destruction over Molly's Falls. Indian Joe received a personal letter from George Washington in thanks for his services in the Revolutionary War. Other Indian-day legends concern the captivity of certain of the white settlers taken off to Canada. Fortunately, several returned to tell the story.

Bennington County has a number of strange tales. One that has puzzled me most is that of the recorded trials, confessions, and conviction of Jesse and Stephen Boorn for the murder of Russell Colvin, and the dramatic return of the man whom everybody supposed to have been murdered. Colvin, a moron, had married a sister of the Boorn boys. In the spring of 1812 he disappeared. Days lengthened into weeks, months, and even years. Suspicion was that the Boorn boys knew what had happened to him, for they were known not to be on good terms with him. A dog dug up some bones which were declared human and were thought to be those of the murdered Colvin.

One bit of circumstantial evidence after another pointed to the Boorn brothers as having had to do with the killing of the half-wit Colvin, but not until nearly seven years after the supposed murder were the Boorn brothers arrested. A knife and a button found near the bones were identified as Colvin's. Then came Jesse Boorn's statement that he believed Colvin had been murdered and that his brother Stephen was the murderer. He told of altercations his brother had had with Colvin, how he had struck him over the head with a club, and so on. Stephen eventually made a confession. But both brothers were accused, convicted by a jury which was out only an hour, and sentenced to be hanged, on January 28, 1820. Jesse's sentence was later commuted to life imprisonment, but Stephen stood sentenced to die.

Meanwhile a man interested in the case inserted a notice of

the circumstances in many papers, describing exactly the appearance of the missing Colvin. The notice was copied by the New York *Evening Post* in November 1819, as a result of which Mr. William Polhemus of Dover, New Jersey, identified Colvin as a man of weak intellect who had been working on his Jersey farm for several years. In the nick of time this man was brought to Manchester. Everybody in Manchester had known Colvin. They all turned out to see the man who was brought from Jersey, and, without exception, everybody identified the man as the one for whose "murder" Stephen Boorn was about to be hanged. The one great mistake in the trial obviously was the disregard of the *corpus-delicti* clause of the old English law—that there should be no trial for murder until the body of the murdered person was definitely found, or proof of its destruction beyond a doubt was obtained. The other mistake was the admission of the confessions, for which there is no explanation unless it be that the Boorn brothers had struck Colvin and half-suspected they had killed him. In any case, the trial is without precedent, and is often cited by the League to Abolish Capital Punishment.

The little village of Bristol, where the Middlebury College summer school of German is held, has a strange story to tell of the famous Bristol Money Diggings. In a rather inaccessible place known as Hell's Half Acre, there is a half-acre of solid rock, the surface of which is literally honeycombed with holes ranging from a few feet to more than ten feet in depth. Here, over a period of nearly half a century, men labored intermittently seeking a fortune in buried treasure.

It appears that around the year 1800 a strange old man, who called himself De Grau and who was evidently a Spaniard, arrived in Pocock (then the name of Bristol). His story was that as a mere lad he had accompanied his father and a company of Spanish explorers to this region, and they had struck there a rich vein of silver. Because of the lack of transportation, they melted the silver into bars and stored it in a cave in the rock, walled it up, and covered it with natural vegetation.

They expected to return the next year to get their treasure, but one thing and another upset that plan, and it was years before De Grau turned up. He thought there must have been a landslide, as the face of the ledge was not as he remembered it, and after a few weeks' search he was discouraged and left. But his story gained credence when Bristol people found near the scene an old crucible which seemed to be of Spanish origin and which they assumed might have been used for melting the silver. From that time on, there was furious digging. One man kept at it nearly all his life. To date, the treasure is still buried.

There is a legend that Vermont for many years was the retreat of Captain Daniel Shays, leader of the Rebellion of 1787. If I read history aright, we have Shays, more or less, to thank for abolition of that quaint old American custom of imprisonment for debt. Shays had served bravely as a patriot from the first crack of the Revolution to the end, but having won American independence, Shays was one of thousands of Massachusetts farmers who complained that under the new Constitution they didn't get the independence they expected. Hundreds of men whose finances had been depleted by the war found themselves in jail for debt, taxes were unjust, and so many other things needed regulation that the rebellious farmers, after finding that their petitions to the Governor were useless, organized into semi-military bodies, calling themselves "Regulators." Captain Shays, whose name has been attached to this abortive rebellion, finally escaped to Vermont. Since there was a price on his head, he sought a retreat in the mountains of Sandgate, in Bennington County.

The then independent republic of Vermont was not particularly concerned by the troubles in the commonwealth of Massachusetts, and Royall Tyler, who was delegated to solicit the co-operation of the Vermont legislature and the Governor's Council in the arrest of Shays, found little spirit of co-operation in this quarter. According to oral tradition revived by Dorothy Canfield Fisher in *Raw Material*, Shays mean-

while lived as a hermit in the Sandgate mountains. The story is that through the medium of a child he began a traffic in furs with another trapper who was willing to wink at an outlaw, and thus secured seedcorn and other necessities of life. So certain was Shays that he would be hanged if caught, that he lived as an outcast for many years. Accosted by a man who was wanting to tell him that he had been pardoned and could return to civilization, Shays, before he could learn the fact, bolted back into the mountains and remained there for ten years before he learned that he had long been a free man. Eventually he moved over to New York State and died. His rebellion had not succeeded, but the objects for which it was started were eventually accomplished, among them the abolition of imprisonment for debt.

A long and amazing story could be told about Zarah Colburn, a boy born on a farm in Cabot, Vermont, who astonished the world with his uncanny capacity for calculating numbers, quicker than any modern miracle of adding machines could do. Although not brilliant in many ways, he was born with an instinctive arithmetic that must have been the envy of his classmates. He was taken abroad and exhibited in London and Paris, always accompanied by his father, who was just an ordinary farmer and utterly unable to account for the uncanny genius of his son.

The boy had first manifested his gift in August 1810, at Cabot, when he was less than six years old. He was heard to be repeating parts of the multiplication table. He was asked for the product of thirteen by ninety-seven, to which he instantly replied twelve hundred ninety-one.

The amazed father took Zarah over to the court at Danville and exhibited him to the judges, and then over to Montpelier, where the legislators marveled at his tricks. Dr. Wheelock, the president of Dartmouth, offered to educate him free of charge, but the crafty father preferred to take the boy abroad, exhibiting him as a world wonder. As an instance of the lad's feats, it is reported that the Duke of Cambridge asked the

number of seconds which had elapsed since the commencement of the Christian era (1813 years, 7 months, and 29 days) and the child replied soon after, and correctly, 57,234,384,000, according to records which T. B. Galloway dug up a few years ago for the *New England Quarterly*.

The lad could raise any number to the tenth power, and take the cube root of any number, as fast as the transcriber could write down his figures. The boy did not profit any from study, however, except that he readily learned languages when placed in the Lycée Napoléon in Paris, and it does not appear that he ever amounted to much, for all his uncanniness with numbers. He taught French for a time, became a minister, and died in 1839 at the age of thirty-five. Innumerable are the instances in which he was asked such a question as "What is the square of 888,888?" and immediately gave 790,121,876,544 as the correct answer in a few seconds; but, thinking this too easy, he multiplied this product by 49, making 38,715,971,950,656, which he said was the square of 6,222,216. Such was the lad who came out of Cabot.

John Brown's body, which is now moldering in the grave, rested for one peaceful night in the state of Vermont, at Rutland. The body was being brought north from Harper's Ferry, where John Brown had started his abortive attempt to clean the South of slaves, himself ending on the hangman's rope. The funeral party was headed for New York State and stopped overnight in Rutland, where the body and the funeral party received a sympathetic ovation. Notwithstanding that Vermont was a strong, anti-slavery state, the name of John Brown was held by many in repugnance and the Reverend Joshua Young, the Unitarian minister at Burlington, dared the opposition of his parishioners when he went over to North Elba, New York, in the Adirondacks, to preach a funeral sermon at John Brown's grave. The Unitarian parish was so enraged that it promptly dismissed Mr. Young from his pulpit. He was called "an anarchist, a traitor to his country, a blasphemous, and a vile associate of Garrison and Phillips."

Every county has some tall stories—bear stories, panther stories, treasure stories. Though the spirit of Vermont humor is understatement, the state did not lack, in its pioneer days, an occasional Baron Munchausen. Some of these tall stories are reflected in *Vermont Songs and Ballads*, as gathered by Mrs. Helen Hartness Flanders, daughter of the late Governor Hartness, in one of the books of the Green Mountain Series.

In folklore Vermont follows the old English patterns, with some added touches of the New World wilderness. Mrs. Flanders finds many persons living on the back farms today, the lumbermen particularly, who still sing some of the old-time ballads as well as compose a few of their own. "In Old Pod-auger Times" is the title of one ballad, referring to the old days when pod-augers were used to bore deep holes in a wooden log to make it serve as a water-pipe.

Some of the old-time tragedies were recorded in ballads. One which I remember hearing sung was the "Stratton Mountain Tragedy," an event which happened at Kelly Stand, near Arlington, as here related:

*Cold swept the mountain high,  
Dreary was the pathless wild.  
Amid the cheerless hours of night  
A mother wandered with her child.  
As through the drifts of snow she pressed  
The babe was sleeping neath her breast.*

*Bitter blew the chilly winds,  
Darker hours of night came on.  
Deeper grew the drifts of snow,  
Her limbs were chilled, her strength was gone.  
"O God," she cried in accents wild,  
"If I must perish, save my child."  
She took the mantle from her breast  
And bared her bosom to the storm.  
As round the child she wrapped the vest,*

*She smiled to think that it was warm.  
One cold kiss, one tear she shed  
And sank upon the snowy bed.*

*A traveler passing by next morn  
Saw her neath the snowy veil.  
The frost of death was in her eye  
Her cheek was hard, cold and pale.  
He took the robe from off the child.  
The babe looked up and sweetly smiled.*

And such "in old pod-auger times" were the tear-jerking, and sometimes mirth-provoking motion pictures in verse.

I have spoken of James Fisk, peddler extraordinary, and of his son Jubilee Jim, who made an even more extraordinary figure of himself in New York. The prisoners in the county jail at Newfane half a century ago sang a ditty about Jim Fisk which ended:

*'Way down at Long Branch with his fine four-in-hand,  
He cut a wide swath to be sure.  
'Tis true, I presume, he loved woman and wine,  
But he never went back on the poor.  
When a man was in trouble Jim helped him along  
To drive the gray wolf from his door.  
He tried to do right though he may have done wrong,  
Yet he never went back on the poor.*

## KIND WORDS CAN NEVER DIE



JUST PRAISE, observed Dr. Samuel Johnson, is a "debt," while flattery is a "present." Of the many nice things said about Vermont it is difficult to determine into which category the kind words fall. Being human, Vermonters have relished the flattery along with the praise, ever conscious, I hope, of the philosophy of Josh Billings: "Flattery is like Kolone water, tew be smelt of, not swallowed."

I do not find that Plato pointed specifically to Vermont as the perfect state, but that was probably only because in Plato's day Vermont was not here to point to. Since Plato's time, however, many persons of distinction have seemingly delighted in doing Vermont honor, and Vermonters have delighted in having them do so.

John Greenleaf Whittier, the Quaker poet and therefore peace-loving, was nevertheless moved to passion by the early patriotism of Vermont. Because he was a Quaker and peace-loving, Whittier long concealed the fact that he was the author of the "Song of the Vermonters":

*Ho—all to the borders! Vermonters, come down,  
With your breeches of deerskin, and jackets of brown;  
With your red woolen caps, and your moccasins, come  
To the gathering summons of trumpet and drum.*

It's a shame not to quote the whole of the eighteen stirring stanzas, including the arrogant lines:



*We owe no allegiance; we bow to no throne;  
Our ruler is law, and the law is our own.*

And concluding:

*Come York or come Hampshire—come traitors and  
knaves;  
If ye rule o'er our land, ye shall rule o'er our graves;  
Our vow is recorded—our banner unfurled;  
In the name of Vermont we defy all the world!*

The last line is true history, for Ethan Allen in his letter to Congress had written: "Rather than fail I will retire with my hardy Green Mountain Boys to the desolate caverns of the mountains, and wage war with human nature at large."

It is small wonder that a small state which so resolutely struck out for itself and held its ground should have become a sort of Switzerland in America—a sort of Utopian New Helvetia—and, having retained a certain independence of character, have drawn high-worded tributes from distinguished men.

There is, for one very interesting instance, the Bismarck blurb. It is rather apocryphal, but there it hangs, framed, in the public library at Windsor (dated 1878) for him who runs to read:

Three American gentlemen visiting Germany, the account has it, were received at Prince Bismarck's residence in Friedrichsruhe. During the conversation Bismarck is reported to have said:

"I should like to give you my idea of a republic. I think you will grant that I am somewhat of a student of political history. My idea of a republic is a little state in the north of your great country, one of the smallest of the New England states—Vermont."

One of the Americans said, in surprise: "Not Massachusetts?"

"Ah, no," Bismarck said. "Vermont is small in area, of slow

growth, has a larger percentage of school attendance than any other state, is not devoted to manufactures, not so much to farming as to make its interests political, owes nothing to the general government, but on the contrary is a creditor of the general government for Civil War expenses, and aims primarily and purely at the educational and religious evolution of each individual."

"Is it not true," he asked, "that this little state keeps its senators and representatives in office term after term until they die?"

And he proceeded to speak of Collamer and Morrill and Edmunds.

One of the Americans rose and said: "Your Excellency, two of us are graduates of the University of Vermont, and one of us claims that state as his birthplace."

Bismarck himself rose and said: "Gentlemen, you should be most proud of your inheritance. To be a son of Vermont is glory enough for the greatest citizen."

Vermonters might even love Hitler if he made such speeches.

*No visor does become black villainy  
So well as soft and tender flattery.*

There has been much speculation about Bismarck's panegyric. Was it mixed with a profusion of poppy? Had he been told of the intended visit of the Americans, did he know they were from Vermont, and had he set some secretary sleuthing through the files for some point with which to flatter his visitors? Or did he, as we like to think, have a genuine knowledge and appreciation of affairs in far-off America, and of Vermont in particular?

The French think well of us too! I myself heard Marshal Ferdinand Foch, when he visited Brattleboro on December 13, 1921, speak glowingly of Vermont, but the generalissimo of the Allied armies in the World War was then just swapping pretty speeches with us, for Vermont was doing him honor.

And then there's Lafayette. Though it's a century ago that he visited Vermont, his compliments to the state still echo in our ears.

A rare day in June 1825, at the invitation of Governor Van Ness on behalf of the state, the French Marquis, who was prouder still to call himself American General, entered Vermont at Windsor, in great state—requiring sixty-four horses in relays—and was driven diagonally over the mountains to Burlington. He spent a night in Montpelier and another in Burlington, which cities cherish every knife and fork or glass he touched or bed he slept in; and this "champion of liberty in both hemispheres" drank many a toast to us. One was "To Vermont, Montpelier, and the Green Mountains, from which was echoed early, and valiantly supported, the Republican cry for Independence and Freedom. May its happy results be more and more enjoyed by the sons of the Green Mountains."

And again in a longer address: "I have the happiness now to see the hearty and virtuous inhabitants of Vermont, peacefully cultivating their lofty hills and their handsome valleys with the intelligence and spirit which characterizes them. I see them in common with their sister states enjoying the blessings of the new American social order, so far superior to the least exceptional institutions of Europe. Religious toleration has here been exchanged for religious liberty and equality—privilege for right—royal sovereignty for sovereignty of the people—a truly representative and self government. . . . Please accept the tribute of my respectful devotion and gratitude."

The next day, bowing from the stern of the crude little paddle steamer *Phoenix*, Lafayette bade farewell to Burlington and sailed down Lake Champlain. Many Vermonters repaid his compliments nearly a century later by laying down their lives in France.

Now what of the British, whose crown Vermont defied? The first distinguished Britisher to visit Vermont after the Revolution was Prince Edward, Duke of Kent, son of the very King George III against whom we had waged war, and

father of Queen Victoria. As I have said before, he came down from Montreal, in the fall of 1790. The prince, being of the opinion that Americans were mostly savages and still hostile to British royalty, was so apprehensive of personal danger that he brought an armed retinue of twenty men with him not only to defend him from physical violence but to serve as "tasters" of his food to save him from poisoning. Arrived at Montpelier, then newly settled, he stayed overnight with Colonel Jacob Davis in the first frame house in the township. Colonel Davis succeeded in laughing off the prince's fears to the extent that most of the armed retinue was sent back to Montreal; and acknowledging Vermont hospitality to be genuine, the prince the next day resumed his journey to Boston in better spirits. He still had the notion that Vermonters were unlearned and uncivilized.

His next stop after leaving here was at Williamstown, at Judge Paine's, for dinner. Joking with Mrs. Paine at the table, he said: "I suppose, madam, you here never read anything but your Bible and Psalm book." "Oh, yes, we do," replied Mrs. Paine. "We are very familiar with the writings of Peter Pindar." And this was a neat come-back, for Pindar (John Wolcot) was the writer of scorching satires on the characters and capacities of the royal family. So the prince departed with evidence that Vermonters were not so unsophisticated as he thought.

To bring forward a more modern British witness, there is Viscount Bryce, author of *The American Commonwealth* and ambassador to the United States. In a speech at Burlington, celebrating the three hundredth anniversary of the discovery of Lake Champlain, he said:

"Your country is unequaled in the beauty and variety of scenery with which Providence has blessed you. No other part of eastern America can compare with the states that lie around Lake Champlain and the White Mountains. And as wealth increases in other parts of the country, as the gigantic cities of the Eastern states grow still vaster, as population

thickens in the agricultural and manufacturing parts of Ohio and Pennsylvania, and Indiana and Illinois, one may foresee a time when the love of nature and the love of recreation will draw more and more of the population of these overcrowded cities and states to seek the delights of nature in these spots where nature shows at her loveliest. . . . I do believe that all eastern America will come more and more to value this region of mountains and lakes, as the place in which relief will have to be sought from the constantly growing strain and stress of our modern life."

So far as I know, Vermont is the only state to have drawn a tribute from Sinclair Lewis—and that, it seems to me, is saying a lot.

Lewis, who so roughly manhandled the one-horse town of Gopher Prairie in *Main Street*, was invited to address the Rotary Club in Rutland, and, lo and behold, he did. He later pointed out that he used a number of clichés common to after-dinner talking, and altogether he was not proud of the speech; but Vermonters were, and have since cherished even his clichés. Lewis told the Rotarians:

"In answer to the question of what I think of Vermont—I have given the most signal and honest proof of my admiration for the state by buying my home here. As a native Vermonter of about twelve months' standing, I speak deliberately on why I came here and what I think of the state.

"It has not been my custom to spend more than eight months in any one place. I have traveled through thirty-six states and have lived in eight or ten, in addition to visiting eighteen foreign countries, but Vermont is the first place I have seen where I really wanted to have my home—a place to spend the rest of my life. There was nothing to prevent me from making any other state my home, but I found Vermont precisely opposite to the peculiar thing pointed out and boasted of as 'very American'; the desire for terrific speed and the desire to make things grow.

"I like Vermont," he continued, "because it is quiet, because

you have a population that is solid and not driven mad by the American mania—that mania which considers a town of four thousand twice as good as a town of two thousand, a city of a hundred thousand fifty times as good as a town of two thousand. Following that reasoning, one would get the charming paradox that Chicago would be ten times better than the entire state of Vermont, but I have been in Chicago, and have not found it so.

“It is hard in this day in which the American tempo is speeded up to the terrific pitch that it is in New York to sit back and be satisfied with what you have. It requires education and culture to appreciate a quiet place, but any fool can appreciate noise. You have priceless heritage—old houses that must not be torn down, and beauty that must not be defiled, roads that must not be cluttered with billboards and hot-dog stands. You are guardians of this priceless heritage and you are fortunate to have the honor of that task instead of being horn-blowers.”

If you think this chapter is getting a bit “syrupy” with compliment, I remind you that Vermont is the maple-sugar state, and, unabashed, I pass on to the next witness.

Alexander Woollcott has broadcast to the nation several times rhapsodies about Vermont; Christopher Morley has paid us tribute; and Bruce Barton, broadcasting for General Motors, put Vermont into this package of words:

“Something of the ruggedness of the granite and the marble has entered into the very veins of the people of Vermont. They do their own thinking; they make their own decisions; they stand by their own convictions with the unyielding tenacity of their eternal hills. They asserted their rights behind the muskets of Ethan Allen and his Green Mountain Boys. They wrote their own Declaration of Independence in the Westminster Convention of 1777, declaring that ‘the district of land commonly known by the name of New Hampshire Grants be a new and separate state; and for the future conduct themselves as such.’ Six months later, at Windsor, they adopted

a constitution and named the new state Vermont. For thirteen years they were a people of and by themselves, a separate Republic until, in 1791, after due deliberation, they recognized the Union and became its fourteenth member.

"Out from the valleys between the mountains has come a proud procession—Stephen A. Douglas from Brandon; Thaddeus Stevens, from Danville; Thomas Davenport, inventor of the electric motor, from Forestdale; Levi P. Morton from Shoreham; Admiral George Dewey from Montpelier; Chester A. Arthur from Fairfield.

"At Plymouth, on the morning of August 3, 1923, at two forty-seven o'clock, a Vermont son stood before a Vermont father and, by the light of a kerosene lamp, Calvin Coolidge took the oath of office as the thirtieth President of the United States.

"It is a curious trait in humanity which causes us so often to fix our gaze upon far-off beauty and to overlook the beauty close at hand. There are Americans who have traveled to Scotland for their golf, but have never seen the Scotch-like hills and lake gorges of Vermont. There are Americans who know well the glories of the Alps, but have yet to know Smugglers Notch, and Killington and Lincoln, and Ascutney and Equinox, and Camel's Hump. There are Easterners to whom the horseback trails of our great West are familiar, as they should be, who have yet to know the charm and variety of the bridle paths in the state where the famous Morgan horses are bred.

"Yet every summer more and more Americans discover Vermont. If you are one who has not yet made the discovery, then a great joy awaits you. Beneath the grandeur of the hills is the pastoral peace of farms that send us maple sugar, milk, and eggs. Homes struggle close against the sheltering hillside, under the shade of gnarled old apple trees, and in those homes hospitality is never wanting and cookery is still an art. To this sturdy state, the red clover state, the 'Green Mountain State,' General Motors invites you. To its glorious past and

its greater future we stand at respectful salute!"

Dr. John M. Thomas, president of Middlebury College, Penn State College, and Rutgers University, summed up Vermont in these neatly framed words, opening the hundred and twenty-first year of Middlebury College, September 23, 1920:

"Old Vermont!—to the hurrying traveler along her eastern and western highways, a wilderness of wild mountains with a narrow foreground of meager farms, but to those who know her defiles and passes a network of fertile valleys, smiling in plenty and content; baptized in struggle and bred to diplomacy and war, her sons fighters all, yet as true a lover of peace as ever lived beside great hills; cautious, close-mouthed, secretive, trained by bitter experience to the wisdom of suspicion, yet opening her heart to her friends with the candor of a child; excelled by none in unity and brotherhood when roused to a common cause, then lapsing by reaction to jealousy and neighbor hate when times are tame and dull; never less defeated than when her case has gone against her, and always prompt with a motion to reconsider; the passions of two peoples struggling within her, the stable East and the restless West; loving her mountain sod with devotion unsurpassed in any land beside the seven seas, yet thrusting her children out to a better country—a mother of pioneers prodigal beyond all others; brave and self-sacrificing to a fault, proud and self-reliant, yet in her secret heart an underlying fear born of the bitterest disappointments that ever attended the birth of a state; land of contradiction to her friends from without and to all who seek to put her genius into words; but to those who know her and to whom she accords her love, straightforward and single in loyalty to her mission; dear old Vermont!"

I can hold the high key no longer, except to conclude with Calvin Coolidge's poetic prose, delivered from the rear of the presidential train at Bennington in 1928:

"Vermont is a state I love.

"I could not look upon the peaks of Ascutney, Killington,



or Mansfield without being moved in a way that no other scene could move me.

"It was here that I first saw the light of day, here I received my bride, here my dead lie pillowed upon the everlasting hills.

"I love Vermont because of her hills and valleys, her scenery and invigorating climate, but most of all because of her indomitable people. They are a race of pioneers who almost beggared themselves for others. If the spirit of liberty should vanish in the Union and our institutions should languish, it could all be restored by the generous store held by the people in this brave little state of Vermont."



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A NOTE ON THE TYPE IN WHICH  
THIS BOOK IS SET



This book was set on the linotype in Janson, a recutting made direct from the type cast from matrices (now in possession of the Stempel foundry, Frankfurt am Main) made by Anton Janson some time between 1660 and 1687.

Of Janson's origin nothing is known. He may have been a relative of Justus Janson, a printer of Danish birth who practised in Leipzig from 1614 to 1635. Some time between 1657 and 1668 Anton Janson, a punch-cutter and type-founder, bought from the Leipzig printer Johann Erich Hahn the type-foundry which had formerly been a part of the printing house of M. Friedrich Lankisch. Janson's types were first shown in a specimen sheet issued at Leipzig about 1675. Janson's successor, and perhaps his son-in-law, Johann Karl Edling, issued a specimen sheet of Janson types in 1689. His heirs sold the Janson matrices in Holland to Wolfgang Dietrich Erhardt, of Leipzig.



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